

{tit for tat}

I say I love him  
Though he knows I lie--  
We like to keep appearances tidy  
A last remnant of 1950's ideals of marriage caught in our teeth  
We watch each other like sleepy hawks  
To see how far we can push before we fall off a cliff  
Karats for kisses  
Sushi for sex  
Apple martinis for--well  
It's not love but it's got me fooled  
I'd rather have pussy worship than get stuck footing the  
emotional charges  
Punishing largess  
Of a sweet caress  
So I believe him when he says he loves me  
Though I know he lies

{trust issues}

could you still love me if I were crazy  
would you still lick me if I were 35 and had stretch marks  
do you love me or who I pretend to be for you

if I can love you when you're broken and tired  
fucked up and insecure  
convicted or consecrated  
then can you love me on the days when I can't  
when I hate food and can't get out of bed  
when I'm pressured and profane

or are we faking love like porn stars fake orgasms  
so we can pretend away the  
cold?

{a woman's place}

I woke with his face between my legs  
he likes it when I gasp in surprised delight  
"a woman ought to know her place,"  
he said lifting my lips to his  
tango pace--  
I cum in peace  
but don't believe the hype  
concerning my type  
collect us all in a set and we'll burn the world down  
on your knees now  
I don't remember how  
I first entrapped you in my gaze  
but may I say  
if you'll let me stay  
I'll help you water your plants in the morning  
I'll keep you from  
boring--  
if you can handle a little light snoring

I watched the sun rise with his face between my legs  
blowing the sun higher and higher into the sky with the moans  
escaping my mouth  
adoration isn't the right word but it comes closer than most  
and I'd like to raise a toast--  
you know which women you ought to do anything for to please

{the like which fury hell hath no}

I wish I could take my name off your tongue I don't like the way  
you taste it anymore

I tell myself that I don't care  
that it doesn't matter  
not to flatter  
you with a single second of regret  
guilt  
shame  
tears  
nostalgia  
remembrance

but my brain doesn't always listen to my soul nor my soul my  
brain so I'm just idling here stricken with  
pain  
you sadistic fuck I wish I had killed you when I had the chance  
made the world a better place  
safer for girls with a pretty face

I wish I could pull my name out of your throat with red hot  
pincers and while I'm at it I'd take your tongue too and paste  
it with glue to make your words stick

self-incrimination

{rinse, repeat}

first date procedure:

objectify yourself as much as possible, until everyone stares everywhere you go

next, have him spend too much on you to flaunt how well he could take care of you if you had a kennel in his heart AND to stroke *your* ego

finally, suck his dick to stroke *his* ego--

never call again