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Every Time Curry or Flavours of a Confessed and Unrepentant Chili Tongued Lover

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Every Time Curry *or* Flavours of a Confessed and Unrepentant Chili Tongued Lover

Curry was the first to waken my tongue
That appreciation society president
Who (looked upon the boys) with lust
That then felt like new love
Every time every time and tasted only
Once burned with phaal first then
Vindaloo finally the misadventures
Appear endless and begged for perhaps
Too much served on a plate it seems
So easy to fry up onions and cumin chilies
Fragrant and partake of the trouble
That will taste spicy and good every time.

fingers stained sienna, raw and burnt
measured the masala

(curries are like old memories, layers of
metal-hot cool pungent flavours, that I
plumb with tongue)

I'm-hungry-love-licked clean

aromatic, redolent trouble