

TALKING SEX

JOY HEWITT MANN

One Day at Annan

The air here is as moist as the young woman
who walked by us yesterday, waves caressing sand
as she moved her legs together. At least
I imagined her wet as she looked at you
her water tipping toward your lips
like the wine you drank with your lobster.

And I marvelled you could hear the ocean
sibilant in her thighs, above the steady tide
of my estrogen ebbing away.