

# Sri Radha Afternoons

*by* Jennifer Donnell

The incense from the market smells of making love to you.  
It's musky, brutal, a guilty pleasure I return to, forgetting  
that my olfactory nerve remembers more than my  
flesh, feels the grip of my feet on the back of your hips,  
your barely there chest hair and my freedom breasts-  
pressed, caressed- there was never enough  
time for my shirt to come all the way off  
in the madness. We were wild, medieval magpies,  
sweaty and sweet and selfish; and so much more  
than we were before I lit that first stick of spice,  
nothing subtle about the sandalwood or basil,  
my thighs allowing yours as the smoke filled  
the room and we came before the end of the wick.

