

## The Little Deer

*Am I in love? --yes, since I am waiting. The other one never waits.  
Sometimes I want to play the part of the one who doesn't wait; I try to  
busy myself elsewhere, to arrive late; but I always lose at this game.  
Whatever I do, I find myself there, with nothing to do, punctual, even  
ahead of time. The lover's fatal identity is precisely this: I am the  
one who waits. - Roland Barthes*

Frida Kahlo in "The Little Deer" has a scrotum.

*I wanted,*

it says,

*to be like the*

*rest of her.*

She is being tickled

inside by arrows. She is you,

what woman

does not want to be pierced by her captor?

## ATLAS WAS PERMITTED THE OPINION THAT HE WAS AT LIBERTY

*Atlas was permitted the opinion that he was at liberty, if he wished, to drop the Earth and creep away; but  
this opinion was all that was permitted. - Franz Kafka*

Stop spitting in my coffee and stirring the foam with your finger. The truth is,  
women find

boring what I

bake into brownies. There's no

crunch

If we let the girl

get herself wet up to her

can she be

fed your larynx? Is doing what

you want turning my stomach hairs to black widows?

And

she said to me (because she never shuts up never takes her legs off and lets me slide my tongue through her)

*one day, I will wake up one day*

*and you'll drop me. I'll shatter like a wine glass.*

### **“Do it or Do Not Do it You Will Regret Both”**

*I see it all perfectly; there are two possible situations - one can either do this or that. My honest opinion and my friendly advice is this: do it or do not do it - you will regret both. - Soren Kierkegaard*

The tattoos on your

thighs make me remember

terrifying to

          speak of it. I almost chewed too far through you. Husk

in dawn growing spotted and marooned

;

out of your eyes, growing fangs.

It's not that I'm unhappy. I want you to picture us hanged

from bat's wings naked. I want them to break down

a binary

          strung-lattice thread through our lips like popcorn Christmas wire.

Remember, you are not a boar, dear,

your hands are too small

          to dance all over me.

## What Every Homewrecker Should Know

### I.

If I were to locate

*I want you inside me*

somewhere under your bedsheets,

and it was written

across your breasts that we have peeled apart like onion petals,

I would find it with the very same

hands I used to prepare

peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for

your daughter.

### II.

You asked me

*remember when your tongue*

and I say I do, and you say

*remember how I told you to make fire from his bones*

and I don't,

but I do

know the very first step was to see if you could

wrap your fingers all the way

around

my neck.

### III.

Would it be an issue

if you told me

*I get home at two*

and I came

at one and your husband and I danced behind the fence

with our

tongues intertwined in a celebration and I had to use his blood

to marinate the flowers?

## **A Night in Your Apartment: Best Scenes Compilation**

:56 – a new species of broccoli I find under your tongue.

1:04 – You tell me *stop trying to stamp out the fire* you tell me *you're only making it worse* (back arched, orifices open).

2:39 – the castle seized, flags lowered, whiskeys all around.

2:41 – Good job, boys, you earned it. Smoke speaks to the nipples but cries in an archaic dialect.

6:02 – *I couldn't stand to have you read my thesis, I wrote it in five minutes, I stopped remembering how to bleed. A car stopped inside of me and I lost the keys I can't move it. Anyway, take it.*

14:36 – we stop pinching your arms into segments and lost we become in a desert of saliva. When the sun where does it hide its hands? Behind its eyes?

27:14 – the stars are sleeping in our mouths, they're cutting away at our tongues with their sawblades, I taste you, it's cold, there's ice hanging from my neck like my

59:51 – you I am feeding snow. It melts in your lap, we suck the wetness out of your jeans, mouth like a vacuum it's only

1:30:42 – we're starring in the wrong movie if you don't know how to clean bones from the gutters with your tongue.

### **Alter**

*Love does not alter the beloved, it alters itself. - Soren Kierkegaard*

If you ask me  
to project the idea

of love into my  
mind, will I

always think of  
entering a woman  
dominating, listless over  
my lips like a

hawk?  
If I had to show  
love to you,  
I would cave

in your stomach  
with a wedge and  
use the sinews  
to string a cello.

Love is lost  
if you don't  
understand  
that a

penis is a  
weapon.