

6 Thoughts on Love

by Joe Sullivan

“Careful of the shells,” you
said. I wanted to taste
your white, and make
a table of your midriff.

Georgia's just a
place with
so little, but
an island nevertheless.

Sky's a thing we
seem to be, when the
light focuses on our
skulls.

“Devastatin’,” she said,
“Jes, devastatin’.” She couldn't
help but repeating. A Russia
had fallen.

Your keel was broken
like a simple thought
in the jackhammered
pavement.

I channeled
your mother
and beat you
senseless, too.

