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## Vice

*after Morgan Leary*

Dangerous dick-sucker, tongue-licker  
dangersome woods-basher, song-singer  
Tell me a story about myself  
I want to hear it through those twisted up mouths  
your tie's on tight and I know  
your beautiful curvature, your sharpness of shoulder  
Rip me up, squish me, make me weak for you  
If I knew best, t'were I privy too  
I'd bomb the hell  
I'd rend and glut  
Such burdeansome shoulders-those  
mine that slope and slowly roll  
mine that shirk the rise and fall that you conduct  
that's long suffering in those frames  
that's the need-to-know-basis  
that's I told you so  
that's planning  
that's must be rough, and who assigned it?  
Shoot me 'til I'm only holes  
break us down, bring us faster on  
nearer still and plunge us forward  
and you the bad guy, you the wolf in bloody sheep's mess  
or you the sheep all messed over in wolf

# Palm to Palm

such a fine way  
of always kind of  
storytelling off  
and spilling the palm to palm  
palm from palm  
laugh it up though  
all down the back  
into the pants  
face draped in gray  
and sides split and folding  
in half for you  
I'm folding in half for you  
and palm to palm is folding in half  
like this

# Color Sandwich 3

*after Matthew Arnone*

Put the blood  
and the clavicle forms a darker  
smeared shake me  
smeared slide  
the red on with the black  
put the black in and the white  
follow my eye past a mouth-fill  
the distinguished reds all  
the blacks all filling whites up  
gapping roll out  
gaping mouthfeel  
filling mouth up  
for spilling darkout