

Sweet November

Dodging my lover's caresses  
were smoldering reactions  
                    delayed by seven,  
a petrified rage awakened  
with hands spiraling down my back.

In retrospect, his hands triggered  
a lilted Subway walk,  
                    full sunlight bloom,  
where ether-soaked rags gagged my mouth  
and engine hums swallowed triumphant gasps.

But I forget the child, eight at most,  
whose first Caterpillar fair  
                    sang jagged corruption.  
Clowns fondled her tiny breasts  
and showered stickers for frozen consent.

Even so, my lover focuses on *now*,  
unfolding my body to  
                    his blossoming fingers,  
where sighs dissolve static  
and rhythm banishes November blue.