

JODI CLEGHORN

**TINY NOTES
TO A
NON-CORPOREAL
LOVER**

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liminal (adj.)

occupying a position at, or on both sides of, a boundary or threshold.





1

‘are you looking for me?’

there was a sound of great delight
poking over the edge
of fear

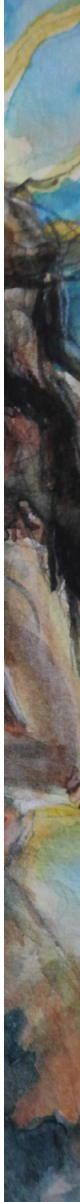
down here
in deep waters
impossible to fathom
I fell in love

2

I watched his body
made of blood and stone
and possibility

his heart was untouched
hidden in its lines
folded like a concertina

every mapped journey
contains another
and I was that journey





3

we made love in the dark
to undiminished hope
in slow somersaults through wildernesses

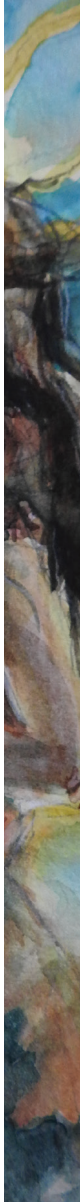
we danced together
free from gravity
turning your body magic
once more

I looked at myself
 from the window
 in the moonlight
as a beginning
not a tired old ending

4

she wades
into the secret life
with me
takes my face
in both her hands
and kisses me complete

using her body
as a marker
I slip sideways in time
where we are standing together
naked
in a dream
searching for what could be found
and brought home again





5

he came to the altar of my body
astonished
 hungry and excited
his outstretched hands
wearing faces of wanting

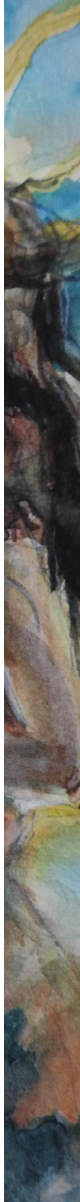
I undressed the stars
and deep in abandonment
he shuddered and overflowed

we gathered every piece
that bled
daring to love
the things
that cannot be destroyed

6

he had a face that made my body sin
knowing fingers
naming all my secrets
and each time I came
the infinite unfurled in me

I returned with the universe
instead of love bound
by the price of a rib
panting
at the gates of Paradise





7

his heart was torn from a dragon
his mouth a volcano
and his cock woke at dawn

he built a bonfire
and burned
where we lay

I can still trace
the cavity of his throat
and the forgotten angle
within his lines

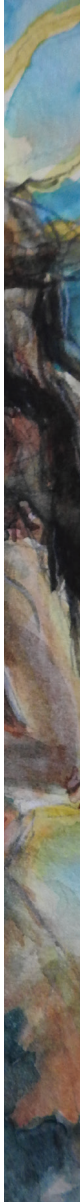
deserts like a burning fire
our physical bodes the altar

8

it started quietly enough
falling in love
under the cover of darkness

he was forbidden
and we made love
as often as possible
tending the urgency
to fire the heart

burying love-notes
to satisfy the longings
I might as well have asked
for the bones of the moon





9

I am
the cascading torrent
astonished by his rapture
the reckless act of radiance
dividing myself for his heart

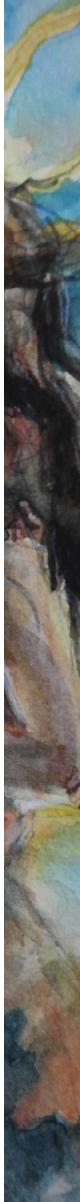
I am
buffeted by the wind
sleeping beside the great tunnel of time
singing songs of love and death
while I wait for his heart

10

I recalled her opening
over the bonfire
dancing in tongues of flame

devouring me tenderly
stroking my loveliness
without words

she was in no hurry
burning for a lifetime
if I promised
to love her now





11

one way or another
we've seen everything
what people can't possibly believe
yet
under what circumstances
is love known

I have a secret lover
bought in a second-hand shop
to navigate the stars

to find out why

12

in the darkness I became

moonlight without the black sails
of the in-between

an altar cut by evening
with knees drawn up to the firelight

a rope of pearls bloated with salt
hoping to push underwater

as the hours passed
I could see him

I knew he would return

so I lit my fire and waited
while the tide came in

