

Dreaming of Kkunn by the new moon

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We were in the power of Yin,
young Yang and me.
In a bed with young Yin, who wanted sex,
and old Yin, who was completely mad.
Wrapped up in semi-darkness.
They had me supine, young Yin above me,
asking to be kissed,
old Yin watching from over his back,
a dangerous smile on his lips.
Young Yang at their left, white and remissive,
half-naked, looking down to the side,
absorbed in his own thoughts.
They sent him away to wait for
his turn in the next room, but as he moved to stand
I held him with my right hand on his left side,
my arm across his belly, just above the hip,
the smooth slim place
which in Italian is called *la vita*
because life flows there defenceless,
without the shield of bones or muscle.
I held him, asking him to stay,
and he did,
and I held on to him while I faced the other two,
the only solid light amid the too-soft darkness.

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by mazaher
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