

NOT QUITE BEDTIME

ailsa craig

Right now, this is what I want.
I'm lying in bed
It's one of the days in the millennia between
when we see each other
I want you

I want to take you offguard
with a cold hand slipping under your clothes
and onto your waist
on a streetcar filled with people
who were already trying not to look.
Kiss me.

I want to hear you knock on my door
and come into my room,
Watch you take your clothes off
then reach for each other.
I almost stop breathing each time
in that first moment when my skin remembers yours.

I want you to fill me.
To see you reach for the lube
"It's cold."
"I know"
and I want to open for you.
I want to give that to you.
I want you to fuck me.

I want to hear you again
with your arms above your head
pushing against my bedroom wall.
I want to see the muscles through your body
straining
tensing.
I want to feel your cunt around my fingers
my hand.
Moving with me
Filling me.

And if you start to cry
as your jaw quivers and we've both lost words
I want to touch the side of your face
run my fingers through your hair
till we're back where it feels safe again
and kiss you.

IN HER MEMORY...

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Lying in the bath
hot water seeping
tension from my shoulders
so I can sleep tonight.
My fingers cross my stomach
to my cunt.
Purply pink
I can't forget you touching me.
The hair has started
growing back.
Stubble curls replacing
what I'd shaved away
because you
touched it all.

I wash my arms, my legs, my thighs
marks of purple blue
to map your anger,
Bruises showing
through the bubbles
Pull the plug and watch the suds swirl down.

I lock my bedroom door
and flinch at every sound
remembering
you.

Ailsa Craig has published in *Quota* and *Xtra!*. She is currently doing research for a book about abusive lesbian relationships. She lives in Toronto with her lover and two cats.
