

[NB4A] [Prose-Praise] [Good Boy]

notes on a sestina

*yes*

here, of course. with a poet. something about the way his chest softens under the beginnings of words. voice like a good book's binding. love him in numbered days. ok then: let the poem act as a ribbon of sensation, mid-ravel, unravelling. stalling at first, ending as a coil, on its knees. his wrist in my mouth now, finally. after so long. the poem: soft chested beginning, *primum movens* as little nemesis. he offers me sensation like ripe fruit, or song, or warm-blooded finger; as both portal & boundary. forgive him, he doesn't know what he was doing.

*tongue*

descending towards the blue bruise underness of the water, body as container & constrictor, driven by glacial purpose. breath & restriction, how slow a fall can be. multidirectional tentacular desire. just the sound of their voice, you know? how often the poem forks its tongue: epistolary, textual, solar corona, poly—

—lingual, suffix, Black-blackened, sweet-viscous as molasses, mimetic.

one night, without me, the mouth asks: *mister, have you been suspended within fantasy, like a heavy bell?* the sound, as always-answer. honey and brass when they cum. velvet echo and bitter rhythm. four fingers in my mouth. feral and dangerous, that kind of control. know a holy creature when you see one, open its jaws and sing in its throat.

*myself*

isn't this a humid little game? catching the memory with my teeth, thrilling at its gum-wriggle. us four, packed tinned-fish-like in my brother's car, barreling to the troyeville in tarred rain. boy-banter. you know the kind. except you're watching me weave myself into it, all playful mischief, soft-bellied bombast. *I know what kind of boy you are* (a gift you give me later, spilling syrup in my lap). *you're silly*—between kisses—*you're naughty and silly*.

*everywhere*

drifting, as clouds do. setting another prayer loose. at her feet, waiting. i miss worship. most of all. most of all.

*past*

two steps below me, you cup my face & stop time. at my feet, you shed your boy like a suit in summer. touch me like red fruit, clumsy and ardent. a body turning away in the water. at last embrace, leave me one true thing and one well told lie.

*blood-blossom*

yes, yes, yes,

yes, yes:

it is true what they say.

the amygdala is a soft & bitter piece of meat.

---