

OUTDOORS

TONI SCORSESE

tentative yet we descend the decks
I'm chilled and we've past the height of sun

but you urge the water will thaw me
and unlike the first days the air is mild

we slip into the wooden corral
blue and green breezing about
our only garment the slatted walls

I lay palms to your bare chest
strong and cool as skin tends when damp
I dare like clay to mold fingers to shoulders

timid though I cease extrapolation

when next we are in dew
I shall melt into you

3/20/2023

[...]