Licking Secrets Clean

by Tantra Bensko

The mannequin on the cross,
Roped and rouged,
Does not feel the same

As she thinks she does.
And our fantasies of her
Miraculously somehow wanting us
Do not fulfill, but tease,
Telling truths

To strangers in shackles
In old, cold rooms.
More perfect than we
Are, her hands,
Disengage and feel
Our secrets

And do not mind the cold.
The perfect body
Mocks our flaws
But her red lips smile
With understanding.
We have imagined

The comfort of a blind lover,
Who can't judge our looks, only feel us.

We have imagined the comfort
Of feeling our secret
Perfections in crowded rooms
Of our other judgments

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About ourselves, which avert
Their eyes from our pleasure taking.

The mannequin's blind eyes, open, green, serene,
Look away from the cross, her hand
Against our crotch, against
Our suffering, our agony of being
Alive and beating warm.