

Halfsies

by Jennifer Donnell

The bathtub rises with water and soap.

Your razor, perching at the side like a serpent that might bite,
it's head red as hers was

and I hope she brought you pleasure,
a sentiment you can't understand.

You prefer my pleasure limited
and talk trolls and spells, the burning pits-

I ask for fairies and pixie dust, endless magic.

I duck under the water and rinse the bubbling thoughts.

You and she might make love here, next week,
and I'll buy my own razor, switch from baths to showers.

I shave my legs in my imagination.

They, unlike life, are smooth.

