

## Soft Corals

Lying in late, pillow talk above the waterline,  
but under covers are the soft corals and sponges  
of our genitals, bumping together gently  
as our language, tidal lapping, ebb and flow.

The anemone waft of my pubes hides frilly lips,  
warm currents lull our patter to casual oblivion  
nonchalant in the zig-zagging brag of bright fish  
latticed in light, or cods prodding the grotto.