

She Moves Like a River
by Jerry Prager

She moves like a river
She moves like a river in the folds of her rhythm,
ripples her murmurs and rides the bed in steady time,
she rolls through rises and eases down slides
she's got deep places where she moves coriolis inside,
she eases her momentum and then lets it slide,
falls tributary to pleasure, follows their currents,
gathers flow, she sluices and courses sublime,
stretches primordial, cascades in full spate
rushing and erupting, then drifts through flood plains,
makes her way up my chest, as through marsh meadow
makes her way to my mouth
shudders and lingers,
becomes estuary
caresses my skin like shorelines
flicks patterns across a nipple with her tongue
like skipping stones
one after the other, my turn to know touch
before she stills into my breathing
awaiting resurgence.