

Jake Grieco

Ode To Kanye West's Dick

What is it like to be the gilded cock of a pharaoh?

Are you flattered by how much he writes to you?

How he doesn't need pussy because he has you?

Kanye West's Dick, are you happy with this?

Is there ever tenderness in the way he rubs you?

Does he wash you in the shower or are you left

to get wet, like you are all the time from the insides

of white and black women without discrimination.

Have you ever made love, Kanye West's Dick?

Or do you just come and go without feeling

Some sense of comfort, some reminiscence of home

Do you ever feel like you never want to get off

Because this rhythm, because this warmth?

You're a prick, Kanye West's Dick, I'm sure of it

But your head's in the right place. I'm picturing
Your flaccid slumber snug in the crotch of skinny jeans,
A descendant of man's first dick, just like my dick
Just like all the other dicks that will never know
The feeling of Prada, but are the same dicks that
Samurai's carried, that Gladiator's wielded nights
Before their death in both black and white women
Indiscriminately.

Capitoline Wolf Statue, Cincinnati

Between the swollen tits
Of a she-wolf
Between the suckling infant lips
Of Romulus and Reemus
Is your iphone 5s
Pointed at the backs of the babes
Bronze heads
Capturing all angles of Mousseline's
Only gift to Cincinnati, Ohio
In 1929, for the Sons of Italy National Convention
According to Wikipedia,
You tell me from behind your phone.
Cincinnati is a sister city of Rome
A fellow City of Seven Hills located on the bend of a river
"Grown by pigs instead of Caesars,"
I add.
The city you and I were born into
When the world was finished laying bricks
And Jupiter, Aries and Mars aren't gods
But myths as powerful as Little Red Riding Hood
The big wolf eyes of the statue wide and worried
"She's questioning whether all life deserves to be saved,"
I say.
"Symbolic expression or any deep shit isn't a requirement
For the assignment,"
You remind me.
Then move back to where the car is parked
It's the first Sunday of November and getting cold
The headlights are pouring over the horizon
As the stars show up for their shift in the sky.
You start your PT Cruiser
And we leave Rome for anyone else,
And head home.

Sometimes I Feel Like Not Much

It's not a lot

But sometimes

I feel like not much

Like just a bunch

Of stuff

And just enough

To be a thing

Like us things are

Sometimes I rate

Barely past the bar

To define something as was or are

alive or not living

And that's cool.

It happens.

Everyone feels not all there

Sometimes

We all feel like I do

Or you do or we do

I'm sure one day

I've felt just like you

And one day

You've felt like me too

It's not much

But enough

To keep myself in love

With every human I can touch

My hands slipped

Between their ribs

All their stuff in my grip

I hope I can make it a bit easier to live