

Oh, Clyde. I must be your Bonnie.

by Katie Moore

Give it to me premeditated, years of
planning the perfect job and pulling
it off, hitchless. We're career criminals,
and this is our occupation—pilfered
in tricky timed heists of hardcore
skin on skin, brawly, banned, fucking.
We're the bootleggers of the extramarital
affair, operating on the periphery, under
noses. We're cat burglars, slinky, silent,
unseen.

This is the best kind of crime scene.
Spattered like gore from gunshots,
I'm left covered in trace evidence.
Your DNA darkens, bleeds into my
skirt, cools rapidly on an afterglow
ass, drips like icicles down thighs. I
can't stand to wash your mess away
in a drain tornado, or rag wipe
and wad you up like trashcan target
practice. I conceal the evidence
like a dirty cop. I'm on the take.

We leave little for the investigators,
stifling the evidence between
our bodies. You wash hands and face
clean of the smell of me, and walk away
with a smile and a secret. I carry you
around awhile, returning to the scene

to bask in my badness. I'm proud
of this body, the crime scene me,
the stink of our stolen moments, the
filthy gospel of our offing.

