

## ALLAN JUSTO PASTRANA

### PORNOGRAPHY

So be it—the moment I want,  
when I say, begin saying it

that all may be locutionary,  
rather tempting as in awe, but O

that is shaped less when I  
speak than “if I’d so often thought

about you in the past” is by far  
an awful lot of work, you remember?

And what of an arm bent, legs—part yours and  
mine lonely on the edge of my seat, this

ledge and that I am near and coming, and *coming*  
is a short note of rescue. Not about pleasure.

If then I hold an image of *Oh lad with the auburn—*  
*Oh lady with the flaxen hair*, lips forming into a kiss, *nein, Küss* and will you know

from a deep sleep I have awoken? That night  
among sheets, whilst alone, there might be a face  
all the better to be close by, yours. If a shroud  
to cover you with though, I care to see traces

of that mug (shoot, you will) or at least the idea  
flickering, flimsy now-here-then-gone, one way