

QUINTESSENTIAL

Her personhood
throbs in her ankles,
earlobes, her bush.

Who says the honed
eye is this- or that-phile?
That anatomical parts
are interchangeable
carrots on fetish sticks?

The entire woman
can be found in
the jugular notch,
on each fingertip
and buttock freckle,
those humid thighs,
philtrum, plantar fasciae.

A lifetime's footprints
mark a path over
the mown or foresty
isthmus between the
two most private orifices.
Lick her Nth-Wonder-of-the-World
teeth and taste biography.

Yes, she, the beloved,
the unrepeatable,
the woman within
and without, is an
atomized monarchy,
each part a sum of
her whole.

I nuzzle umbilicus, clavicle, nipple and whisper, "You. You!"

Taste and sniff the curves
and crannies until these
pulpy regions shrivel
and droop, degrade
from ripe to rancid.