

Peter Koppes, Her Mark

One night sensation
When the world comes undone
A long rush of flavor
All over the tongue

To mark on the table
Leaves her mark on the mind
The past drifting wayward
Melts into the sublime

The lost Roman saviour
Got a wind in her sail
I was left just to follow
The scent of her trail

That guy walks like concentration
Leaves a mark on my hand
Mother Nature connection
Only at her command

Leaves her mark on the table
Leaves her mark on the mind