

Why do People Take Photographs of Men Surfing and not my Orgasm as it Peaks

We are speechless

floating on our mattress of foam off the shore

my nipples are blushed buoys

as they bob on the slowing wave of you

my hair advert pretty as it moves

over your cock like the tide

I like the off white of afterwards,

dirty bridal stains traced on our lips

I want to stay open-mouthed,

remain on this high, photographed

on this invisible wave.

I want to have it framed –

do I smile as your tongue

turns circles into crests as I surface