

## ON SENSUALITY

Like the river to oblivion, Lethe,  
aimless and unmindful to  
the words I have misplaced  
upon my return, careless like an  
unmanned hammock by the sea;  
perhaps this is not a return  
but where I've crept all along  
like a body that sneezed out  
a soul that dreamt of fleeing loudly;  
maybe this is where I kiss next  
the one with violent hair, gorgeous  
babbling of things nonsensically  
appropriate, so so so she'll say  
just know why I call you Sisyphus  
because you rise and fall like the sun  
deserving all six of my kisses, and  
yes, in those moments there is  
tension, like great muscles flexing  
out of apprehension  
of something immediate, some  
Charybdis or Scylla churning  
out an inviting gesture of the eye  
a look that could only mean  
come and we will meet as lovers  
upon the plains of oblivion; and  
I hear her in my mind, the  
imaginary preaching:  
I will count the strands of your  
hair which are the days of your  
calendar, beautiful boy.