

- i. no second ticks by unburdened 'neath its bloated weight.

it sits a pile of pins in your gut
- a bad habitat for butterflies -
sets your heart to heave at the speed of light,
stutters your lungs, clogs your esophagus,
makes hummingbirds of hands
- starved a moment's nectar-sweet relief -
and constructs a frosted pane between your eyes
and your brain,

leaving one flailing, grasping desperately at
thoughts dissolving into fumes of fog.

dare I say its name?

ii. I'm pregnant with a peach pit -
you forced me to swallow it and
to suckle after,
 from your fingertips -

it turns with the thump of laundry that
tumbles, bumping against my swollen intestines -
now infected, infested
 with parasites you resurrected.

I am once again devoted to you.
and I am crying as I write this love letter
to you:

 it's not you, it's me
 it's not me, it's my addiction
 to narcissistic matriarchs
 - of action, of power -
 who dominate, humiliate, lacerate my poorly-stitched seams,
 who eviscerate me: spill my entrails, my emotions like canned beans -
 odorous and brined,
 imperfections no longer protected
 by skin's dissected shell.

It is the masochist in me who still falls prey,
and wants to, I'm ashamed to say, though
you stealthily satiate your sadistic predilections and
I can pretend. I can play dumb.
I can ignore the snide slights of your mouth and your hand and I,
can feign obliviousness
 to your evil deeds and
 to my Oedipan needs.

iii. sunset is a difficult ritual for me
- an inescapable habit, if you please.
it's one of conquering dusk's despairs,
by any means necessary, while
sister sunrise arrives much more peacefully.

the night, to me, is a lover
I cannot stand, a lover
who knows too much
of my internal composition -
my mannerisms,
my idiosyncrasies,
my self-hatred -

our relations are erotic suspensions of
sadistic and masochistic tensions:
sore and pearly-pink and
gasping in rhythms
and I return guilty each eve for
your lascivious lacerations -
each cut, each degree,
each crest, each new angle,
each a slice of a perpetual cycle.

we wrestle, lovers entangled in
ephemeral brawl and coital toil
and you degrade me,
make me wait
for your surrender to dawn's first breath -
an orgasmic flush,
star-freckled love,
rust-colored lust -
a sunbirth, day's bloom, moondeath

and the boundaries of our beings dissipate,
yield to possibilities of a new day.

we go our separate ways, yet
I somehow
always find myself
bowed and bound at the foot of your bed.