

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
yous,
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.