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Odoriferous Ode

"Naked New Guinea tribesmen are palpably modest when sporting their foot-long penis sheaths." -- Natural History Magazine

Nakedness assaults the prudish eye, but not the nose.
But pretend we are like most mammals
with scent rather than sight sparking our passions.
And if redolence were erotic reality,
then the slightest feminine stink would be as seductive
as Delilah's exposed breasts
and a strong musky stench as sexy
as Samson's rippling muscles.
In a primal forest of odors,
underarm sweat would seduce blossoming buds into deflowering.
Imagine the Victorians,
with clothespins clamped on upturned prissy proboscises,
dutifully shielding themselves against sinful smells for Queen and England
Thus the royal perfumers would be the dread censors,
guardians of the tasteful.
Tasteful, but with our human natures
lust will still find its way.
Even if we were deaf, dumb, blind, numb,
and our stuffed noses dripping with snot we'd yet defy the puritan within
by tasting the sweet salt of skin with a furtive lick of the tongue.

Follow The Wise Spelunker

Hell is rumored to be a cavernous place below,
with a gaping mouth of an entrance,
that masks stalactites and stalagmites
looming above and below like crocodile teeth.

A winding path leads downward,
and as the terrified soul descends
a distant pinprick of orange light
grows wider and brighter until
it lights the cheeks of that damned one
with a rouge of shame.

Would even the bravest spelunker by his own free will
enter such a fiery dark mouth?

But the luscious lips of the seducer
hide a perfect articulation of teeth
and entice legions of lonely invitees.

Then the teeth clench shut and the tongue is gripped,
leaving that seduced soul speechless.
or too ashamed to speak even if the tongue could rip free.

*Follow the ways of the wise spelunker and leave a note behind
telling which new opening you're exploring.*

*And always come equipped
with the brightest flashlight, most accurate compass,
and longest lifeline.*