Subconscious Kisses

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GEORGE CASSIDY PAYNE

SUBCONSCIOUS KISSES

I
writing this now
in my 92, rusted tomato red, geo prism
grey shadows
bounce
like ensnared cockroaches
swarming inside a thousand human lips
bounce
on vinyl elephant hide, druid knots, greek alphabet
unthawed splinters in a crown of thorns,
wishes dropped from a puddle sky
& everyday is stormy monday
& Perry Cuomo’s on the radio
singing "magic moments"
kind of grey

II
sunlight glowing like silver fire
igniting the brass body of my pen
the dashboard grey as gorilla palms
wrigley wrappers, burdocks, helicopter seeds,
sativa stems and rugby beads
strands of hair white as albacore
& held by a nostalgic maple sap

III
last night I kissed you
I began to nibble on your left ear
I moved your sterling amber
hooped anniversary earring
around the surface of my sneaking tongue
wet with embarrassment
& cowering from the omniscient rule
of the brain.
yes, my whole body kissed yours
my fingertips pulled your breast
through mine.
like a warm eclipse
my thighs climbed over yours
I kissed you with dormant affection
Then rolled over

IV
writing this now
grey morning no longer sounds the same
it no longer has the same crisp potential
I think out loud
& my words are loud
In the softness of the car
I feel as if I am bashing them
against the walls
like mice, their vacant skulls
leave egg yolk stains
grey and purple chicken wing veins

V
grey like shaman’s peace
a forest mother after childbirth
clinging to her crying, steaming
charcoal baby
accepting God’s due degree
kind of grey

VI
my mother has taught
that every action has a reaction
a poem should too.
I say to you—
Grey—you have no spine
you killed my mother’s first love
you gave no explanation
you were not condemned to die
for eye for an eye
Is our own device
God says what I provide
Is proper
& will suffice

VII
In afternoon’s first terrified breath
grey becomes just a color
Unable to exist on its own