

Shall We Sing About The Starman, Ziggy?

BY **ANISHA SRIDHAR**

This silence that stretches between us is the only thing that connects us. It has awakened a serpent that's uncoiling from my belly. It flicks its tongue, tasting the void, searching for you. Each time it turns, it churns the residue of all those filthy, dark brown sensations that stick to the walls and won't wash off. Each hour that passes by, the ache grows stronger. I can feel it in my bones, you know? In my hips. In my pubic.

I want to feel that long, fearless finger dip in and out of me. I want to feel it scale the little hill, push against my walls, trigger the bulbs of my corpora and then a sweet spot opens up but before I can disappear into a haze, you disappear.

Momentarily.

When you resurface, your tongue is warm and hard against my clitoris, A thousand neurons race across my body, telling me to rise, rise and rise until the big bang, the supernova supercollapse, this implosion of a cosmic and cellular nature. It's like a little death and in its aftermath, I am suspended in space. All that's left is sweat and starshine.

It must be some kind of sweet, sticky suck because that's how you taste after you taste me. Agreed, that's second-hand information and it probably tastes tart or maybe a little bitter, a little old, a little less like cherry pop. It doesn't really matter. What matters is that I like watching it drip off your fingers and into your mouth. After, when you kiss me what that mouth again and again, it's like everything that is me and everything that is you is all mixed up and when I swallow, it goes straight to my stomach where it feeds the serpent who lives there.