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Orbital

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Roberts: Orbital

ORBITAL

Andrew Michael Roberts

Once your body was the deep white surface of the moon. Eons and atmosphere between your craters and me. Now, I touch it: light years away from that strange old us. I know you, but it isn't love, it's distance and hunger. It's shaped like sex. I put my tongue to you. I am always empty, this appetite that makes a decent lover. Can you stand it? I leave the window open and the traffic's song rolls over us through the screen. Its loud seeds stick in our sweat and sprout like spent notes. Listen, our singing skin. Our damp noise garden. You bite my face and sit up to fuck me with your hands in your hair. I strum your heaving ribs. Hollow. You smell like love. My clothes in their pile catch fire from a candle. We let them burn. You toss your stockings on and scream. That dark smoke a sour veil. The loud stick of glazed flesh and a taste of ash. The wayward velocity of names and sperm. Planets breaking apart. Your eyes are closed. You slap me, and your hand is a sharp collection of stars. Setting suns. Each illuminating one dead moon. Light years are passing. Try to undo me. Take my fist in your teeth and bite deep enough for me to never forget.