Am I in love? --yes, since I am waiting. The other one never waits. Sometimes I want to play the part of the one who doesn't wait; I try to busy myself elsewhere, to arrive late; but I always lose at this game. Whatever I do, I find myself there, with nothing to do, punctual, even ahead of time. The lover's fatal identity is precisely this: I am the one who waits. - Roland Barthes

Frida Kahlo in “The Little Deer” has a scrotum. I wanted, it says, to be like the rest of her. She is being tickled inside by arrows. She is you, what woman does not want to be pierced by her captor?

ATLAS WAS PERMITTED THE OPINION THAT HE WAS AT LIBERTY

Atlas was permitted the opinion that he was at liberty, if he wished, to drop the Earth and creep away; but this opinion was all that was permitted. - Franz Kafka

Stop spitting in my coffee and stirring the foam with your finger. The truth is, women find boring what I bake into brownies. There's no
crunch
If we let the girl
get herself wet up to her
can she be
fed your larynx? Is doing what
you want turning my stomach hairs to black widows?
And
she said to me (because she never shuts up never takes her legs off and lets me slide my
tongue through her)
_one day, I will wake up one day_
_and you'll drop me, I'll shatter like a wine glass._

"Do it or Do Not Do it You Will Regret Both"

_I see it all perfectly; there are two possible situations - one can either do this or that. My honest opinion and my friendly advice is this: do it or do not do it - you will regret both. - Soren Kierkegaard_

The tattoos on your
thighs make me remember
terrifying to
_speak of it. I almost chewed too far through you. Husk in dawn growing spotted and marooned_
;
out of your eyes, growing fangs.
It's not that I'm unhappy. I want you to picture us hanged from bat's wings naked. I want them to break down
a binary
    strung-lattice thread through our lips like popcorn Christmas wire.
Remember, you are not a boar, dear,
your hands are too small
to dance all over me.
What Every Homewrecker Should Know

I.
If I were to locate
  \(I \text{ want you inside me}\)
  somewhere under your bedsheets,
and it was written
  across your breasts that we have peeled apart like onion petals,
I would find it with the very same
  hands I used to prepare
  peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for
your daughter.

II.
You asked me
  \(\text{remember when your tongue}\)
and I say I do, and you say
  \(\text{remember how I told you to make fire from his bones}\)
and I don't,
  but I do
  know the very first step was to see if you could
wrap your fingers all the way
  around
  my neck.

III.
Would it be an issue
  \(\text{if you told me}\)
\(\text{I get home at two}\)
and I came
  at one and your husband and I danced behind the fence
with our
  tongues intertwined in a celebration and I had to use his blood
to marinate the flowers?
A Night in Your Apartment: Best Scenes Compilation

:56 – a new species of broccoli I find under your tongue.

1:04 – You tell me stop trying to stamp out the fire you tell me you're only making it worse (back arched, orifices open).

2:39 – the castle seized, flags lowered, whiskeys all around.

2:41 – Good job, boys, you earned it. Smoke speaks to the nipples but cries in an archaic dialect.

6:02 – I couldn't stand to have you read my thesis, I wrote it in five minutes, I stopped remembering how to bleed. A car stopped inside of me and I lost the keys I can't move it. Anyway, take it.

14:36 – we stop pinching your arms into segments and lost we become in a desert of saliva. When the sun where does it hide its hands? Behind its eyes?

27:14 – the stars are sleeping in our mouths, they're cutting away at our tongues with their sawblades, I taste you, it's cold, there's ice hanging from my neck like my

59:51 – you I am feeding snow. It melts in your lap, we suck the wetness out of your jeans, mouth like a vacuum it's only

1:30:42 – we're starring in the wrong movie if you don't know how to clean bones from the gutters with your tongue.

Alter

*Love does not alter the beloved, it alters itself.* - Soren Kierkegaard

If you ask me
to project the idea
of love into my
mind, will I
always think of
entering a woman
dominating, listless over
my lips like a
hawk?
If I had to show
love to you,
I would cave
in your stomach
with a wedge and
use the sinews
to string a cello.

Love is lost
if you don't
understand
that a

penis is a
weapon.