

# 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