

Yucatan

Our knees touched under the round wicker table
in Yucatan when we sat, straightbacked, in chairs
at an angle; we drank cool beer or stared when
we weren't talking above the noise of the fan.

I brushed your neck with the cup of my hand
just below the lobe of your ear to assert what
I knew about things I've forgotten about, maybe
the lifespans of parrots or other colorful birds,
but was too timid to leave it when you tilted
your head and quickly moved your eyes away
and dipped the tips of your short white nails
in a little silvered bowl of scented water.

And with the drops you painted my cheeks, leaning
your body over from the waist, so you lifted up your face
and your eyelashes were twin silken butterflies
so I touched each one with the round of my lip, leaning
so that our knees slipped between each other's
and I felt your thumbs and hollows of your palms
laid along the line of my jaw so my lips parted
as if to swallow up your eyes.

And tapping each closed eyelid with the tip of my tongue so
you slightly opened your mouth against my chin so
I pulled forward so our foreheads lay flat together so
you found my mouth and the drops of scented water so
wetting my cheeks and our mouths just brushed so
we felt the dry spidery cracks there so
I licked the ridge of your teeth with the tip of my tongue so
you felt a drop of scented water tumble in.

We hurried to reach to catch it tumbling so
my hands laid themselves along the lines of your jaw,
touching the hair over your ear, tumbling so
we lost our balance and fell together.

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