

# MOEURS

## VISITING HOURS

I've had a glimpse of une seule femme. And while I lay upon her bed, she said, "You're way too young." And then, I wanted all of une seule femme.

## MOUTH CRAZY

All I want to do is kiss every inch of your face while it's dripping. All I want to do is kiss. I think we owe it to ourselves after all of this. All I want to do is hold every strand of your hair in my mouth. All I want to do is hold. I think you should be wrapped in newsprint 'til you're old. Here in the shadows, no one can see us. Drop down to our knees. Untie a few things. Roll around in Griffith Park. All I want to do is kiss. Mouth crazy.

## ARRANGEMENTS

I watch you sit on the grating. It blows out heat on both of our legs. I like the way you are arranged on me. You're upon me. I'm upon you and the arrangement's on me. Your arrangement's on me. Your arrangement, and the movement of your...I see mint green. Lip, thumb, lip, thumb, pinky. The movement of your hands.

## KYLEESA

A Brooks Brothers sweater on your bed. I am parallel with it. On your bed. You watch me pronounce your name in the film that you used to hate. "Kyla". It was Kyla. At 2 AM, we're leveraging soft white tights and your second name: "Lisa". It was Lisa. Kyleesa.

## PACES

You don't need me. At least that's what I think. I am ashamed. Accept it as I pace. I watch the night as it fades. Blessed is sleep for he who waits. Why did I think you'd placate? You're dry.

## I'M HAUNTED

I've got the hottest piece of ass in town, but I can do nothing 'cause I'm so stressed out. And even when I'm in my bed alone, business is lifeless and slow. I am on a one-way track to forgetting who I really am. 'Cause even with ten Tylenols inside, I cannot deny that I'm haunted. There goes the hottest piece of ass in town. I let her go because you float around. And even when I subjugate your ghost to my blackest whims, you don't ever give a moment's peace. So, I continue to punch both my knees. Though I refuse to become solely crazed, I accept my current state: haunted.

## ONE EARRING

The strain inside me won't soothe. You lose an earring or two. Before you leave, you tell me I need to breathe. Out here with flashlights, we search. If only we weren't so disturbed. As soon as you leave, I listen to you and breathe. I wrap your shirt around my face. Right where your breasts would likely be. As I'm inhaling, I want every night to be calm as we breathe.

## VICTIMS

In traipsing through the grass, I collapse upon the floor. Five words drip from your chin: "You are a victim no more." Forlorn no more. "End it and be a man." That night will last for days. Violation suits me well. It's the only thing that gets me to such a place. You don't mean to, but you throw me around. I don't mean to, but I'm screaming for help. And if that's true, we can't do it alone. We don't need to carry this much around. And if that's true, I renounce it as well. Kiss me.

## THE JOY IN LETTING GO

I find it hard to think when I spot your legs above your head. In the theater, too. My mind's a threat, let's liberate the bed. I'm letting go of things none need defend. My haunts are severing. A lovely death.

## WHERE WE CAME FROM

Remember when we were long distance, and you would disappear for days? It didn't feel good to me then. And now, it's just absurdity. I'm getting frightened. I finally feel a shift in my life. You're finally getting all of me. But since I'm swapping love for old fears, I've delicate immunity. This feels so familiar, but I know that

you're not her. You're not her.

The yellow fringe on your cotton shirt is soaking wet. All vestiges burn. From your toes to my tongue, from my tongue to your teeth, our thoughts are everywhere that they should be. Tilt my head back, let the past invade if it wants to.

## THE EDGE OF SEVENTEEN

Yours is a body that is bathed in light. I look in the light and say: Contempo always agrees with you. There's no need to feel ashamed. I like you in flannel. And out. Pontificate as the patterns fade, honor a teenage passing. Dusk on the coast and an older age which no longer means a thing.