Consignment

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There is something unhorribly calming in accompanied torture. Fear? Yes, pain as well, but quietude as your screams sing doleful harmonies like the lonely rain.

Apparently we thirst for suffering, since I see you draw drink from the very cup I’ve drunken myself on. In sharing this poison, we become sanctuary.

With the least untenderness, let me clutch your innocent hands as my words try to rob your eyes of each and every tear which I’ve already cried - they need not haunt you.

Ours is a baffling and desolate wine to taste, but since me must, let us consign.

An Unexpected Kiss
Matthew Kovich

Tobacco-tinged and tautly thrust, and much enjoyed (as such things much), the root of language enters me by mouth and by surprise.

Begins it, thus, its deftly dance of exploration, sex and chance - Intrigued, my tongue accepts its lead and, step for step, complies:

A wistful waltz in ballroom built of lips united like a quilt; of velvet lips, affixed to mine in warmest, softest bliss.

The sweetly scent of breath and skin brings taste to texture (and to sin), our bodies pressing tight as we extemporize a kiss.