

The Seduction

by Lisa Abellera

You beckon me with an aperitif.

The Kir Royal tingles, its bubbles tickling my nose.
Its subtle black courant pulls me into your smile.
I drink from your lips the champagne-tingle of your kiss.

You ply me with Pacific oysters.
I am swimming in the blue of your eyes.
Their metallic, salty essence slides down my throat,
their soft, rubbery underbellies
bursting against the tang of lemon
like a tide against the soft sand.

You tempt me with the promise of tenderness
in the thick, slightly pink slices of a Kobe steak.
Their firm exterior gives without resistance,
like velvet butter in my mouth.

You seduce me with delightful endings.
You break through the crème brûlée hard caramel shell
to reveal the soft, creamy vanilla interior.
And when I wonder if the egg custard
is perhaps too sweet, too silky

It marries, with eagerness and ease,
the bittersweet, dark pepper espresso,
like the warmth of your arms enveloping me
in the cool stillness of the midnight hour.

