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from my book The Virgin Chronicles and Song Book by Louis Marshall Gould

Let's Do the Tantra

She says Let's Do the Tantra
and whispers in my ear
a secret mantra
the dance of shapes and
colours, of scents sublime
and others so maddening
you think that you are out of
your mind, a fest of tastes
where you savour the grapes
and the vine then a splash of
wine on your lips or on your
thigh runs small rivers inclined.
Fingertips are alive
like sensors probing new worlds
as your smile and her skirts unfurl
lying on this pillow on this couch
receiving as I give and giving as
I receive
6 days more of this
and maybe I will believe that we
live in our world of senses
for a lifetime,
soft cotton and silk garments
are what I wear and a necklace of coral shells
around my neck
as jasmine lingers in the air
and shows a path that is true and fair
and somehow always summons me back
to you...

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