

Napping in the Flavors

I slid downhill
into my Sunday nap,
and there I was again,
swimming in an aromatic
alphabet soup where all words
ran together into a flavor.

If only poets could
somehow write
in immediate flavors,
bypassing all
those gangly,
awkward letters
spelling out unsavored,
predigested words--
then what a banquet
people might enjoy.

But no, the poets
have to keep on writing
precious words about
their bloodstained sunsets,
their gold leaf autumns,
their salty pepper,
and I have no idea
what other absurdities,
just to jolt
the taste buds
on our jaded tongues
away from neutral.

So anyway, my nap--
I'm now awake,
but have no splendid poems
to bring back from my bliss.
The soup there,
by the way,
was delicious.

Make your own.