

ON BEING PULLED OFF THE HIGHWAY TO SATISFY HER CRAVING

She imitates my accent, a southern queen
of England, amazed I have been in America
for three months and not yet devoured

a chalupa. The drive thru's neon boards
spotlight the backseat while she reads out
her favourites. My first night Couchsurfing

in her home, she tells me her husband
is open to exploring her bicuriosity,
so long as he can join. Today he sent us

to the ziplines, where a guide jerked a harness
over my hips, pressing hard between thighs
as I soared above the Smoky Mountains.

There are no options for me on this menu, I say.
She pays with her husband's money,
I finally get a taste of her lipstick

from the straw slipped between our lips.
I close my eyes, imagine her earlier,
stood on the edge of the tree platform,

throwing herself off.
Plummeting toward no one.