

cadaver

porcelain and steel,
nude sheeted
impastos
sanitized
hunks of meat
sleeping sweetly
in rows.

but no, you are not rotting flesh
overdosed
shot/bumper stop
you are not corpses
you are "Cadavers."
and soon pasty
med students
nigh
barely grown
will slit you chin
to groin.

they will play with your guts,
thriving as maggots
salivating over your
inert particulates.

now, the object d'jour
in an hour, "the body"
and fast after that:

forgotten

as dust...

Shave

Stroking
with precision
That makes
Time steam.

With each flick
A fleck of foam
Embeds itself
In bare-shirted
Tufts and whirls
That cry out
For fingers.

And as the silver glazes
Your purposeful deliberations...

...so sensitive to need...

The tautness
Of midriff undulation
A humid dipped frisson
Of languid images
and driftings.
Salacious wisps
Of our perfected
Pas de deux .

The heat rises
In mist swollen
Wordless communion.
Of liquid lips.
My drips easing
Down molten
salted thigh.

Abruptly,
At clock chime
Desecration.

Stumbling, unsteady...
...pouring black, precisely

In infused
Preoccupation.

Matinal malediction

Through staggers and slits
Daybreak attacks.
And like everyday
I taste filth.

Infant bacilli
Re-ravage concavity
Mucosa, lingua, gingiva.
A smothered
grey scrawl
Kindles
reflexive
rejection
Of soft morning kiss.

Minty restitution
Bestirs dormant ashes
Of antiseptic futilites...
... trembling in pew,
Waiting my turn,
pleated plaited
surety of eternal damnation.

I knew what was done.
Cheeseburger on Fish Day,
No, no venial hope for me,
A mortal wounding
Pure pious.scurrillity.

I slid into the black box,
madly
muttering
Preamble and full litany
Of sacrilegious depredations
Eleven rosaries later, I emerged
Soul-scoured and pure.
As new
Blasphemies gestated
past
blastula form.

Spit and rinse. Spit and rinse.
Ablution re-sanctified.
I devour till exhausted
Re-ascending to chamber

Forgetting
To brush.