

Alyson Lounsbury

A Mouth of Sundays & Other Poems

↪ A Mouth of Sundays ↪

I roll you, in a mouth of Sundays.

Your skirt comes off, in a mouth of Sundays.

Your hips are, a mouth of Sundays.

Inside your body, careen a mouth of Sundays.

I say, in your ears, a mouth of Sundays.

I'm giving your ass, a mouth of Sundays.

Your nipples stand, in my mouth of Sundays.

The light on your skin is a mirror, held to a mouth of Sundays.

Nothing could break this dance, in the arced room, that is a mouth of Sundays.

Ecstatic laughing, is shaped like a mouth of Sundays.

Soft. Soft is my life, in your mouth of Sundays.

↳ What If ↵

What if we buried our heads in the hot and steamy folds of our lives? The sweet smelling oven of forbidden something or other. What if we undressed our lives like a lover we met at the mall in a prim and proper woollen skirt, with pantyhose holding the wave her body longs to make, and her beige bra digging into the sandy shore of her back? What if we dared to lay down with our lives and kiss its hair, and between its unkempt legs, and slap it a little just the way it likes? What if life opened up for us after just the right amount of licking? What if we turned to life like a stranger, placed a soft hand on its cheek, and told it, it was loved? What if life wanted to lie down in the subway car and bite us just a little bit? What if we let it? What if everyone watched? What if strange life to turned to strange life and a whole subway car stood facing one another instead of away? What if someone started humming, and the guy with the violin started playing along, and the opera singer kept time, and the piano tuner cried, thinking of all the notes he had personally touched. What if we realized each life was note that had to be held just so, or it wouldn't sound?

↳ The History Of Water ↵

It's like a fucking levee breaking,

the way she pours over me.

It's a natural disaster

and everything after,

is new.

↳ Love Is A Messenger ↵

I know this because I can only write if it's addressed to you. Casually, you slip me this book, and say it reminds you of me, and it's so full of love poems I'm moaning on the train, trying to growl some sense into my heart, which is chanting your name, and pointing with her whole body at this evidence I'm holding. I want to believe so bad, my stomach is clenched. Like if I just held on long enough, or felt it deep enough, it would eventually reach you. Even though right now, I'm riding away, my body doesn't care. My heart is a train on its own track, and seriously, I want to kiss you for a thousand minutes. I mean, I want to set my mouth to hum and layer you with one thousand, actual kisses. Up and down your arms. Until your legs become a salt lick. Pinned kisses to the back of your neck, like my lips are hands, and your lungs are on strings, and each kiss marionettes your breath to dance in time with mine. I'm gonna kiss you on every corner of your body, at every red light. I'm gonna pull into the hotel of hip and bone and my kiss is gonna check in for a week. Goddammit, I'm gonna kiss the crosshatch of your raised wrists, that patch of pain you made, and I know your gonna shake like a tidal wave, like a bridge collapsing, like you forgot how to run.

Author Bio

Alyson Lounsbury is a queer poet and fiction writer living in New York City. She earned an MFA from Sarah Lawrence College and has worked with Marie Howe, Martha Hodes, Victoria Redel, Cathy Park Hong, and Kate Johnson.

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