

# Désir Physique

**David Worrall 1996.01.26**

for K.

Adorned in a garland of blue belladonna,  
with seaweed draped and cockles in your hair  
You welcomed me - and together we rolled  
The sonorous roll of the deep.

Your pupils, pearls in a cradle of chocolate  
Melted to mine of the sea.  
Your ears, mirrors of the soul  
Your mouth, like wild honeycomb  
Your breasts, two turtle doves nestled together tenderly -  
Pli selon pli, they beckoned me.

Your navel transformed into a valley of goats  
and their clangorous bells rang out to welcome me.

Your buttocks, mountains of magic,  
stirred ancient rituals of desire.  
Your hidden flower of darkest love  
twitched and trembled  
and your sex seeped softly  
with the nectar of the sea.

Calling, calling... calling to welcome me.