

Getting Clean

The tub's big enough &
if not we can
stand face
to face back
to shoulders or
lower curl
round
round as a
shell of nothing
so much as flesh

what's this?
and these?

they stiffen but
move two bubbles with
small noses circle lick &
grooves of the ribs a harp
of warmth sense search
the tenderness wash steer
the rub dub-a-dub love
the pole grows in
our midst an ocean
& I, entering
the current
the whirlpool
the bullring of , '
suds, should
surf surge or present
water lilies in praise
a coronation You
peninsula I lie on
the shores of or
deck the ship christened
to voyage so voyage or
rest in the depths calm
here here is your mouth
your eyes my hands
not asleep but full with
the gentle gales
on the foam-lipped mast.