

2000 kms below ground, beneath ocean and crust and asthenosphere, there's a cavern in our mantle that holds my sex. Rough rock twisted around a big bubble of desire. Honeycomb and ant-eaten bark patch up cracks and divots of its interior, smothered in swarm and colony. The cacophony is all-encompassing, never ending, clicking. Oscillating in pace and pitch. At the bottom of the cavern sits a stagnant well of magma. Red hot sizzles from its rim, emitting plumes of steam and molten glow. Within the depths of the well, a vision is cast to its surface. A vision blended betwixt splashes of static and pixels.

A bathroom, in a hotel, with a standalone tub. A shower head on a metal hose.
There's a body in the tub. Head rested on the rim, sinking deeper into the hull. One leg
and another, raised and resting on opposite edges.
Ankles fastened around the lip. The faucet is turned on, the shower head is reached for. The
water pressure is tested on the palm of a hand. The jets are positioned between the legs, the handle
points to the sky. The body gently contorts.

At the cavern a lone ant wanders away from colony.
It meanders towards well's edge, and enters into its perfect circle.

Ant portals from red rock clicking cavern to white glossy tub rim. It creeps along
the lining, undeterred by wet hose slip, or shiver and squeak from skin-to-tub contact.
The ant crawls up body's neck, over baby hairs and under an ear lobe. The ant circuits an
ear's lobe and descends into its canal, slowly working through peach fuzz vellus until it
hits the drum.

The ant has merged with the body.

I have these daydreams that I like to revisit and slip in and out of. Sometimes we're at a rave and dancing and it's hot and sticky from all the bodies thrashing and thrusting. It's all subwoofer and red fluorescents, cracks and hisses. Salty, must, amyl nitrate and nitrous oxide.

Other times we're alone in a shark tunnel at the bottom of the harbour. A straight conveyor belt, encased in plastic acrylic. We feel the pressure of the water and its inhabitants above us. Schools of fish and pods of dolphin, jellyfish and eel. It's all sunlight, refracting through water's surface, water's body, plastic tunnel, into pupil.

If you knew just how much I desire.

How much time my nights are spent contemplating what I'd do for you.

Sometimes I hit early morning still wide awake, unable to let go of the rush in my chest I've spent all day repressing.

I imagine what I'll do, what I'll say, how I'll feel, how I could please you.

I'll hold your hand.

I'll spread my legs.

I'll hold your hand and spread my legs and let you look me in the eye.

- Beau Lai @urprobo