

## Embodiment (2)

Walking back from the one gay bar in Victoria  
with one dollar American and one Canadian  
on my left, a shy and handsome boy

I was surprised to pick up—Emersonian,  
I feel experience piquing inside, listening  
to his voice soft, exactly as a man's

without grit or greed, but rising and falling  
swift as a breeze where it needs to move—

our talk dovetails philosophy, religion,  
politics—hard into forbidden waters  
for we have thirty minutes to walk,

and by time we've arrived at my elfin guesthouse,  
I am fully awake to the unlikely romance

of being a guest taking a guest,  
these wounded-bird eyes, probatively  
looking again into mine as he confesses

his girlfriend and his want for men—  
the water torture waiting's been—

lifted, just then, he tells me  
that I am his very first try, and I can find  
no room to doubt or dodge his bombshell

when he apologizes for *using me*  
to satisfy his curiosity. Genie released:

*you sing me*, I think, but only say  
*I cannot be used*, so willingly  
and together we turn

to the dog ears of his lust,  
finding the creases, upending them. . . .

In the morning he finds a jumping spider,  
catches it gently, opens a window,  
and kneels with outstretched arms

delicate as alabaster, still as love, a path—  
the light looking on for as long as it takes.

O handsome boy, naked in late-summer sun  
plucked from dreams: this tryst, this trust,  
this bowl of petals passed between us.