

Five doors of perceptions: 5. Taste (a 221B)

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taste, noun: 1. *the act of tasting food or drink.* 2. *the sense by which the flavor or savor of things is perceived when they are brought into contact with the tongue.* 3. *the sensation or quality as perceived by this sense; flavor.* 4. *a small quantity tasted; a morsel, bit, or sip.* 5. *a relish, liking, or partiality for something.*

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The first time, it was dark. A thick fog hung on Baker Street that November evening, muffling sounds and blurring shapes, obliterating our shadows and wrapping our steps on the pavement until I felt like we were the only solid living beings in a world of murky ghosts. We stopped at the front door, and both of us reached out at the same time toward the latch, key in hand. We turned toward each other. His face was shrouded in darkness, but I heard his breath hitch minutely and exhale, purposefully quiet.

Then I kissed him.

He tasted of fire.

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The first time, we were bathed in light. The fog had come. Every streetlamp, every pair of headlights, every window shone in a halo of diffused brightness, until I felt we were walking through a luminous cloud, suspended above cold earth. We reached 221B. We stopped at the front door, key in hand the both of us. He looked at me, and he was resplendent, as though surrounded by a swarm of golden bees, a tiny smile curling the corner of his lips. So beautiful he cut my breath for a moment.

Then he kissed me.

He tasted of peace.

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I heard them come in, footsteps twined on the stairs.

I raised my cup and drank.

It tasted like a blessing.

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