

# Fooling around

by Claire Sorrenson

I

i wont forget the swell of your lip  
like a fat grape as i pinched it, testing firmness,  
ripeness –  
reaching into your mouth  
and tying your tongue in knots.  
your smile, creeping up your cheeks  
where you'd stuffed  
all the sunlight.  
in the humming dark,  
moulding dreams with clumsy fingers –  
lopsided thoughts,  
a lumpy plan,  
consideration hesitation deliberation  
all scrambled together  
and upside down.

II

i wont forget her eyes in  
that moment she opened the door.  
her lips, pumped full of purple lipstick –  
mouth swinging open-shut,  
accusations arching  
over under around us.  
i could see your words, drifting  
up to cluster  
on the ceiling like balloons:  
it's like in rugby, you tried to say,  
boys touch then, but it's different too –  
dont you get it mum?  
she didnt –  
and i saw your knotted tongue struggling,  
your unspoken words nodding above  
our heads  
bright and useless.

III

i almost forgot – the way  
you looked at me: lips parted bursting with flavour  
glistening tethered tongue and  
your gaze your gaze  
which dropped and rolled  
along the floor  
to bump against  
my feet.



Liberate  
your  
Words

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