



The Disturbed Lagan by John Elkerr
11" x 14"
Acrylic and ink on canvas

SEX WITH ADDY

in the dark you hang upside-down in gravity stirrups: hands snug in your favorite lamb's-wool cuff, your blindfold a black velvet sash. between your clavicles and pubis, armed with horsehair and paint, she lays down what you will never see: a burning tide pool cools into a face bearing all the fishbone fissures and insults of time: you at ninety, you at a hundred, you animate with all the creeping things of the earth. you dream you are a cloud crashing into a jungle. a Prusik knot of lightning, a practice fire from her strobes, twists you down a gnat wash of titanium light. she slides the storm bucket under you and says, "Anytime you're ready."

Text by Stephen Eric Berry