

LAURA COK

SECONDLY

Let there be nothing between us. Let all
the glances slide back, silent in their grooves.
Return to the shelf every warm palm that
slides against my hips, every salty lick
to the whorl behind your ear. Let there be
no bars, no bathrooms; let us teetotal.
Let me never drop my clothes to the floor
defiant, knowing you'll never touch me
by sun or the twinkle lights I've strung.
No phones. No coffee. No mutual friends.
Leave me unkissed and uncared for and wanting.
Leave me that one thing. Don't take me dancing.
Let us be strangers to one another.
I am begging you. I am begging you.