

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.

