

# Spices

*by* Sylvia Petter

In the tang of winter warm  
and summer cool,  
the taste and smell  
of crumbled  
cinnamon,  
the gentle brush  
against the velvet grain,  
his backhand stroke  
of sprinkled golden down  
grazed her nape  
to hold her  
firm and long.

His hand slipped  
guided  
by a finger cool  
and teased  
down  
the heart folds  
of her spine.

She closed her eyes  
and took  
his honeyed strength  
knowing  
she must drown  
in the nutmeg taste of him.

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