

Poetry

Cream

by o?li?que/o

*Should ever we meet, naked and meandering
on the infinite shores of an ancient beach,
I'd adore the discovery of you collecting shells,
continuing the journey abandoned by the seas.*

Dazed, my wet toes too may fade as we face the sunset
Together. This is one way, the belle-
Blue vista becomes mango smeared.
And we evaporate amongst the tandem
Jazz and sorbet sorceries of a sweetened solace.

Should our solstice sun, this blazed pollen- well of red bloom
Absorb us, beat hearts and all, brewing
With the hunger of a honeyed hypnosis
Or an elongating ellipsis,
We may as well become kiss-locked.

We beam like lighthouses.

I am beside you and neon as mellow midnight
Glow. Your own soda-cream light illumines the orange
Of coalesced summer days. Ten minutes of eye contact leads to hallucination.
We're far in the kaleidoscope now, spending the hours tearing
Silhouettes off us and tossing them.

Before long, the waters froth with countless rose petals.
They steep like tea in a complete still. Bubbling,
Our euphoria wafts about like after-lust.

You rise with cupped hands. Together,
We sip upon the resin of our lovers' zeitgeist.
We taste of spiced cantaloupe and orange rinds.

Waves continue to lick our ankles, always hushed

hushed

hushed.

Appeared in Issue Fall '19

© 2025 Tintjournal. All rights reserved.