

# i can't have

*by* Lore Prior

Hey there little hippie girl, smilin' to the ears and dripping with scarves,  
I cherish our friendship.  
However, every time you take off your shoes to dance at a rock show, hair swingin' like silk vines in the paradise that is your shaking ass...  
I wanna fuck you.  
Our boyfriends don't get along as well as we do.  
Yours went crazy, I heard, straight from acid binge to psychotic episode to rehab,  
and now you're both of the sobriety variety.

You're cute there, writhin' on the couch, paragon of both foolish and foxy,  
scrunching your face and squealing 'bout unicorns and fairies-  
I watch your nose freckles bunch up and make friends with one another.  
But I'm also aware of your tits.  
Sidelong investigative glances indicate they're shy but trusting-luscious and captivating royalty of tits,  
draped over with wooden beads and braids and flowy fabrics glinting goldish.  
Your tits are the Mona Lisa if the Mona Lisa could hold a candle to your tits.

Last Friday you led me upstairs far away from the crowd and let me kiss you,  
but just as friends.  
Our lips brushed just a second, but in my head my hands were on fire,  
running up your vegan-thin back and under your bra clasp-  
they'd meet between your shoulder blades, closer to you than any clothing,

and in that momentary heat you'd be mine.  
But down the hallway hidden from sight you gave me a peck, quick  
and nervous,  
and dashed off down the stairs to watch your boy play lead guitar.

