

## **Dirt roads, desert towns and you**

by wist *Monday, Jun 28 2010, 10:05am*

international / poetry / post

### **New moon rising**

with every slow turn  
of the throttle  
i feel your arms tighten  
around my waist  
your body pulling closer to mine

almost full throttle,  
a twist of the wrist  
the screaming wind  
the roaring road  
a sleek  
machine  
the two of us

your head tucked perfectly  
between my shoulder and neck  
safely behind me,  
your breasts pressed against my back  
our bodies secure,  
entwined, sharing  
forcing old enemies,  
life and death,  
to confront each other  
and seek an impossible  
alliance/resolution,  
neither daring to separate us.

ghost towns  
desert bush  
played host  
to young abandon,  
youthful frenzy  
and leaping love.

wet with love  
we danced  
and played  
till dusk  
the city reluctantly  
demanding our return.

on those excursions  
(unknown to me)  
you burrowed deep into  
my being, to the innermost  
reaches of my soul  
and made yourself a home  
never to vacate  
though your earthly lease  
has long since expired.

they say (some) memories  
are able to curve time  
so lucid they  
become,  
almost tangible,  
scented;

*they* are unaware  
your spirit  
resides alive in my being  
emerging to play, sing  
and steal me  
from  
the pettiness of the world.

a familiar fragrance  
and muffled laughter  
pervade the air.

<http://cleaves.zapto.org/news/story-2023.html>

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Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-87.html>