

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**

**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.**

