

# Conversation in a Dark Corner of Cafe Breton

*by* XXXX

I loved you with the heaviness of crushed knives  
and I always found myself on the precipice of  
broken bridges, looking at the still water and  
being so thirsty—so very thirsty: Now Kant  
he was a strange fellow, always talking about  
virtue and duty and morality and reason.  
He must've been so boring in bed, missionary  
and all that. "From behind, please?" and  
he would say, "Now, if that were universal law  
then our knees would never get rest. We'd wake  
all of Königsberg, all of Prussia!"  
When I kissed you I discovered your tongue  
was enveloped with small hooks. I swallowed my own  
blood, and vomited little shells. I would wake up  
having chewed my own blanket into bits.  
Does that mean anything to you?

