

The Ocean (I)

The simplest image of organic life united with rotation is the tide – Georges Bataille

The sea continuously jerks off – Georges Bataille

Last night I made love to the Ocean
She left me tasting of salt
As I slumbered long upon white beaches
She took me in her folds, the waves,
And taught me how to swim

Rolling in and out I breathed her liquid skin,
Communed with starfish, sharks, and blood

Her hips kick up hard, she grinds
Mountains to sand

She crashes on my frame once more
Rendezvous of repetitious frothings
At night the sun runs and hides from love
And light no longer glances, scattered upon
Her surfaces

Breathing deeply, I affirm my drowning
It is sweet darkness
I affirm the loss of self
She whispers the death
That is freedom

She sings the song of Forgetting
Not oblivion but
An endless opening
Which she performs ever so gently

I spill forth upon her
She takes me in her mouth
It is the opposite of vulgarity

It is life itself, this movement
Of the tide

It is the gravity of bodies
Sinking ever deeper

It is the rhythm beyond judgment
Beyond the desolate
Arresting farce of words

She is the hurricane that slaughters God
And I am the storm that shatters souls
Like pebbled glass
Together we twist, teeth colliding,
Rend apart the furniture
Of Being
Every shore upon which one might rest
We are sleepless
We are the sea as it swallows
Language and Time

We are the lunacy of light
Frantic in the maelstrom

We are fathoms deep, unfathomable
We consume islands
We engulf continents as she engulfs me,
We feast on reefs
And gulf-towns

We are the softest morning
Without mourning
For all that has been lost

Saline on the lips of eyes
Tears upon white cheeks
Shed for Ghosts

Laughter and murmur
Of water
Upon banks

Delighting in ecstasy