

Sonnet #9

Mars in Capricorn: top

Mars in Libra: bottom

Intentional posture, specific tasks
You serving me, me serving you, a loop
Movements flow at my command, you consent
Acts of pain, torture - taken, open, want
My work, these strikes each one, my pleasure too
Our scene rises and falls, a narration
Before me you experience depth, height
In ev'ry direction, raw acts that heal

Both, us. The after. A shared water glass.
I, cleaning away debris of your pain
You, resting woozy, tinkling, laughing joy
A warm, damp cloth cleans your face, inner thighs
You eat a snack, I tend dull aches, red welts
Softness now, flowing where the hard just was