Les strophes de Jacqueline Turner nous présentent une discussion poétique d'un désir triangulaire où une voix décentrée explore de façon érotique les replis hétérosexuel et lesbien de l'érotisme incluant non seulement le corps sexuel mais aussi le corps incorporant le langage, la maternité et le jeu voyeuriste qui entoure les lignes poétiques autour de jeux de mots érotiques. Turner nous offre un dialogue qui est composé, en fait, de trois voix: une vision de la dualité qui reconnaît les points centraux tout comme les extrêmes.

"would you know proposition
if it kissed you
on the back of the neck?"

arms wrapped around
her fingers here or
stuck yes or shy

why don't you call
erase the trace of
kiss

her she said
i kissed
your dancing with him

miss a beat lip wide
slow skips
water merges fingers

scent eventual flow
whirring he says proud
she too loud stuck-on lip stick happy
her arms around her shoulders
do you mind
kiss pressure base of spine

licks what the tongue
staves off
outside a finger touches lip

home to him on the couch
eases into that too
large kisses lips everywhere

smitten among skin
newborn soft stroke
tiny arms flung around

necks of the always loved
pulled-in cheek to chest
quiet across thighs

you suspend
ambiguous breasts
him or her or him or

slipped past
or into
mother lover wife other other

risks her mouth wet
weighs fingers
marks flesh

fold after fold after
her flexible extension
wrenches which fingers

cherub cheeks
look
like you

drinking to decide
always wanting
white silk around potential finger
like your father you  
say red of playful flesh  
wet surprise folds after  

not trembling you wear  
green flowers  
look at poetry as if  

her arms around her shoulders  
suspended breasts wanted  
ambiguous lips  

body of obsession  
you felt the overwhelm  
sting  

or ever the narrative  
of fingers through hair  
kissing the rising slack action  

both the boys  
still wanting  
her arms around her shoulder  

fingers through her hair  
want to kiss you  
nape of neck  

torn here  
rejoined, threaded  
you refuse to regret fingers  

your hands  
stay  
curve her back  

fingers extend again  
you never simulate embrace  
an abrasive edge  

brush back black hair  
black of black eyes pool  
reaching eyelids
except for seeing he chooses not to
littler eyes still
stare intent fingers

white t-shirt raises
eager mouth to breast
relaxes flannel body

too tired dreams
he wakes loud
slips in quiet

trickles wet shirt, sheets, bed
linger cold toes to warm
flat out

improbable fingers
tiny reach
swollen easily twice

crisscross stitches
vulva wow vagina
stretches steady

yaw of him and him and
inner, and then outer
literally, you said

he rubs your
fingers wide prying
lifts your hair twists to the nape

carry on skipping remember
grab a finger of thought
you read

and it comes
eating kiwis
with spoons

fingers around
back of her
nipples slip
turning her lips
rolling into your mouth
over your teeth
and tongue bite
between neck and shoulder
arm raises tender before elbow
lick
breasts
to jut of hip
hands clasped
or released
moving
repetitive
her arms again
fingers stuck yes or shy into
rising heavy
you have what she says
to go torn makes you stay
flowered stress
button up blue
she fingers fabric
orange of
he loves you
fingers striping white t-shirt
rake of red back
he was expecting you
you say here at least at last
careful wrists
wrapped in silver
some symbol
resembles you especially
with his helmet off
we were too
cynical to believe in
seeking the unconditional

fingers wrap wrists
he slips into the curve
your body again

she dances the edge
holds your tongue in her mouth
moves from yes to no to

cool wrap sheets or
surprise of flannel fingers
or

still rising writhing
sheets around ears
gouge the bed

without finger tip to nail
press until you feel you slip
towards you

farther from ear
lobes suck to her
perfect perfection

silver rings in some
other language beyond
tongue

placate my desire
thrum of womb
you could say wanting

over ringed finger
rapacious lust
like holding

your tongue in his mouth
dances she's watching fingers slide
over voyeur
smack a red ass start
delicate dread so
far ruined but stung

grapple me a rhythm
smooth steady toward her leaning
already framed

whenever you say when
asked after and so
kneads you an increase

set off by his weakening
grammar me noun hard
into sleeping preposition

waking with those other hims
into your clasping fingers
holding perfect

feather not one regret sneezes a release
launched full speed into
you say hmm high voice non stop

one by one they edge together
slip sideways off the bed run the stairs
who gets there first

tip right side left
together
keep going

fingers scared one by one this is
who gets where first