

## Butter Cream

She walks  
like soft cake  
butter sweet  
and light

my appetite whet

the day  
cold  
snow

I was seeking  
her spring whirrs  
hums like the land  
black and wet

inside her sanctuary  
I stand stare  
nervous windows sweat  
to spite the cold  
blackened trees  
bare branches  
etching  
the grey, grey sky

I dream of  
curling curving  
into a cadence  
take her in until  
we occupy  
the same place  
the same space

caressing her  
I touch myself

I feel delicious

rose chiffon light  
echoes off my skin

brushing close  
she says through  
Cheshire grin  
“if I like it,

I lick it.”

bouquet of  
myrrh sandalwood  
wafts and billows

faux ming vase  
bursting of cattails  
and pussy willow  
tease in the corner

atop  
the big, big bed  
royal purple  
gold sheets  
satin raw silk  
gregorian chants  
whisper lusty devotions  
my mouth goes dry  
my eyes wide  
damp palms grasp  
headboard slats  
for hands to hold

“breathe”  
she says as  
she parts me  
“breathe”

her breath warms  
I am made soft  
wanting wanting  
dancing on my skin  
I stretch/contract  
clutch pillow  
to the place  
she tastes me  
I hear the color red  
feel golden and sun  
piercing through  
eyes sliding back  
fluttering behind  
closed lids

“open your eyes

see,”  
she sighs

I ride and ride  
surrender deep  
into eyes reflecting  
rain and fire and all  
that is song

I ride and ride  
her breath  
my breath  
my breath  
I try to catch  
in earth cracks  
and breaks  
lava spews and  
monsoons and cave- ins  
and rapture  
revelations  
jesus  
coming  
coming

outside a pewter sky  
flocked by crows  
mirror our black bodies  
rising