Audrey Reyes

When I say love, I say *maybe*

& body & mind & smile.

I say *hands & laugh & rounded mouths.*

When I think *want*, I think

wrists & factual curves & omitted
corners.

I don't count the ways, but I sigh your name.
There is a bridge between us I want to cross.

A decathlon for the *blessed*—I'd do most anything
for a little more skin.

To land fist-first like a heroine in the pocket of your impressions.
To weave a veil from each seize that protrudes from lung & hands & bitten down lips.
To admire the tenacity of skin & break down the skeptic's touch.

It's your face & pleasure & divine. There is no formula
to love like they teach children in storybooks.

There isn't one
want or spell or
body to define
it.

Until it makes sense for us,

there are stone steps worth the trouble.

At the end of the bridge,
a pair of lips cushion a kiss you've bartered off Cupid's bow.

Then,
fingers splayed at the right angles to receive

a love that fits & fits & just fits

regardless,
despite,
in all ways.

Signed, Your PanBi Seagull
named after Engelbert Humperdinck's song, Lesbian Seagull