

Natural Formations

My imaginary cock drives. I sit shotgun
for a romantic night at the Grand Canyon.
We park and join two hundred tourists
for the coveted sunset on the gouged rock.

Pinks, corals, crimsons, and mauves
shift and engorge with the late light.
Languages flicker and hush. I whisper,
I love you. My cock snaps the camera.

The swath of sky deepens to royal blue.
Vacationers pair off, disappear up stairs
worked into limestone and withdraw
to follow worn winding bridleways.

We are almost the last two curled
at the esculent lip. The black bottom
wide beside us. The North rim a hint
of fir trees. *It's just a big dump hole,*

my cock twists, *They should fill it up
with cement and caulk, build a mall.*

I guffaw, grab the soft flannel blanket,
the wine glasses, my sandals and say,

You need to work on your pillow talk.