

Swan Dive

By Georgina M. Cox

Your sweat dries, holy, on my neck.
I'd pray if I believed, but you're the closest I get.

Every touch, a sermon I couldn't refuse.
My body the altar, your body the noose.

And if drowning is mercy,
Then I won't come up.

Let me soak in the sacrilege
Of your touch.

Swan dive,
Head first into your flame.

Every kiss a little crueler,
But I love the pain.

Take me whole, unholy.
Tear me alive.

I was born just to break
In your swan dive.