

# The Taste in My Mouth

*by* George LaCas

this string  
strung between  
your bottom and  
my top lip

whose spit is this?  
is it mine?  
or yours?  
there's no such thing  
as *our* spit

it is God's spit  
strung from your  
lips  
your red charlatans  
your wet rubies

the taste is sour  
only temporarily true  
slap me, spit in  
my face

I am blessed to be  
your disgrace.

drown me in your mouth  
your amniotic ocean  
life will spring from  
this spitty string

I can almost taste it.

