

Joann Washington

Pearls

***She hung her lovers on a string of pearls. . .
composed each in their respectful order***

***Remembering him—shameless and bold
defining inch by inch the ready details of her body
she now twisted the ring around her finger
and lent a smile to the fond memory***

***She hung her lovers on a string of pearls. . .
teasing his nose with red rose petals
that lay between ample young breast and hair that
tossed and bobbed and soaked with so much passion
it brought tears to her eyes***

***She hung her lovers on a string of pearls. . .
and felt the sweet mist on her face
tasted fresh salt on her tongue . . .
and eagerly wore his scent between her loins***

***She sat far-gone in the rocking chair
with the string of pearls around her neck
why each perfect lover she'd forget. . .***

***On Sundays great-grand-kids kissed and probed and
tugged on the grand pearls that great-grandpa gave
her in those golden olden days***

Yes, She hung her lovers on a string of pearls . . .