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Her Varying Taste
A Cheiloproclitic Journal Entry

Again, across the crowded King Street West café,
Beside the sunlit floor-to-ceiling window, she eats a butter croissant.
Her soothing eyes reflect the sunlight in ochre brown.
Her russet lips nibble the pastry, slant and slow.
Her slender fingers brush her cheeks and chin profusely,
Determined to keep the flakes off her dark skin and mustard yellow
sundress.

Unknown and unseen, I imagine her kisses,
How its taste would alter so often,
Stimulating every thrill that I could want!
Her polished lips would tempt the slick embrace of mine.
And I would meditate on her taste,
On the natural warmth and depth of her mouth.

When she puts on her matte lipsticks,
Deep nude, pink, purple, red,
Her velvet lips would invite mine into bliss.
Her kisses must taste like sweetened powder,
Smooth and candied, in touch and taste,
But with a lingering, chalky tartness.

When she puts on her favourite cherry lip gloss,
Or the crystal clear one,
Her lips must taste like the seed of a peach,
Coated in succulent pulp,
Tempting me to hold them in mine,

To play with those plump lips.

When she has her morning blends,
Iced coffee, cappuccino, yogurt, hot chocolate,
Her moist lips, cheeks, tongue, teeth,
Must be coated with the sweet and rich creaminess
Of fresh coffee, vanilla, cocoa, and white milk.
And I must explore her milky way!

When she has her fruity drinks,
Apple, orange, grape, lemon, cranberry,
Or those power smoothies,
Her taste intensifies.
Like pure nectar,
She is fiercely sweet and sour.

And when her lips are bare,
When she wakes and grants me a simple peck,
Or after a hearty meal,
Her tender, tentative kisses must be warmed by nurtured spices.
And mint paste or mint drops,
If she insists on not kissing me without altering her taste.

Ah! As she rises from the window seat, her dark skin shines.
The yellow sundress sways around her gracious figure.
She waves at the cashier,
And he returns a charming smile.
Her teeth and gums glimmer in the sunlight,
So moist and clean.

She strides out of the café.
I frown and sip a lukewarm, dark roast coffee.
I brush reddened hands over my ash blonde hair,
Then a trembling thumb over my chapped lips and dimpled chin.
Adaora;

There is assured pleasure in her upturned eyes and puckered lips.

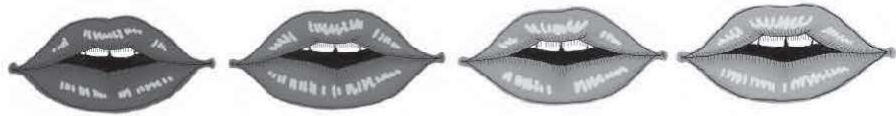


Illustration by Aamena Shaikh