

# Recipe For Love

Nikcole L. Graves

Her big toe summoned me first,  
through the small opening at the front  
of the shiny black pumps, in all its tomato  
red glory.

I wanted to take it into my mouth.  
Her gams juicy and succulent, like Mama's  
Sunday yard bird.  
Not to be out shined by her luscious full  
thighs, peeking out from underneath her warm  
orange sundress.

Equally mouth watering, her onion.  
"Lord have mercy my body and soul," it  
brought tears to my eyes.  
Her ample bosom rose and fell ever so softly  
like bread just out the oven.  
I could stew in the juices of her love forever,  
drunk in her pot liquor.