

v. suhb-luh-meyt

My skin willows
 beneath your mouth. It pushes

to the pillowcase I round to. Navel

lapses to maelstrom shear.
 Your tongue

 (coolant) evanesces my hip

(& me). You asked for this

(neck to clavicle,
 eyelid to chin, dizzying).

Palm silks thigh. The ceil-
 ing, not visible through vapors.

I wink, quicken, scin-

tillate. Fan away. Later, you feel
for me forgetting

 I am already air.