

Red Ribbons

When the black vault of night
Opens to morning,
When the small hour
hand escapes the weight

of the big minute arm,
I remember the last time
I held you in mine,
how your last morsel of clothing

wrapped a bow around your throat,
a gift I opened
with my mouth

on yours, tasting your lips' corners,
then plump centers
which parted, exposing
a flushed tongue thirsting

for mine; teasing a wet trail
from your cheek's mound,
to chin's peak,
and neck's hollow,

I focused my lips and tongue
on the red knotted strand,
then with teeth locked,
I pulled

you free. A slow hiss
snaked from satin;
eyes wide, your breath escaped--
a languorous sigh ribboned

down the groove of my spine,
clutched my hips,
spiraled down one thigh,
pooling at my feet.

You pulled me in, I pushed
within. Two strands arise
from our throats,
in syncopated measures

of staccato breathing,
arpeggios climbing,
grace notes lasting
in elastic tangle.

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