

Hit the Snooze

Pushing through pink...

Plush-provocative mystique

enticing ever inward.

Sweetness and harsh moods,

the vulgar growth between.

And what does the Earth,

that poor old plangent polyp,

have to say about any of this?

Kiss of cathexis, croak of genital warmth.

Again and again

I hit the snooze.

Again and again

the feel of it blisters.

Once upon a time,

we were sisters in austerity,

that is, until we felt our teeth

go rotten from our speech.

Now, I haven't arm enough to reach you,

beached in bruises and bleached

by our hatemonger Sun.

Like a florid fan,

our raveled shadow spreads,

singing un-heroically

of the undertow.

We stowaways, manifold

ticking heart throwaways,

backtrack to the block

of tenements, oozing.

Be gentle, or else.

This hunger is real,

and the part of us we left

on the sheets.