

user enamorado

I thought he was
my first love
I was wrong
she was

pleasure and
a bitter mouth filled
with what she
bathed me in

the mornings smoke
dirt
dead skin
chipped nails

I spit off my tongue and
inside an altoids can
with green flowers
a grass freshly cut

citric and tangy
chopped them with
scissors weighed
on scales

she ruled me
my body
delight meant
her and only her
was my delight

a stranger
gave me a yellow
post-it note folded
like an envelope

pink dust
no waver
I wabble

and stagger
out the door
where she
left me