

## I Still Myself

Quietly  
I drink green tea,  
stitch needlepoint,  
eavesdrop on Japanese conversations,  
as I wait for passion to die.

We meet in an Asian Gourmet Market  
for sake, sushi, speaking.  
Not my hotel room,  
where we could have fallen  
into bed together,  
tipsy on wine and wanting.

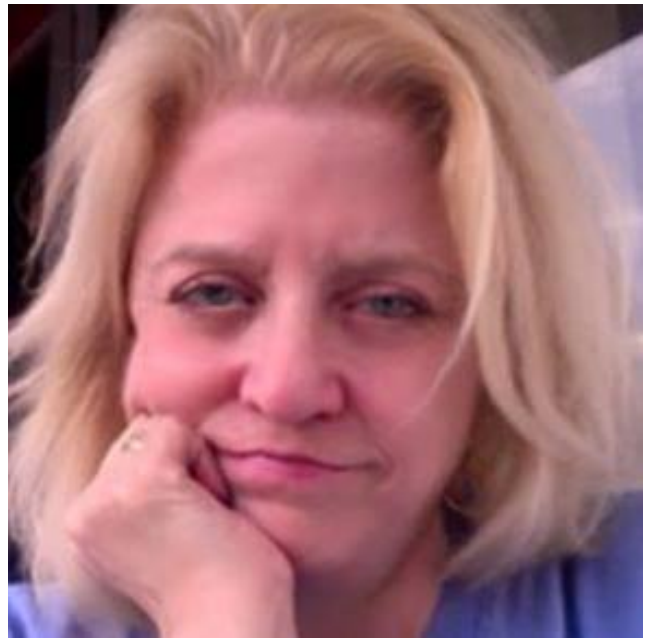
I still myself,  
to meet a friend,  
promise myself I will be brave  
and calm and indifferent  
to your lips.

Forgetting how good  
you felt inside me,  
I small talk.

Is there no part of me  
That you want to touch,  
So soft, so thoroughly  
That it is a part of you?  
Is there no part of me  
That you want to hold onto?

I press my cheek  
Against your neck,  
Warm, in the crook  
That smells just of you,

I still myself,  
Knowing,  
Aching,  
Waiting,  
Wanting to be over you.



Stiller and stiller and stiller.  
Almost as if there were no more blood  
Left to boil in my veins,  
Almost as if there were no way  
to want you still,  
And you are cool,  
maybe even cold,

And, in your arms,  
I still myself.

18 June 2017