

MMR

"Take your time":
an admonition I seldom
give to myself in the mirror.

I'm dervish-paced,
apostate in the Devil's workshop,
never hibernative, never in repose.

Yet, despite my *scherzo*-phrenia,
and my attention spurn of deceleration -
and my general despisal of chats on phones,

I find myself wanting you
to take my time.

Beyond the Bone

Put it this way:

I'm about celebration –
not cerebation – of the person,
of her particulars, her holes,
the *instanceness* of her body,
the gone-with-the-windness
of her sounds.

The gist is in the abandonment of mentation.

Didn't Hegel essentially say that the spirit is a bone?

Regardless, the spirit is willy-nilly, the flesh is awake.

Call this the Herrlean Diuretic, detoxing the brain's bladder.

What do I want?

Simply put, I want to want.

But the thought of you makes me think of you,
which complicates the matter, gives shape to the glow,
demands definition – and cerebation – beyond the bone of want.

Floodgate

I rarely ponder or revere how things begin,
being much more attuned to endings,
but I know when floodgates open.

Kissbetweenus Interruptus

Maybe we *did* kiss, in a sense.
I feel that we shared a kiss of sorts,
an intense essence that adds up to a kiss.

Or maybe an actual kiss would be *less*.

Kissbetweenus in Excess

How could I have thought
that not kissing you would be enough?
Now that we two have mouthlocked,
I see that we'd been counting negative numbers.

Now that we've been mutually tasted
and have fallen into salivary frenzies,
I realize the infinite nature of desire
and the *never-enoughness* of you.

Before, we were bereft of context.
Before, we had only speculation.
Today we have chemical confirmation,
hormonal harmonization, evidence
that the only scratch for our itch
is more, more and more, more:
kissbetweenus *in excess*.

Eat, Drink and Be Maria

Tomorrow we say goodbye,
and these stolen spasms of life
that only we can incept must
halt and diaphanate back into
the black market of hearts.

Eat, drink.
We are each other's
forbidden fruit.

Be Maria.
I'll defy any world
without you as fact.

I'm No Don Juan, But You Can call Me Don When

I'm not "all that," but I'm all *this*,
and this fits *that*: the receptive split fruit,
the untied Goody Two Shoes, the spread-wide mind.

When we meet out of everyone's sight, incognito
to the garish realm of Everywhere, we exist nowhere:
where only *more* is more, and where time is the flaccidest member.

I can't be "all that," but I know a fling or two, the fragile glissando
of the human piano, how to duet in the middle of nowhere
and to pound out a beat disjointed from time.

A Couple of Twos

The triangle is the tensest tension,
sharpening the turns so that no one
in it can see what waits ahead.

*You are wet and dreaming toward me.
Our mouths are interlocked confessionals.*

In a triangle intimate couplings shift,
who comprises the Two fluctuates:
a Themis-like balance minus justice.

*I wake, steeled and straining youward.
We're each other's before the angle ahead.*

The Stone in the Sword

I'm a geometrician of triangles,
a peer amid Lancelotian courtly lovers.
I intuit formulae of her womanly chemistry,
careful not to unbalance propriety's scales.

*There's a stone in the sword,
an impediment in this affair's edge,
barring realization of our alternative "together."*

I'm a tome traveler, a joyful Tragedian,
inundated by the archetypal and cathartic:
a jester/lover hybrid hopeless/essly Romantic,
a wayward ronin climbing the mountain to her heart.

Your Hotwet

Want is stronger than need.

I agree with Dostoyevsky's Stepan
that Shakespeare is greater than the peasantry,
and that beauty fuels more than gasoline.

Who can swim to the top or bottom of desire?

Truly, hearts brought together by happenstance
are privileged over long-familiar's tame dormancy:
enemies against time and runaways to forbidden places.

Adoration is stronger than duration.

Learn the most precious shorthand,
the kind that captures the abstract renditions
of ourselves and offers a rush of secret sharing.

I want – don't need – your hotwet.

Wish Your Hands

Chaser or chased?
Decorum or desire?

Taken or taker?
Whose are you if I take?

(That common turndown to come-ons,
even in temptation: "I'm taken.")

I wish your hands
were above your head:
you an unclaimed idol to cradle.

The chaste miss the chance
to ensnare a spell of freedom.

Not indiscriminate freedom,
since we go from a door to a door.

Let me barely touch and lift your chin,
before my blood knocks and passion stampedes.

If our secret brief moment
is ever forgotten, I'll never forget it.

Pavlov is in the Air

There is someone I know well in your voice.
She fills in the blanks, extrapolates, osmoses.
Ignorance and caution evaporate in your voice.

How do I say this?
My heart salivates at how you *say*.

