

©Rachael Z. Ikins

Cape Cod

I wear the ocean
home, soaked
into my pants...

that place where I stood on
the lip of Her giant mixing bowl, gouts
of golden batter flung off glittering wooden
spoons; a tall, red-haired cook,
leonine head bent to the task.
She concentrates,
muttering, tsking-tsking; she whispers.

The sea bustles in
and s l o w l y slides out again,
rhythm everywhere: waves, breath,
heart-beat, orgasm.

A giant poetry whore
laughing teeth silvered with moonlight—

Gobbles me up and licks her lips.
Spits my heart out (of its bare shell)
over and over and over