

Chelsea Chavis  
December 2013

decaf coffee  
placebo incarnate  
Jesus flesh  
on a fishing wire

The lord loved his yachts  
and his shiny prostitutes  
I wonder if she was paid  
to devour bread as his body?  
or to drink wine as his blood  
just enough to be saved

You push me in the street  
belligerent, flashing drunk  
I ask for a lighter for you  
and return to find your heart has gone

I paid to taste my lover  
or to avoid him, maybe  
But I did let him inside of me  
That is how I uncover the truth:  
that I will always be in love with you  
and those pure, aching moments  
from the final days of our childhood

But now you're home  
an this stretched out, scream of yellow  
may have been the catalyst needed  
for us to present and align ourselves  
in the judgmental presence  
of every last god

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my lover  
my Achilles  
sensual and dramatic  
the weak spot  
for tyrants  
His fingers glide and hover  
and I certainly glaze over  
My repertoire finds him  
hard and metallic

He leaks in my mouth  
but my desire stays covered  
If he knew of his power  
when I become vulnerable  
I could lie here  
forever  
with him  
on safari  
with him  
as my keeper

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Good fairy wives pick up the phone  
while every rings' a crowbar  
The tattle tails like ribbon-thoughts  
left floating on the wire  
She twirls it first then confiscates  
"Her love is no satire!  
While he has left HIS pearly gates  
half open with desire  
Now if you watch, she glistens there  
precisely on the hour  
until he walks with kingsmen stride  
to gift immortal flowers

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I knew better once  
He is the last call  
my final performance  
Uninterrupted, he is  
like diving into the shallow end  
He suffocates  
while swords are exhaled  
and I am left wondering  
did he ever really love me  
or did I just make him feel something  
unyielding  
I will march  
and swallow your arms  
and bear you twelve sons

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