

Secret

On the pillow beside me, your
hair like a sweater, unraveling, I
share with only you
what others have told me in confidence.
How *sorry* is a needle-beaked bird
with an extra letter.
How *Y* is a tree
struck by lightning.
How a tree goes white & smooth in death,
how it molts into bone.
How sometimes it's still
worth it.
Reincarnation is real because I have lived
this, again & again.

Act of God

Your kiss, our tongues peeking between
dark & pink, is a simulation, a foreshadowing
of shaded places revealed only through touch.
Your pretty fingers tip my taboos & lightning
strikes my spine into an archway, a portal.
Our free hands clasp like they might keep
our fireflies inside. Warm wetness drips down
to cooler valleys; this lava, lingering into magma
& back to its liquid-fire source, our homeostasis.
My own musk trysts with the scent on your skin,
its shape shifting from neck to décolleté.
Graze on my lips, crush my mouth, be gentle
with me. Sink into the rhythm of our quickened
breath, our gasps a relief carved in your hard
body, & never leave me. May our parting
be only another welcome.