

Secret smile

Serene and silent you pose
As your thoughts range free,
Remaining hidden, secret,
Though etched on the edges of your smile.

As the artist lays down the pigments
To capture your essence,
A gentle breeze wafts over the balcony
From the orchard below,
Carrying the fragrance of ripened peaches.

And your mind turns to simple pleasures,
Your lips caress the velvet skin,
Your teeth sink into the soft flesh,
And you savour the sweet fruit,
As its juices ease your parched throat.

It is such thirsty work
To sit for a portrait.

Portrait: *The Mona Lisa* by Leonardo da Vinci

https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Mona_Lisa.jpg