

In Dubai

by XXXX

I do not know the species of birds here.
The two I see playing on the balcony at night
I can never call back. I smile and they
go on their way to the neon-lit desert.

I miss you, and have found myself
lying naked on the empty bathtub, jerking off
to visions of you against the light, or singing
albas that reverberate on gray speckled marble,

and my dreams of you are liquid diamonds.
Neither you nor I will ever understand why.

