

“Uhh, ok” – A Poetry Manuscript

'The First Time'

You never forget your first time,
The taste on your tongue,
Body tense in ecstasy,
Screaming “Oh god,
I really *can't* believe it's not butter!”

'Sharp Dressed Man'

Clicky shoes

With a suave jacket

That dressy shirt with the bow tie

Socks black

And black in the slacks

Clean hair

Pocket square

Oh yes, you're a sharp dresser

But this is a McDonald's, and you look like an asshole.

'Sop Teccret'

As the spy fell asleep,
He pulled the warm hotel
blanket up to his chin...

It was the perfect cover.

'Love Me'

Poet: “My chest doth beat rapidly at the approach of your footsteps,
like so many butterflies trying to break free of a net
and flutter toward the eternal sun.

I see you in my mind's eye,
an Aphrodite to my lowly mortal form.”

Normal human being: “I like you.”

'Elevator, the serious poem'

I want to know you completely,
To know you in such a way that your sentences enter
my mind before they even roll off of your tongue,

I want to take a mental trust fall into your
intellect, your dreams, your ambitions,
Where I tell you mine and you tell me yours,

And then I want to pinball bounce from one
accomplishment to the next together,
Merrily checking off our lists, hand in hand,

I want us to run down a sandy beach at sunset,
And I want to read you my favorite poems as you
fall asleep on my chest,

But most of all, I want to go up and down on you
all night like some kind of crazed insomniac elevator.

