

Rp Verlaine

Short Affair Longer Poem

You can kiss
each of
my tattoos
she says-
if you buy me one.

Asked about the scar on her cheek
she's silent
not wanting me
near wounds
healing or not yet forgiven.

We make love
our confidence
misplaced in
a bed where
excitement's rush
it's iguana like hidden impulse
and its dichotomy to both discover/hide
are the wrong guides
to entwine us
past the
temporary.

she is precious/ much as she denies it/ when sober

Pours me coffee
Does two lines
checks mgs
and leaves me 2 poems
someone else wrote her
a disquieting challenge
I can't afford to win
or lose.

when we trade kisses
I win every single time
that it doesn't count.
Real or imagined
her smile is always enough
except in a pawn shop.

Trouble comes
in a script for a movie
she orchestrates.
in real time
with arguments
complications and simple violence
expected
as has
become the ending
we can now both predict.

Turning on each other/with words used for knives/the bleeding begins.

Her goodbye open-ended
is evil ...
the conceit of taking her back
consuming each night.

Unable to sleep
I'm no longer awake.

The next woman who asks
for an expensive tattoo
gets an x or a ?
better yet- an I.O.U.

Finishing Touch

Sometimes a drink
takes you to the jungle
inside the city.

To an untamed jungle cat
in a jumpsuit of
black and white stripes.

Moving towards you
with a voracious intent
that's almost pure.

And claws so clean
they won't even
leave blood stains.

But it isn't until
she says she loves me
that I know I'm done for.

For Lilly

Hung-over, I
create a painting
with vomit, I
donate to the sewer.

Then head to the Patriot
where the rumor is
Lilly has no peer
tending bar in N.Y.

Different color bras
hang from the ceiling
gifts from women who forgot
or remembered cost.

Juggling shot glasses
Lilly drops as many
as she catches
her mistakes litter floor.

Lilly's large chest
makes a slashed Yankee t-shirt
almost indecent, but it
finds more eyes than game.

Eight drinks later
I'm dazed like a street fighter.
hoping for a referee
knowing there's none.

Lilly says "please stay "
I do till 3A.M. when
she flashes tits for 3rd time
and my night's complete.

I go outside
to see all the stars
and try to figure out
what darkness really is.

The Scorpion's Sister

When the scorpion's sister
kissed me after
too many drinks
and then passed out.

I left
her apartment
wanting further damage
wishing I was sober.
"New York girls
are poison" said Steve
who died in I.C.U. from
a gin destroyed liver.

"When the poems get routine
drink more" says Paul.
Adding, "desire has no kindness
and need no end."
Low on alternatives
one name came to mind
a contortionist more
bent than an acid freak's mind.

I wanted to call her
but the numbers would move
inside my mind where
clarity had no refuge.
For the scorpion's sister
had kissed me
after too many drinks
and then passed out.

Her poison in my veins
fucking my head up
lips like knives
had cut me no slack.
So I went home
threw garbage off the bed
It made no difference
I lay there instead.