

wild blue yonder (an erotic sex fantasy at the beach that doesn't take into account sand)
for Jerry the Marble Faun

There's a big black
Buick Invicta
Parked in the sand
Driver door flung open
Idling, looking like
Some horse & foot mercenary
Growling at the cliffs
And the salt and the sweep
Of silvery coast
Darker by the tide
Lifting in the wind
 wild
 wind

 wild
 wild
 wind

 the
 wind
 will

 drive
 you
 wild

 want
 a
 ride?

Here are your eyes
Two silver slits in the wind
So silver

They are blue
Like the bright hole in my mind—
Ow! it hurts

Being swept
away like that! It's so careful
on your part

The face though
Wow, can be really stunning
Really it can

Any face
fractured smooth pitted or pruned
They're all fine

But your face
is masterly, gulping
my behind

a) For the body is a
strange fog, strong
like the doors to
Pella—there is a clean
puddle on the ground in
Pella—and where harm
only enters if fear
hath made the opening

b) The most purely
erotic nonsexual
experience I've ever
had with a man was in
2006 when my yoga
teacher asked me to
take child's pose so he
could show the class
how to sit on your
partner

c) The beach is kind of
like that, just shoved
into the ocean, fitted
like a torch to flame,
only infinite because
there is the suggestion
of a circle we can't
actually see so we say
yonder