

Under Plush

July 2020

Your pussy purrrrrs beside me
as mine oozes wet
under plush
underarms and lips tingling
Like the dust exploding into micro-millions;
the electric pollen forest
above us
fooling my eyes for darkness
above us
I search for fingers and twigs and
for sharp lashes whipping against the full moon,
feel the light balance off appliances downstairs
and inside my cheekbones
thick liquid marble melting off foreheads into
rain splashing on piled-up dishes
drowning the scream of your bottom lip
begging me to bite
your scar
to feel it melting slowly
inside my mouth I taste the forest, now.

seep into the mulch

decaying spine into the detritus

burying my flesh into your lip, further

and clinging there forever

to an ever-lasting now.

Floating dust explosions against a mind shifting:
two empires dance amongst
bending thoughts
from dinner guests
to sandstone
to textures kneading into
under-cooking dough,
to over-steaming Warrigal greens
to overthinking maybe
two of us gluing shoulders
might just kill us
wondering if I'm the only one awake now, as well,
or we're both fully alive.
against plush
sticky underarms and odours replaced
by a cloud of blanket breath

(she always smells like home.

always begging for more than just a flooding bottom lip always
begging to drown in you
begging to bury myself
begging for always.

let my body tangle in your tangled limbs;
nuzzle my skull between your breasts and seep through steaming midnight pores
until I drown there wilfully forever.
Let me swim with the ebb and flow of your veins,
disintegrate into Libran air and feed your lungs
so your lips can blow air into my lungs
while you swim the same, yourself
in my body
while we sleep.