

~she dance~

by aksania xenogrette

never assume a beautiful woman is stupid just because you can't have her.

i see what you do, young man, she shivers your bones, she dance~that free laughter, touches your nerve, between the legs, it cringes you dry

she dance~on your best day~you stand at the edges~pocketed hands and boring insight~critique the meek and famous alike~your fear owns you

brilliant boy~with the guitar hands~blonde she looks right on through you~an easy read~no spark~you call her a whore~she dance~all over you

she dance~and you can't~so that ass you love~carves a nook~in your ongoing rant~fake it low brow~converse joke~delving the surface of things

another round~your balls so blue~when she looked at you~yer monologue stammered~the other shoe~hammer the rage~that postcard ass~owns you

the neck in your vein~draws a lonely note~letters you rote to yourself~too soft to ever show~your jelly hair~she dance~all over yer politix

those ball of yours that boast a fight shrink~your untested dink~like the frown above yer sink and skinny pants~your pale hide~and she dance

the record store wank~voluminous anthems you cover with pride~an original thought played on repeat~the coffee shops u meet~with estrangement

sweater vest boy~you speak of tanning beds~did you know she
has written seven sonnets~her blood is from the south of
Spain~shake~iAndalusia!

you said you can't be tied down~she never wanted a wedding
gown~just to know~you care~a smidge more~than yer 8-track
conjecture

down at the Vern~star tattoo on the bar~pitchfork reviews~again
with the~self~hipster~hate~and she dance~even smile at
you~honest

remember that dream~grass so soft~you heard yourself laugh
natural~listen to her~not the song on the jukebox~do i gotta smack
yer eyes open?

every lay at half mast~met her at the show~she liked graphic
novels~and fucked like sand~your conservative
porn~hesitant~reticent~dry

fear is poison~my half formed friend~everyone should be so
lucky~northern frame~thickets of hair~discerning brain~upside
down as it remains

the lightning horse you never mounted in your inherited
dream~wetter than the oceans you never traversed~will you ever
ride pure abandon?

look at those hips of unmediated brilliance~will you hold to your
austere towers~she wants your body~your self conscious body~lost
in honey

oh yes~those eyes are not liars~she gets what she wants~a
skinny boy tonight {buy her a drink} yes that subtle brush of tits
was deliberate

because! because! my uptight 'open-minded' friend~you will
waste your well intentioned life in pissy maladies without~one good
ride

these phillies with rickets you esteem~the sound of your own
voice~narrow margins~and granny smiths~will never brook the
gates of desire

so fuck while you can young man~don't turn up your chiseled nose~myopic potions will only make you brood~what value your notions of womanhood?

life is too short for misery. but misery will make time for you if you want. choose your pleasure. choose your pain. life is an adventure.

have you ever been fucked?
~just so~

