

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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