

the ins outs of something else

licking the knife of this romance
i think of the time i was stung in the eye by a jellyfish in that town in florida
politely named "rat's mouth"

you looked like a kennedy
and asked me to wrap my hands around your neck

i felt scared when you whispered
"harder"
not scared for you
because you were strong and brave

long before we met
you ventured off the couches of your mom's boyfriends
the ones you grew up on
and had to cling to
like life preservers
as to not sink into the ocean
of Georgia or Florida

you won fulbrights and learned Spanish
you fixed cars and taught taekwondo

and I was a little man
hiding in my brother's house
with the air conditioning on

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u fall in love with a ghost late at night and it whispers something strange in your ear
something you want to hear
u let it kiss the inside of your thighs
while you think about what time
you have to wake up
or how much cereal you have left in the cabinet
should i keep buying frosted mini wheats?
or am i big enough for plain old frosted wheats?
he sticks his cow sized meat tongue inside of you and suddenly he becomes real.
it's like it came late to a lecture and realized it was in the wrong room.
what a dope!
now it's the finger's turn.
ever scratch ice off a car window before work?
it feels like that.
he shoots a smile from below my stomach
for my vagina's sake, i say " i want you to fuck me."
I hand him a condom.
thank god his dick is smaller than his finger.
i just want it to end so i say " fuck me daddy!"
most men like to be called daddy?
he pulls out and asks me if i was sexually assaulted as a child.
I say "no, but
I really want you to finish fucking me, because I have to wake up early and finish my box of frosted miniwheats."

he asks
"is there enough for me?"

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One day

your feet stop growing and your hair starts to fall out
and you begin to wonder if anyone would visit you in the hospital if something horrible happened
you'll be so nervous you would want to jam your finger in the door of your Subaru on the commute to work,
you would pour hot coffee on your crotch in your car to help you hit the high notes
while singing along to whatever is blasting on the radio

you went to fridays on friday and made the joke to the waitress
but she stopped listening after you said shrimp
you kinda fell in love with her when she said her name was Judy
you stared into your potatoes that shined in the afternoon light,
imaging what judy eats on her break
she probably has a couple cigarettes near the back entrance and an asian chicken salad with those crunchy things

you are not crazy for feeling lonely
but it's your fault you haven't been fucked since that woman gave you a fake name
no one finds it strange that you caress your potbelly in your bedroom mirror,
because no one has ever seen you do it
you would change your name too if you could
and maybe
it would be nice to be that
make believe baby inside that belly
in the mirror.

"You know,
do it all over again."*

*Please read last line in a Matthew McConaughey impression