

## Triangulations: Choosing Ambiguity: Playful Erotic Triptychs

Jacqueline Turner

*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