

On Pools

That day you were
the water, I was flesh,
floating on you
stroking my way from end to end
gliding, caressing, you shaping me,
last night's wine—my buoy,
yet your words are wind-filled
sails tugging at me,
sun sparkles lit the blue
shadows of eyes,
azaleas perfumed the air
but I was heady with your scent,
fingers flowing together, compressing
space, tense tingling,
then circling, fanning out, withdrawing,
shoulders curving past buttocks,
lush lapping of waves
mapping my thighs,
then letting the sun nearly dry my skin
rejecting this burning, coarse cement,
these velvet-cut, silent towels,

my warm surface craving your touch
till separation is no longer bearable,
 I enter the water again
 you enter me, bear me
 in shared rhythms,
 moist music flows between us
streaming over my cries,
swimsuit discarded as nipples
and hair rippled in your water,
my new dimensions,
 aching and arching
 supported in a wet world
 where directions swirled
and only air breaks mattered,
 our circuit is one,
keep turning me,
 fluidity—a way of life
with the taste of petals in my mouth,
 you were flesh, I was water.

—*Bernice Lever*