

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.

