

Voulez-Vous?

I want to read our future on the abs of a Honduran god with a sweet smile.
I want to rocket launch into biceps that recall a rifle range.
I wonder if his nipples are permanently hard . . .
If I was skinnier, my imagination could feel more him against less me.
I forget whom I used to cry about at night.

City mouse wonders at stars, looks back at me.
He talks to my roommate, but looks back at me.
He opens the door, sits down, takes off his coat. He *always* looks back at me.
If I'm not delusional, I could be heels-to-Jesus.

I want him to share his apartment.
I want him to beg to flirt with my shirt hem.
I want him to blush when asked whom he's seeing.
Je veux.

Bread and Sex

On the rare morning
Rainy in the summer city
Decisively together
Moored in bed in our underwear
Feeding each other bread and nutella
Apparently appealing

Life outside ignored
Indulging in breakfast
And other nourishment

A serenade of seduction
Continued with companionable
Cleaning
Reality begins when pale sunlight
Slithers in, shattering delusion

Tired discontent overcomes
Sacrifices of the bedroom
The last perfect moment
Receding into memory

Consumed

I want to suck tender meat from your brittle husk,
Imbibing creativity.
I must lap up every tear you've shed,
Sanding away all strength
With my emery board tongue.
I wish to nibble on your bones
(the marrow you can keep),
Your crunchy battle prowess
Clacking against my teeth.
The meringue soft folds of your eyelids
Will not stop me in pursuit
Of your cloudy summer skies.
I hunger, my prey,
Even for your hair,
Eaten up by jealousy for the wind
Scampering across your scalp,
Knowing you as I never could.
Last, I take your breath,
Emptying your lungs,
Stealing your words,
Making mine the mouth that will share your stories.

Your stories I will save,
Forever you survive.

The Clock

In the depths of night
I dreamed myself a doctor
With twenty patients in crisis.
Every one of them was me.

I knew every case, every problem,
Every face in intimate detail,
And as I moved from one to the other
Found nothing to attend.

Nurses pushed me away,
Everything was handled.
I was not needed.

So I lay,
Crooked across my bed,
Neither mother nor midwife,
Neither sleeping nor escaped
From the dizzy daze of dreaming,
And felt with fading first-breath cries
My soul slip away into dawn.