



Photo: Laurence Jaugy-Paget

I decay in your arms.  
(like leaves)  
You grab and hold me; I can't escape. (or breathe)

What are the years — of envy, anger, jealousy — of being with another person for nearly 8 years now — apart? what can they possibly mean compared to the pure celibacy of how much we still really love each other, or of the ache?

*I decay in your arms.* Each time, your tongue in my mouth; full-complete. I can hardly catch my breath; I can't escape or find the condensation to liberate what is mine.

I have carving, carnivorous, devouring eyes.

Intense — referring to the tints of green-blueness — cries coming from that place where they look out, the setting, the altar of awareness, only that which is the mere "I" of my

self:

All these other men we both fall in-love w/ and though our lives are separate and unspeaking, now

that is only a brief interlude, the whiff of time — a blank slipping through the blinkings of a mere microsecond of a microsecond in eternity; only diversions, fragments splintered from our mirror through the labyrinth, a soaking up of beauty held between our eyes, *as we.*

Decay, in their arms, unable to breathe or escape. *feels like fire!* — from our imaginations of their grasping us in the warmth of their (strong) tongues and (tender) skins!

SR/t for DB

**RAPED IN HEAVEN:** licking his nipples, with a tongue a cross between a cat's razor strophe and the gentlest sliimy oozing of wet sexuality, then up and I put my ear to the heartbeat breaking beneath the skin, only sweet pastry layers away to that precious juicy heart which could burst in my mouth sweeter than . . . exploding into a watery mouth filled with love and a heart of molten gold, its Sound echoing into my ear and then a needle plunges into my own chest penetrating deeply into my own heart as love spills over and I am obsessing, licking licking licking and love is lapping out of me and into me at the same time and I am not trying to stop its flow but only giving more to it — Eros, in full possession! — into an ocean of sound and my mouth overflowing with the juices of wet waterfalls of heartbeats buried in the ocean falling falling falling falling falling falling

drawing in drawing in drawing in breath breathe in the Love Breathe ...! in the LOVE. And here, down on yer knees, he rips his shirt off and down you go breathing in the love Breathe in .. and he is on you his mouth gasping for your Life and Your Love breathes him In. And he breathes you with him, and you both

Breathe him Innnn. Innnn. I N

and this is the same love as so-called Eternal Love, of sex transformed witin to the incandescent spark of knowingness and rhythms of terror & excitement that strike chords (you only thought) would vanish into breathing sighs and spurting fountains spilling out of you into you as bodies pressed together weigh down in sumptuously lavish gatherings like satin falling sing down together and smooth rub of bodies; the breath stinking of love and raw meat and garlic drenched tongues caress, ladeling into inside each other's mouths

and organs rub and steam together All this ... watched by Heaven: Supervised by Official Heavenly Hosts (Hi! My Name Is \_\_\_) who slaver in anticipated need that they had almost talked themlseves into believing they'd almost outgrown robed in holiness — lust for heaven itself a Purity; only to be RAPED IN HEAVEN BY GOLDEN TWINS

"sespe"

**INNER SELF**  
I feel alone.  
The room is full of people,  
but isolation knows not of numbers.  
Emptiness and turmoil.  
They are partners.

**DISTANCE**  
Days like these I'm told,  
will make me strong.  
Why should I believe  
that going through such pain  
will give me strength.  
Am I to think,  
that pain yields strength?  
Let me have my confusion.  
Let me have this hurt.  
Without it being explained.  
Without it being justified.  
Leave me to my separation.

**REDEFINED**  
Frustration, confusion, hopelessness.  
They coexist.  
How is it that the one feels unfulfilled?  
The one is unloveable.  
Beyond the threshold of tolerance of the other.  
Why does the one repel so many?  
The one cannot exist  
within a system of  
expectations and definitions.  
It places the one on the outskirts of existence  
Able only to observe and hope  
but never to participate.

Anthony Roberts

