

11/THIS OPEN MOOR

Vi K^hi Nao

I don't expect you to be barren
To express indifference towards me
Through carnal infractions
I don't expect you to separate my hips
From your lips
Your toes from my elbows
When we both know that softness has no exit wounds
No noise before pre-orgasm
No liquid before incantation
We can only choreograph what we don't know
Your body on top of me reconfiguring the
lower strata of openness
Your skin a new era of suppression
I expect the air between us to suffocate
When you love me exactly before you do
Love me
You said you would slide into me like a perfect glove
You said this would be easy
The forest losing her memories of how many trees she must protect
I can't remember how many kisses must I permit the body to
Let in
Every un-invited guest must uncross her legs to fight informality
I just want the pure formality
Of you wanting me enough
That you would widen your legs
Your imagination
Your skin
That separates one labia
From another
I just want this open moor

With your face of ecstasy in it
Like a lake that knows
How to speak ten languages
All at once
From the rippling mountains
Of a category five storm
Provoked inside the body
When it has been loved too much
By the wind scale landfall
Between the pre-amnesia of the tongue
And the spasms of clutched bedsheets