

Counting Sheep

It's a new year
and I wish I didn't still hold
the syllables of your name
on the tip of my tongue.

I thought I could be a new me,
a woman unbothered by
fractions of attention
compartmentalized into a singular sexual event.

These days, I make love
to a new man
but when he enters me, I close my eyes
counting the minutes left until I can stomach no more.

Like the sheep I used to draw in my mind
then slowly watch disappear in tune with your roaring snores.
These days, I've made a habit of visualizing a future that'll never come
or at least not as swiftly as when you rode me toward mountain tops.

We catch a wave of firm-fat and pudge
pressing cracked lips together in between ragged gasps for air.
He softly admires the rolls you constantly fought against,
biting, pulling, licking.

When my daydreams fade,
I wait for steady breaths
before slowly tiptoeing out of bed to sob softly,
careful not to wake him from his slumber.

Candyman

Some days, I don't care whether you lived or died.

Some days, I would take the last breath out of my body and stuff it in yours if I had to.

Some days, I fantasize about smashing a blunt force object onto your head,
but, I'm not sure I could handle never seeing your face again.

Some nights, I fall asleep to your eyes fixated on me.

Some nights, your wispy eyelashes and knotty beard tickle my cheek.

Some nights, your pointy fingers lull my body into a dream state,

I never want to awaken from.

Today, I don't dare speak your name aloud,

or reminisce over severe quickies or gentle strokes,

out of fear I'll conjure you up,

only to surrender myself yet again.

Tomorrow, I hope to sit in a dimly lit room

and remain dry-eyed,

remembering you only appear when you want to,

yet never when you're summoned.

Vintage Mirrors

The other day I pulled out that little pink number,
the sheer one with the black trim,
and monochrome polka dots
that you said made me look like an angel.

I felt pretty,
my plump breasts supple and firm filling it out fully for the first time,
I let it peek from its hiding spot between old sweats and period panties,
another layer to camouflage the tiny pink bullet that got me off more than you did.

In that pretty pink number,
I felt as perfect as a Barbie with flushed cheeks,
an unwavering smile and bright eyes,
all dressed up and ready to play the role suited for her.

This time I dressed for my eyes only,
and swayed to rhythms in celebration of newfound-freedom,
peering at myself through vintage mirrors
while caressing my curves through thin chiffon.