

## Mark Your Name

Here's me dripping my soft  
spirit into your mouth,  
slowly,  
holy  
saliva bridging our suspenses  
as you tell me of dreams  
of supersoftness chasing you  
while you lie down and let me try to  
undo  
dry twoness from our tongues  
un  
un  
un  
un  
un to

one. Wet. Spread

wide

open your thighs  
shake hard  
at any real  
  
touch of mine. The hard hurts  
my hands. Sometimes. I told you. You told me  
what to do  
against the hurt but you said little  
about the hard.  
I wish you had said more

about the hard, how the hard  
is built through oscillation, how  
you fiercely fluctuate between your  
yours,  
polar,  
extreme,  
belligerent.

There's a pool in you so rich it pains.

Dip in  
and have me vanish in the dipping.

Dip out  
and have you vanish in the not. Oh God,  
I pray for the alignment of our sufferings.

Confess.

Metronomes are lost on you. You hold your own metre, composed.  
When I lay my head on your chest, I can hear  
little ticks jumping inside you.

Spin chord into whiplash.

Rip rhythm to breach.

One one one SNAP five SNAP ten SNAP three million three SNAP nil -  
you confuse me terribly, and still  
I feel  
this urge to

touch  
you  
touch  
you  
in  
to  
tact

touch you whole into whole touch you full not fractured  
but multitudinously one.

For you  
to keep the pool unpolluted in its fullness and  
for me  
to feed free in its waters with mine.  
To be swum in the other, to flood us edgeless - dream of deluge. And so

I go on

dripping and touching and bridging and oneing, hoping

even

if undoing  
cannot be done  
your mouth and thighs and more may remember,  
wholly,  
solely  
the marking  
gentleness of my movements.