

Her Other

She's with him again,
her other lover, the sun.

She lies
french fry brown on the beach
scallop breasts spilling
out the sides of a rainbow bikini.

Her parted lips say "Rake me with rays"
and he enters
makes her teeth shine
slips through the space between the front two
makes her gums glow.

O.K. he's stronger than I am
keeps it up for ten hours or more,
and with thousands:
the coconut smell of their love on the beach
the winking of their reflectors.

I wait like a powdery daytime moon
and when he drops, red from his day,
into a bath at the end of the world
I take her to my moon-cool bed
to talk about futures and jealousies
and sleep until he rises again.

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