

Friends-and-family-in-law / Consensual non-monogamy

The centuries-old mantra
Lives in a tiny cold crack of the bricken walk.
(Don't speak over it.) (Don't step over it.)

*Did she tell you I'll be going out for a few days?
No?
Okay, well I will be. So I'll see you after I get back, baby.*

Curtsy about the raucous men to remember your roots in a
Frou-frou dress in a
Subversive fashion.
*Keep quiet! you rambunctious horses.
And don't sass me. But be sassy.*

Left the room between “meetings,” mysterious drink of water.
Re-situating your bias.
Move downstage, gorgeous covergirl.
Bundles of twine,
In her closet.
Later, she screams. You see what she means.

He says my eyes are like lotus leaves.
No not like Lotus leaves.

Clothing clutch
Feminine butch
Quintessecary ecessary pessicary
Messesarry. Necessary to get messy. Tonight.
You fear your visual cues falter in low light.

Is this the man in your dreams? Fuck, you don't know. But

To be keen the sense of smell, and then know, perhaps, much more.
Kindly, you let the lamp flick itself off.

Leant into uncertainty,
Wrap the body in fallacy, glossy like a new leaf,
I want to lick you and I want to hear what it sounds like when I do.

*Sorry I got so messy last night!
Was Sarah there? Bah!*

Oh,
Sarah is like, *not like;*
Married? *With a baby?*

Flown over starcrossed underworn worn under
Stork stories on a couch full of feathers that
Poke my shoulder blade which is then
Hit by the hot shower head before bed.
The living room was not a secondary space. Your apartment was very small.

I must bolster my immunity to Late Stage Capitalism for as long as I can
:Dissolve an effervescent tablet of
Big Wide World Concentrate
Into my glass of water,
Saturated with the full moon,
And fluoride!

Don't expect acceptance of your truth,
But do tell it.
We'll all listen. We'll go to the mall. We'll get naughty in the dressing room, later,
So don't hold back, doll.

We can hold hands in a familial way, but,
I don't need you, darling.

If I had double the space I've been given . . . Triple the space I'd been given. . .

But I am whole in my wholeness, so I must swim.

I must swim through the reeds

To part them,

So there is room for you.

Rearrange my stage,

So there is room for you.