

REVERIE

The gods stand guard
as I remember the vivid fine lines of our
love.

I gaze,
then

flinch

at every nuzzle forced,
every stanza tweaked, every
coffee spilled.

Oh, no.

Have you the capacity
to share in the reverie?

Come! Sing
with me.

Skip rope with these ghosts.

VENOM

Tilt your head, darling,
and arch that supple neck:
taste the venom
in all its glory. Savor the
tar glossing your tongue,
the coil of your throat, the violent
swell of your gut.
Do you feel what it gave to
the rest of us:
the chance to forget
those crimes of yesteryear?

TODAY I SHINE, FOR

I! —

am! —

S T A R T L I N G !

(Yes, me!)

I! —

am! —

i m m m m m m m m e a s u r a b l e !

[hush-hush, I beg; I'll not
take calls, for tomorrow, I
will again throb, plain and
limited]

O—MY—GOD——WHYY:

can't I just have
one
luxuriously
(monstrously)
smooth—
singular—
continuous—
experience—?