

spiral

do you ever fall asleep,
clutching a pillow lover
as driftwood on the sea?
wrapped in blankets like limbs
whose hands will never find
you anchored to coarse fabric, cotton-mouthed.
no giving. taking only, grating gasping
grasp sheets like brittle fingertips, when
the breath which licks your neck
is the murmur on the waves of a fan.

'what is,' 'what could,'
and 'maybe' splinter twigs in
your head, rubbing together the wake
of the resultant wellspring of flame,
failing to thaw the frigid ocean sheets.
"what was not ice would melt me,"
screamed.
slide the ebb, ride the flow
await a voice that rises
like a storm washes over torrential eyes.
echo the crying brine that spirals 'round you,
an endless conversation, each touch
a phrase, speaks volumes.

sea reflections, where eyes should be
caressing clearly what hands can't see.
affixed, assured quite what to say
or adrift, left speechless, ashore will
resort to sigh language, moored to you.
wrap your whole being, your legs your arms
around me, spiral-shelled tight, certain
circling like you don't want me to leave

this dance or feeding frenzy.

love like phrases

love like feasting

spiral round you

snail shell love

moving slowly

i'm protected

from the sharks

the waves