

Lip

Edge, verge, labium. Flange, impertinence, recompense.
Road to the mouth inside us, the blue-red slippery,
the not quite in. Insolence, convexity, lip lip
rim. Body collar, curb of the pussy, furbelow, flounce.
Skirt of the known world, threshold to the threshold,
trim. Margin of the valley between thighs, sidle up/
jump. Brink of your first happiness, almost
oops, you're in/edge on.

liplipliplip/bopbopaloobop/as good as dope/almost.
The swoop, the junction, the original front lawn,
one less than a trois, spank it, frisk it, the light goes
on. Sidewise smile, gateway to red. Light summer
jacket & your mama said: save it for a rainy day,
wear a light jacket on a summer night, but she
never rocked the body electric, original e, she
never sang it like that/did your mama? Ever
turn over, drive right up to the window,
say, I'll take some. Give me some spurt, some
rush, some one more time, some honey,
I'm the city, I don't need your map.

Make it Beautiful

When you tell it, don't say it straight,
just say:

One dreamy moonlit night she looks up and:

the flowers in the curtains are suddenly burning:

then say something like:

eyes eyes, scream the small o:

because no one will believe it, everyone
is sick of it, and don't ever say:

seven years old/tiny pearl/

bramble of hair/thick man/

slimy girl/spoiled food/

large hands/no door:

,—ever.

Skinning It

What I could never tell was size by looking—
his big enough? Couldn't tell anyone
how the body had become my own set of Legos,
this part into that, in/out, in/out,
I was fucking every man who crossed my path,
random fucking, him or him, no difference, &
I couldn't tell the one about the other—but
not their business & what was the equation:
long slow stride = patient lover, small but smooth?
sideways lean = quick, stop & go fuck?
body builder = small dick, overcompensates?
large hands = large hands, don't count on it.
I wanted ruin/wreckage, the up-against-the-stall-
quick-from-behind-huge-cock-in-me bathroom fuck.
How could I tell my sweetie-sweet friends
that I blew the guy on the rugby team?
on the ferry? in the carport?
or the gargantuan cock of the train
steward, in its rocknroll across
Canada/his cock rolling the train of me?
Why is the raw body so unloved
when it's out-loud? Just veins, blood,
what we're made of? No, it's the greed,
the dying for it I would never tell—
they'd say: she's too hungry, should have
eaten breakfast, man-eater, size queen,
they'd say all that need = I don't want
to know her, all those cocks = slut =
white-trash-train-wreck. Then I'd say, what
are you hiding under your nice-nice-nice?
When's the last time you skinned it hard?
I'd say quiet, polite = not quite
big enough.

I'll Write the Girl

The thing I'll never write is the green leaf
with its rubbery-hard veins, I'll never
write the structure exposed, instead

I'll write the girl picking it up, green leaf,
her pudgy hand & her wanting it, that's it,
because she knows the sky is full

of stumbling ghosts, & she's back in the cold
room, back on the dark floor, & along
so much sky, what does one person do?

She says, *bring it to me* & devours,
hungry girl, breaks it open, tastes
the day's first plasma of leaf, first blood

of green on her city street, she takes it
to her like morning's first kill, &
owns it, stem to point,

& knows her life will always
be this biting open one thing
to leave another, that the only

way she'll get anything is
with this tiny hammer
in her animal brain

saying: *mine*,
& *again*,
& *now*.