

# 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.

