

Under a Full Moon

In the deepest night and a full moon,
at once riding the flying mare and being her,
my own pumping broad wings, ascending higher —

My legs around that great horse's neck
not riding
but my body singing down under,
in front of the beautiful dark head —
feeling her moist tongue in my center —

I am risking my life for these moments,
My head possibly dashed against the rocks.

Now riding with our rhythms matching,
the exertion of her back's muscles and
the mounting pulsations between my thighs —

Higher and soaring through mist and above mountains
Shaped like jagged spires —
The cold thin air ripping through my lungs —

We finish.
And you lay your head on my thigh,
your wings enfolding my legs, and we rest.



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