

Michael Amato

Slides

Where purple blood
stains the fabric geometrically
a woman instructs the boy
in its use
weaving palm leaves
round the edges
His coffee skin
clings closely to the flesh
Her breasts
which overflow weak bindings,
the color of bruised salmon

A handsome couple
with a burnished glow
here for the big time
playing tennis
on a plastic court
They will make love
(as they say)
in sundown
on the beach
& complain afterwards
of black grit
lodged
in tender openings

One of us
watching the other
from the bedroom
of a fine hotel
Your body
partly sunk in sand
at water's edge
raises compulsions
as I kneel inside you
tasting as you open

On a hot street
her dream walks
side by side
a man with long
mysterious hair
Warm skin
she aches to touch
prepare with insistent probes

perfect teeth
drawing sweet blood
from his shoulder
(A chartered compass
idles on charts
opened
to tropic archipelagoes)

A gray couple
standing side by side
smiling
under a dead king's gaze

Seabirds
picking stale bread
from a bronze boy's hand

