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Arrest

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Gritting your teeth between swigs, you beg me to leap for your bottle, your crotch, your liquefying heart. Raking your eyes down my delving, braided spine, the folds of your groin smoldering, you’re passed out, dreaming of my thighs straddling your lap, my thin wrists knotted at the nape of your neck, your mouth wet on my low, full breasts, drenched, entangled in moonlight and papery nets of hash, trapped beautifully like shaded mermaids in a web of God.

And you, grinning like a bastard because it has to be real, you wake up four hours later, stomach sloshing with cinder whiskey, clammy cum splatter in your sweatpants, bitch headache, wincing at the harshness of my ever-absence in your bedroom, in you liquor-stained mouth.

You call me on the phone, close your eyes, rub yourself on my voice like an undulating night cat, drunken, crashing your head into my legs, claiming me, territory no one else could find, your purest air, your warmest sun, the quietude you can breathe while you gag on the filth at the bottom of your bowl.

Nights out with you, I knit potholders in a corner, your fever-mouthed, pink-eyed friends tonguing me like an ice glass marble, your body pleading with you against the hard liquor, the sour acid climbing your gullet like a bloody rose on a gray trellis, murmured thorns your heartbeat, razor-flick question marks.

I muffle my pounding heart with a potholder, weeping, bright asterisks punching through my back like bad kung fu, projecting themselves behind me, desolate searchlights on my frenzied footprints.