

Trail wake
don't leave me behind
rolls of skin, the tide is in

I remember you well at the
Peering still, always watching, watching from behind
Hot bulges in short shorts
Overtaken by the sea and by engines, wildly rolling
the horizon is mad, it's watching and

I think
I think we're alone now
waiting, idling time but ready to swallow me, you, ready to swallow us all
to a chorus of whirring treadmills
And we're running just as fast as we can

And it's just great, it really is. It couldn't be better
Roll on the front, frontal rolls, big bellies, dripping with sea
Wipe it clean, *it's in my honey, just like honey*
Wipe it away, it's in my milk
Permit no trace, no evidence of the encounter and start again
'Cause it must've been love, but it's over now

Wrapped up in circles,
Now we're playing the game
It must've been good
But I lost it somehow
That, that there, that body of water
Lapping the eye, drowning vision, drunk
Tucking in, and buttoning up
Sun setting table setting
Hawaiian shirts a-swaying
But in and outside
I turn to water
As the engine turns
Bobbing
Mopping
Feeling dirty
Wiping it all away
Cleaning the salt, the slate
Looking back
To that first point
When your body enters mine
Because that's the bit I hunger for
Dive in and
Plunge inside

It's funny how,
sometimes, you can have
two conversations at the
same time. How you
can be speaking about
something quite banal,
administrative even, yet
simultaneously be having
a non-verbal dialogue,
between two pairs of
eyes. An ocular speech,
full of curiosity, or
panic, or full of hunger
and wanting, none of
which is made evident
by the sounds floating
between our two bodies.
Somewhere thick, in the
air. Something happens
when I look at you, you
do something to me.
Between our two bodies,
in the air, is difference.
We come from different
times, you and I. Worlds
apart. Yet, there is
something about the
vulnerability of fucking
that seems to undo
everything. Watching
your face when you
get near is so, utterly,
transfixing. To have that
power, through plugging
my body into yours,
yours into mine, it feels
as though I'm eating you
alive. Devouring you.
Yet in all that
consumption, who is
really eating whom?
Because the thing is, you
reassure me in some

(deep) way. In some
way, I find you, your
presence, your manners,
your rhythms and your
surprises, your particular
ways of thinking about
the world... reassuring.

And I wonder if
ultimately, it's like some
kind of never-ending tug
of war, between wanting
that kind of comfort—
and wanting to own it.
To take it over, to watch
it yield. To dominate in
some strange way.

And yet as soon as it's
over, we return to our
prior states and I'm
missing you before you
have even left the room.

The tables are cleared
and reset, the floor is
mopped. Sparkling. And
what is left behind is a
kind of yearning that
surfaces, upon each and
every wipe. Wipe. Wipe.

Hygiene is so much a
part of this thing, this
ritual that we share—
the preparation for the
event. Hairs parted and
groomed in such a way
that is particular to the
self. More for me than
for you: but nonetheless
a state of preparedness.
Groomed for the ritual.

Groomed for the
encounter. Touching
the bareness of skin and
anticipating your touch.