

Sartorial Confession

I dressed for him.

Took pleasure in it.

Chantilly cream lace for his birthday in lieu of a cake. White knit trim cotton dress with boots for that counterpoint to softness for our walk in the woods. Red plunging neckline so that the collarbones could talk, when our tongues were too dumb too knotted up from argument. Grey crochet dress with frayed hems to stand in a cascade of dirt, because I could.

I relished in the object of his desire and dismay, his quickened pulse and gulp of the throat giving over control to play for a moment. His eyeteeth were adorable. When he let them show. And in our play he was powerful, confident, taunting, generous, full and astonishing. Tornadoes and exquisite calms. And I given to surrender when he asked, demanded, called for it. And I saw him in the warm cathedrals of our bodies. All this made it very difficult to walk away.

Of all the forms that humans can take, I do believe The Lover is the most honest. There is a pureness in the joy and intimacy of bodies we do not get in other ways. Worlds upon worlds open. Worlds on worlds close. But for a moment you have unfettered access to the layers beneath layers of postures, clothes, to the brief green world of the eternal. Who you are in this moment is forever. The girl that I am, the boy that you are. No matter what happens next going forward.

I dressed to undress, redress and address him, yours.