

Blush

sweet words tongued like
jam on bread, a strawberry
uttering warm with butter
underneath and crumbs
dabbing the sides of your mouth,
shutters on Victorian windows

shudder to think a mouth so
reptilian scrumptious could fork
such somethings as I, love, and you,
whence did it pick the ripe moment,
when in its full fruition? only the
cows can tell, the udders sloshing
with warm white cream saying
it's time

so grandma's patchwork quilt is torn
along with some britches you wore
to bed, how can the obvious question
be avoided, how did you get these?

your cheeks blush strawberry
with the jam that you spoke

and your knees turn bashful
and walk you away