

## Her, in the key of mathematics

Colors wrap around her,  
Her figure is a miracle,  
Her curves the only medium  
In which light bends so completely,  
That it breaks.

Her shape is a geometric conundrum,  
Angles and lines impossible to calculate,  
I want to understand her,

I place protractor against skin,  
I organize my proof,  
Asking how  
Saying show me,  
With her breasts, her arms, her stomach,  
She is my teacher,  
She takes my hand,  
And says, instead, ask why.

## **Him, as seen from below**

His body is painted in asterism.  
I trace patterns with my fingers,  
My tongue.  
His constellations  
Contain my continuous fixation.  
He, is my gravity.

His skin speaks in tongues.  
Cloaked in darkness,  
I can only divine  
What words cannot say,  
I read his Braille with my body.

## Love, like flowering deadwood

We love like elephants,

Our past actions are lily pads,

Floating on the surface.

Black eyes sit half covered,

Seeing all, yet telling nothing.

Transgressions of lust and loss

Stain like lipstick on your collar,

Quick to wash,

Eager to hide,

Thrown to the floor,

Dirty when it is already clean.

We don't forget.

We cling like a needy child,

Our hands in mother's hair,

Afraid to move forward;

Aging, like love, is both uncertain and unkind.

We repeat so many times

We lose all meaning,

Love, love, love, love,  
Enough, enough, enough,  
We ask once more.

As always,  
The answer comes softly

**Transition, in shades of warming**

The upward curve of my lips  
Bears exhalations of indiscriminate grey.

The carbon dioxide of used life  
Vacates my lungs.

Empty,  
I breathe in scented air.

## Tangible Humidity

Inclement omens  
Bear tidings of flood.

When roots drink more than is easily handled,  
Morning's hair of the dog  
Becomes just one more condemning drop.

My body creates waves beneath.  
The surface:  
Still,  
Motionless.

On the outskirts of my vision  
Dance valleys of sun,  
Meadows of color.  
I turn my head and they are gone.

My limbs are heavy.  
As I submerge,  
I look to my cloudy landscape

And ask.