

I.

Your tangled roots and your thick dark overbite cannot cover your youngness,
the soft spot on your skull yet stitched.
Even the creeping, curb crumbling grass envies your greenness.
You've barely acclimated to sleeping here on your shelf in this cellar.

Look to the single sunrise sedentary egress window dripping condensed freaksweat from the worlds above.

"Remove my cork and drink me down!"

Bible beater basements barking goes unheard.
You will not warm their chests,
collar bone clothes hang themselves and abstain from fabric softeners.
An ardent and unwavering faith warms them more than high desert scenic route bubbling engine sun tan.
It heats the floorboards in their sacred hearts more than liquor ever will.

"I wish I was drunk right now."

II.

Tears in her eyes smiling
Lipstick stuck sides clutched single filing
Like or as god intended
She's the simile white teeth pale teen sex fiend

"Hey grease trap, sit close and let your goose pimples sing
Your skin won't crack, those birds almost never hatch"

III.

She uses soap
And big blocks of ice
To clean the creases in her back
To keep her skin tight

She's no longer an egg fried lover
Not even a twice baked freak

She's a widow

Waiting for her eternity to be delivered.

IV.

She is standing naked for him.

But he hasn't any love.

He is biting down on the necks of beer bottles.

His mouth is full of blood.

Someday he will drink cold water and be forever satisfied.

He may even shine like newborn suns.

He says to her while she is making dinner,

“God damn it babe, I wish you were thinner.”