

Ultramarine.

How February can it get, how much composure left to lose. Not yet frenching my own girlish curve of elbow in the shower, but very nearly. And I know nothing. Do your lash tips brush your cheek, do your collarbones knit throat to shoulders tautly or at angles, do you kiss like you write, would you unroll the whole unbroken summer months at your mouth's disposal. Would your hand find and tangle the nape of my neck, your knee press blind between mine; would theramin and doumbek start sampling damply back and forth, drum and bass through the dark space where my pelvis could cup yours. Would colors come to span our cerebral gap like melody: warm turquoise liquid, internal antifreeze wintering its thick quiver, quick shots of curaçao to stain or snowflake tongues. Or the motel swimming pool, wet August midnight, indiscreet pea-green at one hundred pure degrees, sheer luminous sheen for gliding salt laps in between long swallows, the same lime tint as feline eyes (seafoam, rimmed in kohl, *chatoyant*). Or, after some motion or grasp, a fight: a Fahrenheit, its red-orange lie a gush of burning air as backdraft smites, you don't open such doors without palpating woodgrain first to find how hot is it outside—some sense of casual yank or crash, teeth and reach, claim and grasp, palms enwrap calves, your fingers shackling my wrists. With this thin assist of pigment and pitch would you sense what it means when I bite my lower lip and look aside, would I recognize your sigh signs an interest in my inner thigh. Do you guard your tender-skinned corners (hollows back of knee, under arm; the place most sensitive) or throw them open to each soft assault. Do you sleep furled around your lovers or in a separate curl of sheet, in spring do you drowse shirtless or clothed. And do you wake amazed to see whatever's there, molten snow or dreaming flesh or empty space of *that*—the blue and often dizzily expensive sky all polarized, improbable and, oh, ultramarine.