

Prayer Nick MacKinnon

God send a gorgeous summer boy to me
before desire unravels in this swift
ebb-eddy that it pleased you to decree,

a boy who needs both hands inside my shirt
to solve the Rubik puzzle of the clips,
a boy whose hair his mum has shaved too short,

whose jeans are frayed; a boy with fingertips
adorned with biro smudges from his Highers,
whose tan is library-shadowed when he strips

to boxers and dives backwards off the pier's
fish-glitter decking, into the marina's
unleaded rainbows. Give him shins with scars,

size 13 feet jammed into dirty trainers,
calves muscled by a morning paper round,
sharp hips that time will bleach to coral anchors,

a navel like an @-sign on the blond
bookmark of bellyhair that keeps my place
in six-pack chapters of a story bound

in suede, and let an orthodontic brace
bejewel his awkward mouth on our first date,
when his kingfisher eyes flash down my face

and settle at my sternum, while he waits
to sit a tough exam whose practice papers
were set and graded by his sister's mates.