

THIS MINIATURE SEA

Outside my torturer's room was the water, not
a cheap plastic bottle, its label peeling, but a glass,
tall like a cylinder, so that when my moans leaked
under the doorway, rousing the anxious guard,
who had not looked up when I was led past,
I imagined the liquid trembling, a miniature sea
frothed like the storm that swallowed Jonah,
that set his monster free. When the torturer told me
it was delicious, summer light trapped inside,
the glass did not care if it touched the torturer's
lips or my thrust-out tongue, though the guard,
eyes at the edge of the cell-door window,
watched the drops form, merged with torturer's
sweat, where he had kissed only the night before.