

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.

