



SpeedPoets

Vol. 11.8

Pleasure

There is a joy and pleasure,
slowly unfolding, encompassing,
without short breath, hearts drumming,
and body's pumping urgency.

There is delight and enchantment
that fills mind, spirit and soul,
not merely tickles the brain
with pleasure's tingling bubbles,

But wells up and flows,
As a river from paradise,
Creation's old harmony,
Balanced flow and love.

© Michael E. Stone