

REVELATION

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Third Place, Poetry

We mounted the bed
of a '66 Ford truck, shielded
by a kryptonite camper shell
and rusting maples that arched
over the country road, our knees bruised
by the corrugated metal until we rolled
out sleeping bags. We tumbled

over each other, entangled
in a fledgling embrace.
Like bloodhound puppies,
we nibbled each other's ears
licking, petting,
pawing clothes,
until they rumbled under our arms
and behind our knees.

With my foot resting on the jack
and a tire tool prodding my calf,

I wrestled stubborn clasps
with clumsy fingers
and slipped my hand beneath,
grazing her nipple with my thumb, cupping
her in the palm of my hand.
She cradled my thigh with her knees
and pressed against me, lifting
her arms to pull back her thicket
of rumbled hair. I kissed her
plum breasts when she pulled
her shirt over her head. Tossing
her bra aside, kicking
away her jeans, rolling
off her Friday panties.

I squirmed out of my pants
snagging the cuffs on my shoes
and tossed them on the spare tire, shivering
in anticipation of being naked together, revealing
unadorned me.

Keep your shirt on, she said,
so I pulled away,
slowing down the moment,
slipping my jersey up.

No really, keep your shirt on.
And I understood that my plump,
stretched skin
brought drought to her libido.

So with my body hard,
my spirit flaccid,
like a disinterested farmhand,
I plowed the ground, spread
the seed, sealed
the deal, dough
boy, fatso, lard-ass,
half-naked,
wholly shrouded.

After we dressed
she hugged me and I
drove her home,
her head on my shoulder.

And with the windows down,
I heard the shrill drone of cicadas,
Struggling through the night
to shed their fragile shells.
In the morning they would be gone,
their papery husk
a marvel to a child.