

# Oyster

*by* Deborah Oster Pannell

I used to love myself  
in hidden bursts  
forbidden moments  
of pleasure in  
my morning bed  
later, I numbed  
my senses and  
stumbled blindly  
into wild sensations  
of release  
and called it  
ecstasy  
intensity is a drug  
fear, grief, anger,  
as seductive as joy,  
makes the heart pump,  
the blood rush to  
the skin  
but I am tired of  
manufactured moments  
I yearn for no yearning  
I want soft, hushed  
moments of shared feeling  
miraculous silence  
louder than laughter  
unspoken joy,  
a raw oyster slipping  
down my throat  
sea on my tongue  
beer tingling taste  
of satisfaction  
as I smile

and remember  
the sunshine  
on my face

