

Phenomenalism

We stood on the towel-white edge of the bath, your fingers on the faucet. You said *all women want to be bathed*. And I had to decide whether it was true, that ever since my skin first stuck to the cool sides of the sink, and water dashed pass with amniotic exuberance, that ever since I peeled back the soggy cotton and laid my body to the steel, and laid my body to the sponge, that I've been trying to get back to this, this moment when it is someone else's responsibility to wash the dirt away. But here, with our bras swinging in the steam and your body mocking mine, a mirror image, I feel safe knowing that all my remains are my sensations, the rest of time.