Neither accent nor dialect (whatever the difference between them is),
but probably timbre, which is you-peculiar and is soothing proof: It's *her*.

"Were That I Could"

*"Were that I could," I heard in the wind
as I drove on, unafraid of slippery slopes.*

A sudden blinding blizzard struck and erased
the roads as I was driving: All the peripheral
nonsense was obscured, and the haphazard
beauty directly ahead was more than enough.

Quite as suddenly as the squall arose a wish
for a certain someone with whom to pull over,
subtract from the white-knuckled traffic,
and entrap a lost kiss in cold, cozy obscurity.

*"Were that I could," I heard in the wind
as I drove on, unafraid of slippery slopes.*

What Time is Time?

When one looks for time, time flees.
When one flees from time, time floods.

Whatever time is or isn't,
it is and isn't.

There's no time for us,
no writing in the stars,
no calendar mandate
for one secret private day.

I've no claim to your time,
let alone your body.

I groan at the tease between
the ticks of the clock who owns
your time.

A Key

Absence, not something,
causes this ache.

We have a locked door
without a key.

It's the barrier against a start,
not a bitter end, that hurts.

Your "Goodbye" is as Fresh and Elliptical as "Hello."

There's much more to say, on which to elaborate.
My phone aversion evaporates; my ear is unslaked.

Generally, "goodbye" is a mutually resigned-to formality
designed to force the likes of our indefinite call-and-response
duet to a premature, romance-mincing, future-snuffing close.

Your "goodbye," however, is far from an end.
It's swollen with potential and promise, with child.

How Do You Problematize a Solution Like Maria?

How do you zip up mouth-to-mouth gasps?
How do you adonymize this heart-to-heart ache?
How do you find the word to permanently cancel "goodbye?"
How do you prevent this Musebeam from losing her shine?

Though her hips plead *Come in*,
though her twinkling tits say *Yes*,
the rest of the entire Earth scolds *No*,
the third triangle point pricks the conscience.

I didn't ask, and she came as an answer.
I didn't shut the door, but she knocked.
How do you problematize a solution like Maria?
You obey the boring majority and detriangularize.

Gloom

Rainclouds have the moon in them
this Easter Eve morning, and my heart's
a loosely tied boat in the gloomy waltz
of infinite inner waters.

It's a day to close one's eyes while awake,
when everyone is noise, when there's only one
thing to think about: *What should I do next?*
As if there's an answer.

A Week of Somedays

I'm in withdrawal without you,
in an out of sorts outside of you.
I want to let go of letting you go,
I want to hold on to holding you.

I've crossed the point of no return
in my revolt against the fact of no return.
The monsoonal rain hums "never again."
(How have you drawn such sap from a wry man?)

We had a week of somedays in a fantasy world,
a whole other life pretended despite death's herald.

My Aria

You know that I sing the body eclectic,
appreciate the plump and the taut,
flesh's yangs and yins, asymmetries
as well as equilibria, plus or minus tits.
(The feminine mist clears for this aesthete.)

But you, with posture like an essay outline,
with gait like a diagrammed sentence,
with chess-like poise and sudoku mien
(you the semicolon, and I the ellipsis):
My eclecticism collapses like a doomed star.

I sing your body particular, compelled
by excruciating curiosity to exegete it,
claim it and awaken in it untapped spirit.
In our kiss syllogisms turn to songs.

I know it enough to be driven ravenous,
loving it because it is fucking *you*. Maria,
whose outline, sentence, chess stance
and algorithmic face thaw and surrender
in my hands as I exalt in you, my aria.

#TeamKneel

Have I touched at least one part
of you that he hasn't, breached
a door beyond which he's never
dared to tread, found a star chamber
in which your quietest/loudest self
dances from quiescences's orbit?

I'm neither thief nor interloper,
antagonist nor homewrecker,
but I want to steal a moment,
purloin your morning arousal,
tether your priceless attention
(intellectual as well as sexual).

Will you kneel and fill me with
the relieving release of being
at your mouth's feral mercy?
Will you ensnare me by freeing
yourself from pure fidelity?

A Secret About Our Secret

Want to know a secret about our secret?
Sometimes I'm relieved when I can't see you.
The stage is clear for only soliloquy, to introspect.

I've a dual, paradoxical urge: to gluttonize
and surpass excess with the sensual jailbreak
of you, to hear much but to listen to only you.

But the secret about our secret is that I must sate,
at least artificially, my intellectual/sexual thirst for you.
Detumescence is reluctant practice for your someday absence.

How I Envy the Shower Water

As you step out of the shower
how I envy the water that impacted
your skin like cymbal crashes,
the drops' loss of surface tension
making tears on the tiles: lamentation
at the departure of your fragrant nudity.

Each pearline graffito lucky
to have bounced off your body.