

# SEX IS



i.

sex is the presentment of you on a scorched brokenglitter tunnel of road, shell casings chirping off my boots, a long, golden strain of tree crickets launching frost sparks down my legs; it is the red *dare-you dare-you* trills of redwing blackbirds, only one of the colors flushing around you behind my eyes.

ii.

sex is seeing you slung into that sideways simian lope as you wench the anchoring line and run your first spoke out between the pillars to your signature block-and-tackle; it is the effortless way you throw your scaffold lines, arms heaped with double loops of clove-hitch knots, arms upon arms to hold me.

iii.

sex is this cloying, blowzy day when you can have me, up here, floating in the all-over vibratory embrace of pampered Romanian hemp; it is waking up in the firm sling of your six-mill across my back, arms, legs; it is the smell of hayfields and bramble and the faint musk of shellfish in the rooms above my thighs wanting you like this.

*Reflex* by John Elkerr

18" x 14.5"

Colored inks on paper

Text by Stephen Eric Berry