

It was like a Shark's Mouth Full of Fingers

They were evil men
you could tell by their mustaches
& the way the cats avoided them

i was a Chinese whore
known for my beautiful feet
& wild cockroach abandon
i was inscrutable as a pot of tea
put on to boil

& a piece of luckless yarn

i wondered myself why i didn't put my
finger to the wound to stop the bleeding

cherry pop
cherry bomb
cherry on top

the larval form of something in the corner

in the meanwhile,
hookah
hookah
hookah