that night
was a plum wine woman with black
lacquered lips blowing cherry swisher
smoke over the breaks of lake michigan

we climbed inside the night’s
mouth and she was humboldt park lagoon
humid: desire thick as thigh muscles
but we too cool to move through it

we too blue raspberry italian
lemonade on taylor to name
this nascent mango
nectar love we too unapologetically
tender to be impatient with our touch

night’s nipples were two kola nuts
pitching a tent under a linen blouse wove of stardust &
we nestled against her pulse to warm skin
cooled by late summer night sweat
licked couplets under earlobes, tongues etched
calligraphy on each other’s neck
& this
was a beginning, not timid but
just dipping in the dark spring of our pleasure just
dripping iridescence in oceans of forever knowing it
don’t have to last but we solar power centered so
when our chests connect dawn recharge our
desire, each rotation wind us up stack tinder on the
fire, we burn the night to ash
blacken our bare bodies in it collapse expand implode
[we] rode griffins [backs] from babylon to kemet
[ & back]

eden’s serpents marvel
at the knowledge we deposit at each other’s root
bodies burn the temple marble black like thutmose & hatshepsut

ancient cosmic throbbing naked

bake the earth a crust
magma syrup from volcano
with every loving thrust

the dome of night a temple
we painted til the dawn
sunlight spilled down cave of throat
became our morning song

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