

Two Thousand, Katrina Hays

Somewhere along the thrust of years
you and I passed our mutual
one-thousandth orgasm.
Now, held within fugitive time,
we actively pursue
the second thousand, our bodies less
wet but no less enthusiastic.

How, my inner 25-Year-Old demands,
do you crave the same trough,
drink the same water
after so many days?
(That young woman gulped lovers
like cheap beer, tossed them aside
in search of richer brew.)

So I take her to our river.
We walk naked into the current,
are lifted and spun
by the mutable one-thing:
mouth and meander,
pulse and pool,
a long and wanton roll.