

4Beers

by Lore Prior

I would ask for your name
if your tongue wasn't in my mouth.
One of your big toes has been nesting in my O-ring for 10 minutes
now.
Jeep Wranglers were not built for making out.
I vaguely recall discussing blow with you while we were still on
the porch.
As you perform cunnilingus on the gums where my wisdom teeth
used to be,
I'm playing Mario Kart on the back of my eyelids.
Has anyone mentioned you grunt like a weasel when you're
touching tit?
I'm certainly not going to.
I see you're expecting head.
Oh no, I can't, I'm way too tired.
The prospect then denial of a blowjob has made your face
crumble
like a boy who's just been smacked.

