

Similebiosis

Your heart feels like laughter in my stomach;
Your eyes drink like tiny hairs on my neck;
My catastrophe is tickled by your voice.

Your perfume sounds like sunsets in my mouth;
Your snores taste like bird wings on my heel;
My fundament is measured by your choice.

Your touch smells like suppositions in my spine;
Your arms dance like armadillos on my knee;
My understructure is fed by your poise.

– Jeffery Greb