

## **atlantis**

like beached seaweed,  
our languid bodies  
drowse between storm cloud sheets.

salty skin emerges  
in random parts of satin blankets  
resembling smashing waves  
on tawny sand.

and our pulses,  
the anticipatory rumble  
of a burrowing crab,  
are the only sound  
disturbing the misty,  
still air.

in a fury only Poseidon  
could match,  
we plunged through  
the glass surface  
into the undertow  
of desire

where,  
in our naked ecstasy,  
we discovered the lost city  
of Atlantis  
in the deep caverns  
of one another.

**a favourite pastime**

sitting outside a café  
on the corner in downtown,  
a persistent breeze taps  
at my shoulder  
as i absently stir  
my coffee.

the sun pulls me in  
to an intimate embrace  
that keeps me warm  
on this early autumnal  
morning.  
unfurling a weathered moleskine  
and pen, i pretend to write  
when i am really studying,  
watching.

i notice the woman with  
subtle moisture in the corners  
of her walnut eyes,  
collarbones jutting forth  
in an attempt at  
ragged composure.

i steal a glimpse of  
a jam faced toddler  
and his impatient father

scuttling past the patio.

i glance at an elderly man,  
with a beard the colour of thunder  
and earthquake hands,  
reading the sports section  
of a week-old newspaper.

i peek at a woman,  
about my age,  
with butterscotch skin  
and bubblegum hair  
hanging in storybook ringlets  
atop her shoulders.  
she sips her cappuccino provocatively,  
a feat i've never witnessed,  
and imprints the porcelain  
with a ruby ring.

as the wind whirls,  
strands of hair stuck to my lips,  
so many stories collide  
and intertwine,

i wonder which of them  
is reading mine.

## **Circe**

Daughter of the Sun,  
if only you shone brighter,  
then maybe love  
would have found you  
in the spray  
of tourmaline waves.

Daughter of the Sun,  
if only your divinity  
hung like a cloak  
upon your speckled shoulders  
maybe jealousy would not have  
marred your judgement.

Witch of Aeaëa,  
if the Sun had embraced you  
with more warmth  
maybe ugliness would  
not chase you  
with a lust  
only gods could attract.

**B-62**

The air smells  
of cauterization--  
burnt, nauseating,  
and it infiltrates my lungs  
all too quickly.

I pick at a tangerine  
like a scab,  
hoping to distract  
the heat  
with its tart juice.

But they seem to be  
friends and now  
I'm thirstier  
than ever.

Using sweat  
as holy water,  
I bless myself  
and like a Sunday  
Christian,  
I pray

the bus shows up  
on time.

