

Sex in the Hothouse

by Paul McQuade

Turn the heat up, have a beer.
Let's talk this out.

The black hole of the heater
spews forth toxins.

It doesn't work
and it hasn't for a while.

We both know it's broken
but we give it last one try

as our zippers melt
and our lips dry.

The mercury splinters
while we play our game of

legless embraces and foetal blending,
nips of whisky passed from mouth to mouth.

There is so much hate in this world;
let us find love in the next.

The carbon turns to diamonds:
a filament fog, a diffuse reflection,

a gold dust of spectral fingerprints
and slimetrails of plasmic light

in the gulfs where our tongues touch.
We ascend by going down,

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breathing the monoxide as we come.
Heaven-high, choking on our own breath

and each
other's tongues.

