

Mountains

by Darryl Price

It's not hard to listen to what you are saying, but
your lips are the most perfectly shaped lines ever seen on
a human face. When they move, the oceans splash around. The
poor moon must get jealous. She has to move her whole
body to get that kind of immediate swashbuckling reaction. Your lips

prove there is a God. Mountains don't compare. Flowers would have
to run around the world seven times to compete. This is
no exaggeration. So don't think I'm not paying attention. Your lips
are a living testimony to the world still being a mysterious
place to live. It comes down to this. You have the

most kissable lips I've ever seen on the planet's surface. Startling,
because you think you've seen everything, then those lips present
something

so amazing to the senses that suddenly you're having an out
of body experience inside your own body. Look, I get it.
It's biology and environment and DNA , but you're the animator
pulling

those words up and to life and breathing them out of
that cave like an ancient spirit. Words matching your inner and
outer
vision. It's obvious. But you possess something that is so unique
that I'm surprised more people aren't tuning in, drawn to the
undeniable pull on their hearts and minds that your mouth makes.

There's no demand. No command. Just the soft, incredible fact of
your smile, your laugh, your seriousness. You bring no special
attention

to it. That's what boggles the mind. I'm ashamed I had
to write about it. It's so beneath the beauty. But I

have done what nature intended, bear witness, be thankful you're
you.

