

Love by Prince Bush

Like a paintbrush or toothpaste stub bristle

Scrolled up the latex gets scrubbed cast

And dumped. Thrown through hands skillful

At free throws basketball participant coursed toward

The next peephole. White men don't marry people

Like me but explore blood samples sap the scrotum scribble

Dribble dribble shoot scotch into excursions detect

Endearment to himself. Black men don't marry people

Like me they hero-worship white milk and honey muscle

Skeleton and flesh scratch and sniff pinch-and-toss through

Pecking orders. I get kicked out of love attempt to calibrate

The compass go astray where do I go is true north there I notice

The magnet aims near attraction not axis or actual mountaintops

Of tenderness or nurture latitude not longitude or longevity