

La lengua

by Tina Raborn

I have one, but I want another,
A little greedy perhaps.
She's my obsession, my indiscretion,
My little judgment lapse.

My first love knows that my eye wanders,
And he turns the other way,
Agreeing to share this untamed passion,
His the night, and hers the day.

I've spent many an hour pouring over
All her foreign parts.
I want to plunge into the depths
Of her naked art.

She's dark and lovely in my mouth.
Her peaks bring me higher.
I long to memorize her, mesmerize her,
La lengua, my desire.

