

# i've worn it like a trophy all day

*by* M. F. Sullivan

if i could i would leave  
my beating heart like flowers  
pumping blood upon your doorstep  
in gory testament  
to the way you make me feel.

but the thrill of gifts awaiting discovery  
would fail to compare to that of a metal band  
discovered camouflaged against the carpet,  
cut with twin snakes made to twist  
around a lover's finger,

or the way it feels  
to let them grace one's thumb  
and summon memories  
of bodies tangled like the caduceus  
and saliva sucked through starving kisses:

a succubus breathing  
the soul a of a victim,  
or a drowning woman  
brought to life by breath  
to find the world more colorful.

