

Breaking Point

by Jennifer Donnell

I can do the hot coals, no problem.
Or, your love, eyes closed.
Or your sneer, spank,
suffering, resentment, rejection.
I will smile and spin it all into whipping cream and ask for
seconds,
gladly,
and laugh and remind you it's only play,
and kiss, kiss, kiss,
hot like that
or chastity belt, you decide-
but this subtle way your snakes sort the leaves
of your heart, closing ventricles
right when they ought flow most,
only to leave you gasping,
looking for a fishhook, none to be found
and wondering why my hand stops holding
when you let it go.

So, I can do that brick road and pave it yellow,
if you have enough heart for the tin.

