

CHAPTER TWO OF SCORPIO

IN WHICH

Good
is
Teeth

Up
down
flip
'round
strokey
pokey
Soakey

Oi

Scorpy learned to tie her favorite knot
with the help of a clowny-clown man.

She said,

'Frowny Clowny give me a pink balloon,'
and in response he said 'yes ma'am.'

And it was soft as he stretched it.

It squawked as he threshed it.

His hands

dark

Against the

Pinkly-spark

Twist!

Snap!

Oi!

That!

Made ickle Scorpy

bite.

Then he winked with his big, scary
eye when he gave it to me.

'A balloon-doggy,'

he'd said

'For the pussycat meow.'

And I carried that balloon-doggy
around all night.

All night.

As the carnival rolled along its
carousel wheel.

And the stars came out.

black-born

despite their

light.

I played with it.

so smooth

Strokey-strokey

Remembering all those snaps

Pokey-Pokey

I squeezed it and it popped!

And it was the moment

I gained

TEETH

And so

The knots haven't changed much since those pink balloon days. Only tonight Scorpy uses black satin.

Oi.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

Scorpy uses black satin from Leo's dress dress dress—

Black satin as wind between her fingers—

her fingers taking up the breeze and gliding it over knuckles and knees and ankles and tongue.

Down and up

she winds it

Round and cup

she climbs it

I

See

Black satin straps

on

whitely waiting skin

and

Oi.

Oivey.

Neither have the games changed much since those pink balloon days

We play

The Hide and Peek.

The Tag You're Bit.

The Ring Around the Oh Please.

Black satin has a lot in common with duct tape, you know.

Multi-purpose.

Gag friendly.

Everyone ends up liking it.

And she'll end up liking it too, this Blonde Bridesmaid.

She's following suit—

into her suit and following:

Pin the Tail on the Mommy.

Blind Man's Rough.

Bobbing for my Apples.

Oh my!

Scorpy is a good honest girl

When she's allowed to be her bad honest self.

Which is why I said to them, I said:

“How can you be a Bridal Party and not want to Bridle Play? You, love. Your hot. Come. Come”

Winky

winky

Belly-bloom

Belly Ache

Take

Make that

Boom-boom

“Come, party, come!” I said to them, I said, “Play, party, play! You know that's a storm in the sky, don't you? This wedding isn't going anywhere. So come with me. Come play.”

And she

came.

This

one.

Try everything once, love.

Just give it once, love.

No need for twice.

Now a new knot Scorpy learned from
a Taiwanese horticulturalist—excellent
and quick with the thumbs—and when
Scorpy tugs it on this last step—like this—
with the force of her whole body—feeling
her strength make the knot slip into place
with that satisfying hiss of cordage:

Gasping
is
the
only
appropriate
response.

We fall to the dirt floor.
The cellar offers us its circumference. We
crawl and twist.

It is movement and silence.

The earth absorbs our heat and
encourages our intentions.

The dirt lathers into curds against our
skin.

I feel it grit

Her

TEETH.

Our

TEETH.

We begin to leave tracks.

The moistening earth gives way to
shallow impressions.

Muffles are deadened and absorbed.

Moans match the dark.

The blackness acquires a scent

—the scent of ourselves—

and we tumble through it like a heavy
sheet.

Then

it is madness

and I know

no

responsibility.

I press against the pinpoint of I
—and I press and I press—
and I grab into it
and I funnel into feeling it
and I press
—press—
and I know nothing but the press
—press—
and we funnel each other into feeling
it
—pressing it—
we go to that pinpoint
that static
that spot
we press that spot
we press into that spot
we go on top of that spot
we go down onto that spot
until
—up—
it brings itself
—up—
and enters us
—up—
and moves itself
—up—
and we are gone
—up—
and higher on
—up—
it takes us there
—up—
—up—
—up—
—press—
—go—
—out—
—out—
—now—
—our—

Sync!

Such a sync!

That we're sunk.

So we sink.

We go back down.

We heave it out.

The bare earth.

Our skin against it.

It is so good.

I am so bad.

ZOD again.

Gimme gimme.

Scorpy wants another turn.