

no title, yet

I start at your disgusting legs,
following a pink outline-
watching it fade into
the line that splits your face, cracked
like your makeup;
like somebody forged it.

This is the part where
you can't keep your
fingers, your mouth,
off of me.

Switch positions_

I will take your dancing hands
and twist scoliosis into them.

You,
your body,

waits,

taunting,
heaving, with laughter.

Mike Cain

“stop, moon, little”

Venus is an old streetlamp
That I keep forgetting
To turn off. If I'm not careful
It might burn down a forest.

My slow breathing
Keeps the wisps
Of grey/black cloud
Frustrated.

Matchsticks,
Quietly struck and glowing,
Graze my skin. I would reach out
And hold my inexperienced fingers
Over them, but my hands
Are never steady.

The moon won't stop
Moving, I tug at it,
Saying, wait_

And it listens, for a little while.