

Evening and Morning, The First Day

Your chest was beautiful,
dark as the flat stones in the river
where we lay our feet to cross
the shallows.

With kisses my lost
lips wandered, enclosing
your nipples with circles
like water where the rings break up the surface.

Under my thigh your thick rod hardened—
White almond thrust up
waving its head. We knew the wind's joy
in its mounting
limbs.

From Eve's Diary
by Kathleen Moore