

diablo royale

a psychopathic narcissus
he was
on the verge of textbook
exactly that which
the smartest girls avoid
at the slightest itch
of madman's scratch
eyes too flat
gestures disarming
focus varied
so and too quick to glance
vision dance
his alone
the women don't notice
I do
he lies an apology
followed with a proposal
come to his bed
you don't mean that
I say
which?
the sorry
come on-
pick another sucker
I want you
for what?
your smell, I can taste you
I hate you
don't be so rude
the charm in his mouth
hits me like the flu
I surrender
in the cab
his hands under my coat
too fast
like the car turns
minutes to his loft
up
into
sliding door
the bed
a funny smell
unidentifiable
but belonging

unquestionably
to a woman
not me
maybe?
no
mine is a voluptuous fruit
spicy and exotic
this was a desperate lingering
thin and used
I almost choke
on the thought
he doesn't deserve this piece
of mine
all the while his mouth like an oil drill
invading the landscape of my body
hitting and missing
missing and hitting
until he gives up
now the real digging begins
I weakly protest
boredom my inspiration to quit
making love to him
makes less sense every time
I remember feeling more
when I was fourteen
inexperienced
an avid reader
lonely girl with bright ideas
discovering my bedpost could do
far more
for me
than
adorn my bed
a book in one hand
the other
placed in places I had not yet known
nothing could've felt better
salinger's vocabulary
heavily varnished wood
my best lover me
I wait for him to finish the job
I try to get a few pulses of pleasure
why bother?
pretend to enjoy
his attempt
after all,

this persistent perfectionist
will never give up
and the sweat from his ego-soaked brow
will remind me
with each tortured drip
that he is just fucking
and I am being fucked

oozing

the smell
what is it?
the lilacs
stuffing lilacs into every hole
choking on them, their curling purple petals
and with each wheezing gag
the sweet wine sweat of perfect summer scent
pressed from my pores
filling cups and saucers, flooding rooms and halls
I am floating on, almost swallowing that which I first purged
they were fed to me
big
fat
delicious
they came from the Balkans,
and so did he
riding red black waters
syringa vulgaris
surviving after the walls had dissolved
after the great broom swept away the foundation
there they were
vulgar brilliance
against open graves
miles below the hands that held their baby seeds
licking the scent gently on an open breeze
pornographic offering
beautiful unyielding witch
touching fleshy conical clumps
slightly and with grace
a fireless torch
one bush could hold a thousand tiny heads
sun so bright
kindest august
waking up
so young but I knew their worth
the bees and me knew their secrets lie deep
penetrating tiny holes
magic
monster lawnmower on the verge
my father blind
his nose stuffed full of harlem gutter smells
toxic
garbage canned dinners
fighting back his own history

he knew them once
he may have caressed them
worshipped them
long before my mother
long before he owned a temperamental lawnmower
and a citizenship
he must have loved that girl
the one with my same name
so I gorge myself
in a kind of self-preservation
the lilacs in my throat
just under my mind
the secret wish
the whispered prayer
of a man
for his love

For Nicholas

The dirge lodged in my mouth
Is coming upon its five year anniversary
There will be no party
No cake
Or candles
The song is a terrifying whisper
It cuts my chords
It shreds my breath
It will not reach his ears
The man I mourn

Desert Confessional

the coyotes celebrate their kill
a callous cacophony
some cottontail or neighbor's cat
caught in their
blood curdling cries
echo in the canyons
frenzied and barbaric
evolution hasn't taught them anything
not to gloat
malignant pleasure
it is wild and endless
a Dionysian cult at its climax
layer upon layer
crimson canines
clutching claws
fresh flesh torn
trampled future
this poor sucker
no more

Monsoon

I stand in the middle of the sudden storm
The air is thick
Clouds heavy
Rain coming fat and fast
It all seems so impossible
The sky's color surreal
I wonder why I'm here
I've become a kind of tourist
Despising the language spoken
The endless days of same old same
Sequestering my things to a far off corner
I try to disappear into the cooking
The cleaning up of the other's soiling
Settling into the rhythm of regret
My silenced voice screams to leave
My children reflect my desires
I can only manage a slight upticked lip
I haven't the strength for a smile
No calming caresses
It's too unbearable
So I wait for the unlikely rains
To wash me anew and prepare me
For the days ahead