

## Ocean

*~for Jesse Warren*

This is how you undo me,  
knowing that I am more naked ocean side,  
more malleable on the shore.  
Your sleek onyx hands rushing over no fumbling zipper,  
just the steady pour of the seven full-bodied seas into my heart.  
This is how I got here—lost.  
This how I became adrift in your uncharted swiftness.

Me? I have been dreaming of us bent  
by forces greater than ourselves, for so long.  
I have felt the storm warnings thrum alive  
within my fingertips.  
I have fought it.  
I have tried to choreograph my feelings;  
tame the tsunamis and typhoons,  
tamp down the waves,  
but they refuse to be coerced into rehearsal  
or reigned in by a familiar dance.  
I am left to the unruliness of water.

Now, my mouth is good for only kissing,  
intent and poised over nipples and napes.  
But, I look into your eyes,  
and I see the same questions in my heart  
changing like the color of water.  
Doubts dart like fish.

There they are lurking under the surface  
surrounded by fins of wondering of what would happen  
if we wrecked the world we once knew.  
What would become of our legs accustomed to land?  
Would we become one dark body dancing  
rocked by wind, touched by rain  
pulled by the sun to rise?

On the surface of this want fear lingers.  
Isn't this how the music stops?  
Isn't this how magic disappears?  
I lose my taste for water.  
You lose touch with land.  
If only we stood naked by this ocean together,