

THE GUIDELINES SAY AUTHENTIC CONSENT MATTERS

On our tour of Tamera, it is silent.
Is everyone inside their eco-huts
shagging? It's all I can think
since I was told this commune
practices free love. I see it.
A woman kneading the daily
dough, then, another person's palm
spreads her warm fold.
In the vision of Sunday somatics,
all becomes orgy.

Yesterday, at a café in Seville,
a man bought me a slice
of lemon cake without asking
and I ate it while he watched.

Now, our ponytailed guide meets
my ceramic cup with the neck
of his red wine bottle. I could say *no*,
thank you, I've had enough.
But there it goes, that hard tang,
bitter as it hits my throat.