

Kissing the Prison

Stepmother's tongue is in my mouth.
We clinch, and her breasts weigh big
against me. Her nipples press through. Her tongue
is an invasion of probes, moves
twists. I am in red heaven wet

with passivity. I don't know why
she wears a canary yellow jumpsuit.
On the crest of a hill some hundred meters hence
my wife watches on. Around her the sky burns blue.
She tells me, tersely, of her day's busy
itinerary. I contort my face to her

hoping this effort conveys how powerless
I now am. I am not in control.
Even though this is my dream
there's no *me* to be found, no will nor choice.
But the relief of the kiss, finally here and done

is beauty and its old rot. Ugliness is the deep,
molten colour of her tongue's vast hunger.
The twist of my face is from my boyhood
judo days. I struggled in white kit
with a crooked foe who would neither throw

nor be thrown. I threw a shrug the judges' way
to let them know:
I'm powerless, it's all his fault.

Something at work in me here ... pummeling
my stuffed head, binding my arms to my ribs,
grappling my joints to dull, spiking groans

as I lock myself in the kiss I waited my life to avoid.
Can there be an outside, or is it all me?