

Asterisk

By T.C. Cook

It is Us, is YouAndMe, is Sex.
It is making love in the back seat of a Saturn
and fucking in a rest stop bathroom.
It is you on the couch
and my mouth on you.

It is lightning striking
midway between pubis and navel,
spreading hot and electric
down my legs and across my chest.

It is laughing together-
fingertips touching at a campfire-
pure, raw, visceral lust-
with minds that collide...
and bodies that follow suit.

It is the scientific fact
that we are just clumps of atoms,
obeying the laws of physics,
bumping clumsily into one another,
in a vast, complex universe,
meaning nothing more...

It is the evolutionary fact
that we are just animals in nature,
obeying a biological imperative,
fulfilling an atavistic instinct,
on a lonely, blue planet,
meaning nothing more...

It is the psychological and emotional fact
that no matter how we rationalize It,
It does mean something more...
Much, much more.

It is truly living.
It is Carpe Diem.
It is no regrets.
It is the essence of why.

Without It, we resign ourselves to complacency,
to believing all the shit that is forced down our throats
by those who are too scared and too unconscious to be

FREE.

Fuck that.
I will not submit.
It is Us!
Are you with me?