

After Marilyn Hacker

Relishing. Oh back seat
sweaty slick car seat leather.
Oh questions answered in headlights
caught in fog or humidity
and not distinguishing the difference.
Never been hesitant but hungry
knowing lust as sensation as
the itch of summer acne
peppering my back constellations.
Sappho never wrote of lust
this modern awakening with feet
tangled in gas pedals. Oh hands.
Oh eyes glancing out spattered
dead-gnat windows at a sky
duskless. Breaths syncopated.
Oh car turned bed rolling in
feeling for the first time. Let me relish
remember the places hands eyes
shivers elbows hitting car horns
sounding louder in this dark.