

Merita Ljubanovic

Bare Back

Go ahead

Mutter it

Whore.

It isn't like she hasn't heard it

Before

At four in the morning

She plays Magdalene

On a mandolin

Sad song sung

He's hung

While her head hangs

Over for a bit

Over her shoulder

And her lips

Sticky with it

Without it

She no longer is

Long as it's hers

It is hers

To mold into

Gold

And hold

As her own