

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?

