

Hold On

I'm bitching
about this hospice
for the indigent Word.

I don't want to be trapped
in this caricature, my song
bouncing off the archway

germinating the cracks
on the floor with my shit.
Where the fuck are you?

Hey Skinny

you are
the most powerful
oven on earth

you live in Paris
—almost
7 thousand Km
away

and yet
you cook me

The Nerve

You let me buy
your jockstraps, boxers
and aftershave
plus invite you to lunch
at the healthiest
naturalist restaurant
& if that weren't enough
on the way home
you asked me
for a moisturizing cream
to be soft
for the *sonofabitch* who's
running his hands
through your body
at six.