

Rogue Theory

Too long a kiss sucks a
man's soul

why they all eventually run
from this constant closeness

don't want their wings leeched
I can map an arched back

blindfolded trace flight paths
petaling from a palm

I never can keep my hands to
myself, these fingertips

crave permanent connection
better to cut them off

than run the gambit
keep the boy brothers

on a hotel-bed close
within orbit still

at a distance