

## On Unrequited Love and Selfish Hearts:

He is...

Something like that small lamp post.  
Useful but unnoticed, inanimately  
silently complaining, inevitably  
like lightning.  
Here, with me, in the dark room in which I  
cover myself pretty  
on the outside.  
Standing stagnantly still- It is  
a dark forest green color;  
belonged to great Aunt Esmeralda.  
Watching me  
Impartially  
as I  
Slap my red lipstick on and  
blush  
my pale cheeks...  
Glowing brighter;  
illuminating with  
dead memories lost in other  
- light years-  
The bulb flickers

WAIT !

I still need to put on my mascara.  
Close to fading, however somehow it  
keeps shining upon me  
so very  
mercifully.  
For a split second seems fluorescent  
**begging** to be noticed  
and yet I leave it  
turned on-  
as I step out into another room.

## Don't Fall Asleep

Let me be the succubus that gets rid of your dry spell.  
The one you tell your secrets to  
as she strolls you through sweet hell.  
Let me be the one to rape you in your wet dreams  
let me be the one-  
to linger in your day dreams,  
let me be your sun.  
You will summon the moon to fall  
Upon my darkness you will call,  
asking me to -cum-  
Once I do  
I come undone.

Darling, don't fall asleep.

## **The Cycle**

I look at you  
like what I see.  
You look at me,  
wonder what could be.  
You desire  
you want  
you crave  
I reciprocate.  
You get a taste,  
I captivate.  
I wander. You wait.  
I stop. I think...  
I no longer want-  
I look away.  
I miss.  
I might regret...  
so I look back  
while you forget. So then  
I *need*.

## **The Taste of You**

Hard candy  
I'd lick you, slowly  
and devour the taste  
quickly.  
Get to the core to find it's sour.  
Blow pop  
tell me,  
how many licks did it take  
to figure you'd  
burst my bubble?  
I want to suck  
suck  
suck you dry.  
I had a sweet tooth for you...  
like sugar  
too much tends to be repugnant.  
You later disgust me.  
Why do I still have a craving  
for you  
bitter sweet after taste?

## **To My Androgynous Lover**

Eyeliner and cigarettes

Don't place safe bets on a being who  
gambles every day life  
with no regrets.

A beautiful mess.  
Changing his true essence was beyond  
a self full-filling wish.  
I wanted his lips on my hips  
touching the core of where his masculinity  
still exist and  
it emits  
with every passionate kiss.  
I'll admire your \_misconception\_ from here.  
Stare through the rear as he  
pours gas in my car and  
toxic lust in my heart. Such jaded grace,  
misplaced. Porcelain face masking  
tears and fears...  
Foolish to think I could induce his testosterone  
slumber-oh but he  
takes me under...after all these years  
so fucking queer but  
I could love him tomorrow or with outcomes  
unclear.  
"Come here..."