

satin sin

our bodies a broken crown,
woven thorns pricking

honey dew lips, summer suckled
and divine, dripping acid,

juicy and sweet.

reach in and take what you need,
my chest is a cornucopia of relief when your fingers
find the itch between my ribs,

as it beats out a rhythm i haven't learned to dance
to yet, but your grip feels tight
enough i think i can learn to breathe

deep as the holler between your lips and my mouth,
stuffed fat,
dressing between my thighs like jagged intentions.

you'd think i'd get tired of this lonely act of self-realization, stuck
in the rinse cycle of my redemption,
scrubbing against stains set so deep in this chassised soul
that even i start to think the water runs off clean
before you're all that

remains.