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Salt & Sugar

Diane Dehler

The salt of your kiss is a sugar sweet burn upon my right shoulder.

The one with a beauty mark.

Silver, sex, ocean, foam and skin; surf a melodic interlude in-between storms.

I am the salt and sugar of a remembered kiss.

Yes, here on this very beach with a constantly changing perspective.

Our epithelial skin and the elliptical arouse mystery.

Meaning of wave, sea and cliff edges are lost as I dissolve into sugar.

My mind only allows memory of a certain type.

Lips encompass ocean; a tidal wave fraught with desire. I am froth and flow engendered by a watery landscape.

I drop a strand of natural pearls.

They fall at my feet & I crush them for they are orbs of entire constellations.

I bequeath them to the vanishing landscape.

Around me are somber hues of foam & spume; a sort of landscape that artists adore.

Above me suddenly flies a colony of sea gulls and I am swept up.

The breeze of an unfathomable wave.

Engulfed I am a seagull's flight & horizon & below me memories drown in salt & sugar.