

Wet Rainbow

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Three is the correct number.
There is always a base.
There are always three vertices.
There are always always (always) three sides.
There are always two bodies and one ghost to every fuck.
He's fucking you but his eyes are closed and he's seeing
the special bitch from three years ago, the one who ran
from his arms to complete a square.
"La bruja! Tus ojos son un arco iris!" the professor said to me
a couple of hours ago.
Thus. It's Halloween and I exist.
But yes I'm ready to go there, once more unto the breach, mis
amigos.
Because on Sabado I dreamed of him and her
and then on Domingo he e-mailed me
and this is a sign
I'm too base to ignore.
He can close his eyes.
He can keep me in the darkest corner.
I come for the rainbow
and stay for the wet.
Most of us
are less than elegant
in design
and beautiful beyond comprehension
in execution
and ineffable
yet quite fuckable
in intent.

