

*a poem*

# *I Like Thunder*

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Light flashes and my foundations tremble and murmur  
I barely pause from shaping with my tongue  
The cream of your inner thigh  
Tawny in this light  
While I determine whether the thunder  
Came from within or without  
Not that I really care which  
I like thunder -- it moves me

I lift the bowl of you to my lips  
Place my lips to the lip of the bowl  
And sip

I am reminded of a copper bowl from Asia  
That sings at a touch  
With the exact same pitch  
That you are singing now

My tongue, at the rim of the bowl  
Finds a tiny lever  
You must be very light indeed  
For a lever this small  
To lift you so high, so easily  
With the gentle pressure of  
My tongue

This amazes me  
I play with the lever for a while  
Noting that there must also be  
A ratchet in your system  
Since pushing down and pushing up both  
Lift you higher

Suddenly  
By my drinking  
Your bowl has become full  
And spills over  
You are full of paradoxes

There is more thunder

As I am listening  
Moved by your thunder  
Your hands grab my head and pull me forward  
Impatiently but not angrily  
I am surprised at your strength  
And also moved by it

Your arms hold me to yourself  
And then your legs  
The thunder you are filled with  
Buys me upwards into the sky

One of your hands finds lightning  
To go with the thunder  
Lightning preceded by thunder  
Another paradox  
A connection is made  
Sky with earth  
And your hand rejoins its companion  
On my back

The lightning stroke travels upwards  
And downwards repeatedly  
In compliance with natural laws

Time fractures

I taste your skin where your  
Neck meets your shoulder  
Because I must taste you again

The downstroke and returnstroke of the lightning is a  
constant  
Yet another paradox  
It draws me out of myself and into you  
Our motion  
As the thunder rocks us  
Must be splashing paradoxes (paradices?)  
Out of your bowl of them

And there is more thunder

It is louder, here in the sky  
And the thunder and lightning won't stop  
But that's okay  
I like thunder

Time flies back together  
But wavers  
Like a reflection on the surface of a pond  
Where someone has thrown a rock

We hold one another  
Clinging to each other for stability  
Which is odd, since a moment ago  
Neither of us had very firm footing  
And listen to the echoes  
Of the thunderstorm  
Reaffirming that, yes,  
We both like thunder