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LEICESTER SQUARE
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Leicester Square

7:32pm

I did not expect to get cruised
tonight at Leicester Square.
The mirroring of my loneliness
in the bright pool of his vision.

7:49pm

A boy's face for a man. Half-
Swedish, he said on the train ride
back to the hotel, as I fondled
his brownish-gold hair in my mind.

8:40pm

Springing out of his clothes, he spills
naked and hairy onto the bed.
I sit on him and he slides
easily into me.

9:01pm

I gaze, rising and falling,
down into his clichéd blue eyes,
the yellowed crescent of his grin,
his body a boat I sail away in.

9:10pm

Come. Pause. A loosened
sigh. I peel myself off
from under him. He rolls
off the bed to go to the bathroom.

9:14pm

I need to go. He laughs,
as I pick his sweater
from the floor, wear it
around my nakedness.

9:20pm

I watch him from the window.
His sweater is the colour
of the body turned inside out
in this light.

9:24pm

I lay back on the bed, dropping
off some edge of the world

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into sleep. I can smell him still.
And forget what I am feeling.

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