

# Neapolitan

*by* Jennifer Donnell

He expects me to love him  
like kids take to ice cream  
and lick the drips, what nerve.

He finds it easy when I ask what  
he needs  
as he needs what I've got.

Even if it's with white knuckles turning blue,  
as I can keep that act up for..

...ever

I wonder how many crumbs  
he can drop until I make a cookie,  
whole, relax a little  
and throw out the self help books

that tell me not to label or define myself  
based on men yet encourage that I can  
trade in one asshole  
to get some new asshole,  
if I pretend that I taste like cake,  
smell like flowers and

am smart but not intimidating,  
brilliant but not so brilliant  
they will have to read Freud  
to get to the root of any  
inadequacies.

