The Aquatic Ape Hypothesis

By: Derick Eash

Your tongue wet the soft fleshy web
between my ring and middle finger, then
you asked if I had ever read the Origin of Species.
I was sure that I smelled Lysol on the back
of your skin when we walked barefoot
out on to the lawn, shirtless under a fall night sky.
You were cold or self-conscious, breasts warm against
my shoulder blades.
I wanted to run naked into the woods chasing
imaginary prey, while the newlyweds
looked on behind the glow of late night television.
You laid back in to the clear water of a white porcelain
claw-foot tub, pink nipples like bioluminescent
jellyfish, drifting just under the surface
of the salty ocean.
I sat on the edge of the sink in my funeral tux
reading a poem about the book of Genesis
which I wrote, riding in the backseat of a taxi,
searching for your apartment downtown.
On our first date you asked if I believed in God
and I was sure that I was destined
to asphyxiate in some exotic locale.