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Shower in the Dark

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss3/12
Soft bristles misplaced
I hope you grab that Bic.
Rip your pretty gums,
Molars and front teeth.

It’s that black blood.
The kind you love and you hate,
The kind that comes
Unannounced.
Pouring out
With skin still white and green.

I take my time
Peeling off the skin
Where your hands have slept.
Limp and serene.

The bathroom drains are overflowing
The sewage is on the rise.
Like tide that loves the shore
Like waves that hate horizon lines.

And my bare feet start screamin’
For a clean hose and clean mind.
But baby you keep coming.
A bar of dirty soap
That keeps me from getting clean.

How I wish I were underwater.
In a stream of heat and steam.
With your fingers wrapped around me.
The sharpest blade
The reddest clean.