

Goddess

by Bear

Her voice dives across the pool deck
Deking around the men's braggadoccio to strum my ears
Women so sunburn beautiful are meant to be size six or less, I thought
With husband trailing behind like a quacking pulltoy
Every motion crane-smooth she shucks her loose tunic and shorts
I hear a salesgirl tell her, covers a multitude of sins
There is disgust from the assembled boys for her full thighs
Gravity-bound breasts and childbirth hips
Sly cuts about hard teenagers, not a ripple when they rut
I would like to rock her cervix with my knuckles
And enjoy remaking the bed afterwards

Touch Mirror

by Laurie Avocado

I have to admit there are times when I am in love with my own body.
This is the body I was meant to be.
These pictures, spread before me, could be me.
I touch the wet place,
Wishing I could feel this soft flesh,
This generosity,
This home,
To be enveloped by you
You who are so much like me
A mirror of touch
(not that brittle image-giving surface of cold glass)
A mirror of my flesh, my touch,
A world of me.

Bo & Chrystos Photos by Nadine