

Fuck Me Please

by Lore Prior

I dream of you, Tara, ex-goth princess gone art school,
updating your thick black eyeliner with sparkles and baby blue
shadow.

Your maddening oh-so-skinny jeans make me so hungry
I need to peel them off your narrow hips like potato skin.
Stare at me, Tara, through your sheet of blonde blonde hair
with roots so dark you're lying if you say you've never dyed it.
While you read your angsty poetry I don't care that it's terrible,
'cause while you recite I'm picturing you grinding up against me,
breathy sex catching a piece of gold hair in the corner of your
mouth.

I dream of you, Ashton,
bourgeoise anorexic virgin, your eyes like a Greek tragedy.
I want to kiss your jutting bones and convince you you're beautiful
through orgasm,
three fingers deep while Kid A choreographs your squirming with
swells overhead.

"You're safe with me," I whisper, and I'm swallowed by you.
You're my intellectual cocaine queen,
and as you sit in your gypsy room spouting politics
I can't help but think I'd sound more informed
if I was tracing 'round your nipple with the tip of my tongue.

I dream of you too, Jessalyn,
pristine daughter of the love generation,
as I stare at the wall tripping on mushrooms.
You dance in front of me, noodle-slim body wriggling fantastic
to the groove of psychedelic rock.
I wish I could taste the peach in your cheeks,
grab at your miniature ass for no reason other than it's mine.

You curve in all the right places, and I want to clutch all those
places
to find your soul inside your G spot.

I beg you, fuck me please.

