

YouToo

if I'd ever been kissed that way, as if it meant something
when you've been minding your own business

and if someone I know had leant down, slow, to meet my closed mouth
and someone random grabs you, from behind

and they opened my lips the way sunlight wakens tulips
and they slither in, cold as congealed gravy

and with the oh-so-tiny tip of theirs, they touched my tongue
and slop, walrus-tongued, around your gums

and if a tickle rippled from under my scalp down to my hips
and if a prickle, like sick, crawls up your neck

as my mouth became a drink which they sipped from its corners
as your throat becomes a gag of gristle

while my mind unravelled into white space, into heat,
while bristle saws your face and your mind freezes

then I melted on the fresh bed-sheet, draped like an altar cloth, ready
then your antennae spring up, ready

to offer myself for revelation, forgiveness, perhaps even love
to use your alarm, or your keys digging into your palm

I'm sure I'd remember that.
I'm sure you remember that.