# Cum Sonnet with Rimjob

How a mouth at night can make halo of the world.

The wet O of the lips and soft roll of the tongue.

That two hands can still cradle the darkest parts of me.

That in parting, I become more whole.

That in holiness, we can find our own worship.

The first time you touched me, I cried for the want of it.

Cried, at how natural it felt, to speak nothing but prayer:

Not that we outlive this world, but only that we linger, in it

a little longer. That the hollowed heart be made hallow

in the glow of the changing light. Past midnight now,

the pinpricks from the stars making rivers

down our skin. How you rise, kiss my mouth

and there is no word for this that is unclean.

That you, reading this, have not stopped reading it.

Gray Davidson Carroll

Gray Davidson Carroll is a white, non-binary writer, public health researcher, cold water plunger and (self-proclaimed) hot chocolate alchemist hailing from Brooklyn by way of western Massachusetts. A *Best-of-Net* and *Best New Poets* nominee, they are the author of the poetry chapbook *Waterfall of Thanks* (Bottlecap Press, 2023), and their work has further appeared or is forthcoming in *Rattle, The Common, ONLY POEMS, Offing, Frontiers in Medicine, Leonardo* and elsewhere. They are polyamorous, and if you want to learn more about that, they encourage you to buy them a drink.

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