

# 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.

