Wind in the Hair

Wind in the hair revives
The memories of younger lives

"There was only you and me We were young and wild and free" 1 ...

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Dead calm.

No trace of
A gentlest breeze.

Dry summer heat
Invited
The blouse to strip off

Under the trees.

Berries
Fill the palm
Feeding the mouth

Hungry for a kiss, Breasts fill the palms...

...Causing a hurricane within

Desire to give in Receives no balms

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... Wild? To a degree And, actually, three.

Palms hold a vacuum
The memories still smell "of your cheap perfume"2

1) Bryan Adams: Heaven

2) Bon Jovi: Always