in praise of your body

the body knows

what the body is for

it remembers

every moment

every sliding of my fingers

across

your magnetic skin

it knows

as i take

your breasts in my hands

that these hands

are the architects

of exactly now

and that they know

the future

that onrushing time

of coalescence

when my touch

will come home

part your lips

and smooth the way

for utter normality

pardon me a second —

your nipples

have something to tell me

and who am i

not to listen?

come closer

it is a secret what they say

a message

for my tongue’s ears only

and

i must reply!

this cannot

go unanswered

tell your clitoris

that i will get there

soon

and that your void

will yet be filled.

void? what void?

do i speak of your mind?

or do i talk circles

around what is you?

there is a spot

i have never seen

i cannot give it a name

but

its essence is yearning

there is nothing else

that it does

but beg and reward

i will not tell you

where it is

i couldn’t

if i wanted to

it is the source

of my power

and must remain known to

none

but my me

the lodestone of my hunger

draws me on

and in

but not through:

never that

now stop me if you’ve heard this before —

bells, whistles, cherries and lemons.

a willow weeping

its love

in a wind, on a beach;

what did you expect

after thirty thousand years?

there is nowhere

left on you

on which i have not lain

no part of me

that has not lain on you

in the ten trillion

mathematical possibilities

of sex

my cells

know you

hello you, remember me?

you used to be forbidden

now my master

will tickle

that place in your throat

wait, let me

put this

another way