

Five Teeth

DRUNKEN SUNFLOWERS

I.

I can't see you without my glasses but I know
You've got those crinkles around your eyes.
I get that feeling like soda bubbles in my nose.

II.

Ipad Iphone, internet, data. Still lost in the city.
We end up at the bus stop drinking straight from the bottle
with frosty lips and cold legs under short skirts
Warmed from the inside out

III.

We arrive late but just in time for cute bartenders with scars
filling up our glasses from the bottle every time security passes.
Dance with me.

IV.

Howling at the moon, looking for answers
and Chinese food
Finding burgers instead.

V.

Men and stones may break our bones
But each other's words will forever heal us.

VI.

Before I leave I scribble it in every corner of your mirror
So when you look at yourself you will know
You are loved.

Five Teeth

ADONIS

They've all been beautiful- in their own way.
Beautiful like peaches
or almonds, or milk.
Like fawns, like birds, like stone.
terrifying and pacifying
Beautiful.

But He,
He is jasmine flowers and converse on cold concrete,
cherubs and soldiers of God
He is black marble and molten gold
A lion, my wolf.

He, elusive in the dark, beside me ephemeral
He is dark eyes and dark hair and words words words.
My Achilles in every way, the Hypnos to my Eris
Adonis carved from marble, strong straight jaw
Galatea warmed to flesh, curved perfect lips
Made in the image of Eros, My Rome.

Creature teeth

You speak to me from holy ground,
from behind iron fences that ward me from your arms
Eternal wanderer, I plead come to me
I ask not that you turn to the darkness, nor me from it
only that you love me despite what creatures I may be
Despite what feeds in the night when you are sleeping
You pray to your god and I pray to mine that
I may never lose you

Five Teeth

Rain in Two Seasons

My love, he loves the wind, and I, I love the rain

A storm, he and I, we are a summer by the sea

Salt and sweat and thunder rolling deep in our chests

We are oysters sucked from the shell and sweet white wine

that tastes like peaches from the Georgia shore

My love, he loves the rain, and I, I love the wind

A storm, he and I, we are a springtime in the hills

Carmine tulips like red-bitten lips and eyes clear and wide like bright skies at a wolf's wedding

We are the bite of sweet basil fresh on the tongue and lemonade with lavender

The Prince and the Witch

I.

He came on his horse not expecting Sleeping Beauty, but her brambles,
not Rapunzel, but her cold, high tower walls,
nor Snow White, but the poison apple caught in her throat
and loved her anyway

II.

She'd what was left of her heart in a jar, a needle and some thread
the fresh wear of a collar still round her throat and a promise to
never again, never again be domesticated.