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The Mexican Coquette

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The Mexican Coquette

by Keith Barlog

Exposed, the peach
Silkiness teases the air.
Suspended from a nail,
Her sandal dangles serenely
Like a negligee, straps draped
On bare shoulders.
The digits play,
marked of lacquer,
Wave, then...
Signal?
Shin up and scale onward.
Thickening ascent toward
Coiled tendrils.
A Pastoral excursion toward
Mounting inundation's.
Back down round by
Dip of spine, the softness kind.
Navish terrain marks the
Hub toward suckle
Of pouting flesh.
Gentle curves of
Nature's nurture
Proffered for solace.
Her messenger iris
Dominated in the wake of
Lengthy dipping brows,
Inside lush, outside lean,
Well deep stares exhilarate.

A petite *simus*

Commanding courtesy.

Thin upper lip, succors to pouting other,

Fairytale hair, a measure

Of deep sighs of rapture.

Like a funeral veil it

Trails...

A lithely step away

With surge and sway.

Right hip circling to ether blue,

Tight buy fleshy a quiver too.

Smooth Contrapposto gait

Urges me to gravitate,

Hesitation and spellbound.

Of her sex...she is.