

Restless Midnight

slit you open,
sink my arms into
wet warmth,
your essence,
drips from my
fingertips,
drenches lips,
parched from
alcoholic cure.

I wallow in the wake
of your exposure,
cut from sternum
to bone,
I told you to **LET ME IN**,
and now we're
knee deep in
the consequence
of your
mute refusal.

Bills to Pay

I love you at rest,
silent, lips closed
in repose,
face unlined,
gentle, smooth,
fragile and sweet.

with your eyes alight,
bright from beer,
obtuse in certainty;
biting and feral
as a junkyard dog-
Well, then I love
other things.

distance and roads
and everything but
thirteen years of old
dirty water under
a sagging, neglected
toothpick bridge.

Then I wonder about
clichéd petals that
haven't withered,
blistered, burned and
peeled with time.

solitude and temperance
rainy days 3000 miles
away from whatever
we've spent all this
effort constructing.

I don't want to listen anymore.

Instead

I stake out your burial ground
take cover behind stone
watching, waiting, for what?
Maybe I'm waiting for you to show up
laughing, incredulous, wide eyed
in disbelief, "Really? Are we really doing
this now?" I see you saying; bottle
in left hand, Newport in the right.

waiting for you to reassure me,
that there's been a mistake-
some awful snafu- a state paid
hack fucked up fingerprints-
you weren't even there.
It's all been a speed induced fever dream
exacerbated by lack of sleep;
"Me, dead?" you'd scoff, eyebrows raised,
"I don't fucking think so."

some child inside is reminding me that
I never saw your body so perhaps....
perhaps we'll awaken, the three of us,
five of us, all of us-unscathed, unwretched,
breathing and warm and aware again,
sane again, where life makes sense again,
Instead of this.

Fishnet

Upside down pyramid of adoration:

Gorgeous
Beautiful
Pretty
Sexy
Hot

Somewhere along the bottom I've crawled;
nice and sweet were never adjectives
used to endear me to potential suitors.
I get fire words motivated by lust,
No one gives a fuck about
my vocabulary, no matter
how erudite

I eat cute for breakfast
with my Vampire Red mouth,
eyes done up in kohl and contempt,
black skirt mocking your distance
from this magnified, sexualized form
I call my own.

If you have to pay \$20 in order to speak to me
how am I not winning?

Get more respect as a lingerie doll
than a shot girl; Funny, when the clothes
come off, men seem to know their place.
But for a dollar tip, as I hand you a beer,
I'm supposed to giggle as you grab my ass?
Explain that one.

People say that dancers are fake;
hair extensions, false lashes, tan in December,
hundreds of tiny outfits, accessories, shoes;
body glitter, push-ups, make-up, perfume,
the persona, the sultry or sinful name
It's armor. All of it.

Just like a knight going into battle,
the costume is our chain mail, protecting us,
hiding our essence, sheltering who we really are,
keeping us far away from prying eyes, hands, intentions.
We strut onstage as warriors, amazons, the personification
of every fantasy girl everyone has ever hoped to touch;
wielding the power to manipulate your mind,
your senses, your body, your wallet.

In the end, at 3 am, I take off my 6 inch heels
brush out my hair; wash off layers of color, glamour,
from my young(ish) face, stuff my gear in a backpack,
count my money, hundreds, sometimes thousands,
a night, pull on sweats, tip out, and
come back into my skin.

Snapshot

Some sun dappled day,
at a park, green trees
blue sky, you know-
designer perfect.

(stop listening-don't swallow the lie!)

silver edged ink,
ragged holes,
smudged ash-
no lip gloss here.

too smart to be happy,
assault charge on cute,
nice and I aren't neighbors.

Real is preferable to
the same drab, listless
values:

suck down vile, thick, bitter, burning stimulant
to slam that fat, tired, lazy, unloved body
into motion for one more forty hour week of
everything you never thought you'd have to
stoop so low to settle for...but..BUT..hungry
mouths and greedy, sticky, dimpled fingers,
in your wallet, in your pension, in your insides,
grabbing for all that's left of who you are-
(Cirrhosis of the soul. Yes, it really is this grim.)

It's ok though, it's ok-
you're done for now, sit back
relax, in front of your
flat screen preacher,
(tithing on your will to live)
(shepherding the heard into)
(BIGGER, MORE, NOW OR ELSE-)
rest up, have another beer,
tomorrow's Saturday,
we'll go to the park.

