

Flower Conroy

THERE'S A LEAK IN THE PLEASURE DOME

Camille Rose Garcia, may I come in?

I see the trees have narrowed.
The wallpaper sky's itchy skin peels.
What drips from that heart-shaped cloud?

All the sick woodland creatures
prance in your glitter acid rain.

Ah, the Night Factory. I knew a girl who
couldn't escape her Nightmare Factory.
I didn't mean to imply they are the same.
I didn't mean to imply my deer are like your deer.

My duck is your duck.
My burning house.
My bag of peppermints.
I didn't mean to say my birds, uranium, &/or pill bottles
are anything like your knives, castles, &/or octopus alphabets!

I don't even know you
that well.

Cannibals & princesses, butchers & bunnies.
Your painkiller gardens,
your extra-strength aspirin buttercups,
your numbed houses.

I've never ridden on a swan.

Though I've built a few altars before: teeth
are powerful as far as talismans go.

No thank you; a cup of tea does sound lovely but
I must be going. It's cold in here & I haven't my sweater
& I forgot why I wanted to enter your foresty wilderness
of sadistic charm in the first place & today was the day
I promised to cut back & polish the black roses.

You should see how handsome they are!
They're as big as babies' heads.

DO YOU MIND?

Your Romanesque strip tease trompe
l'oeil leg drapes over the ledge
like the procession of the equinoxes;
your toe, therefore, threatens
to touch the tip of my shoulder.

I'm trying to read this book of lost poetry
fragments: Sappho—maybe you've heard of her?

I see how the mauve silk gathers
in your lap; I can only imagine
the sensation of cool cloth puddled
upon equally soft & downy penis.

You are handsome.
I never said you weren't handsome,
my golden naked knight.

Yes, I see it “makes a proud display
of the Ionic, Doric & Corinthian orders
on its massive stone facades, with [its]
classical quoin & voussoir motifs
sculpted in high relief!”

I still don't want your toe touching my ear.
Getting toe-tangled in my hair.
Squishing my face a little in an awkward
moment of readjusting.
I certainly don't want that bright flesh grape
in my mouth for me to suck on
like a pacifier in a slobbering baby's
hungry gummy toothless mouth!

No way. Not me.
Nope.

No.

Really, I shouldn't.
Well, as long as you don't mind.

WHAT'S A B. J.?

I don't get to ask this question & my introduction to the many layered art of fellatio begins on the bathroom floor in worship po-

sition. It was a tiny carpeted bathroom; blue, I think, with wood Wainscoting & one window that overlooked the fenced in looming

yard. I loved that yard; I loved how it butted the farm. I loved the fire escape alley behind it, separating our yard from the people behind

us 's yard. Loved the giant oaks' autumn mattress of brick tinged leaves, & their barkskin. The sound & lingering aroma of the lawn wetted with late rain.

I loved the rich summer sweat of fresh slit grass. I solved how it began; the ending, however, befuddled me. Upon tongue, down throat into belly: gum-

my worms. Seasick prickly fireworks in October. I survived praying another way that season. Gravity demystified. What goes down may come up.

WHINE OF WOOD ON WOOD

To wake & open the backdoor
without knocking first

& be locked
in the gaze of a wild creature

so strange to have trespassed
into your neighborhood

a lion in the country
or a dromedary in the suburbs

or the critter who's been having
an affair with your spouse

that in your shock you do not
make a sound—not even

when it looks away, scuttles
across the yard then

looks back—just before exiting
the broken gate.