

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

