

QUEERING SEX

Rage Hezekiah

At the artist's colony, we open
like unpeeled fruit wriggling from the rind,
freeing ourselves from tendrils. I pore
over your first book, initial pages an incantation
of praise, say you *find a center everywhere*,
your *loving eye alights*. Fingering
the dedication as if I'm reading braille, I
fondle your composition, a fresh alphabet.
For your mother whom you've lost. And for Danny,
the man whose ring you wear—
which makes me want you more. Show me
how you pant and hum, a whirring mechanism
on all fours. Show me how your face
becomes a lemon when you come—
what you make: summer blossom, cumin heat.