

arms bigger than

by *Candida Albicans Royale*

she was most ungentle-
manly in her manner her way
of treating me

can be narrowed down to a simple look
aimed at the decorative fleshy mounds
I draw to my heart like plumage
like wrapping paper
like pink fluffy frosting
on a cardboard cake

I ♥ my body

There is a certain look I let fly on the hand-
some face that is trained on those distant mammaries
I guess they're mine
while we chat about nothing
in particular.

It's those arms, though, arms bigger than
larger than
arms that reduce me to the size of a pebble and about as hard

I have known sharpness always and worked it to a fine edge, even
taken pride
in it but this dull numbness is foreign & I wonder
who has taken my libido for hostage and if
you find it, will you please ask about my heart?

thanx,
c.

p.s. Am I fat?

First Date

by *Candida Albicans Royale*

When I get home
alone, I'll cast my clothes off
fling shoes to the floor and sink
my fingers into that casserole dish
red sauce that bubbled
over the edge when I first took it
from the oven and burned my mouth on it; this dish that
waits for me to pull out
chunks that congealed in my absence and
suck them soft while I try to quit
shaking.

For some reason, it's all I can taste when
this stranger puts her tongue in
my mouth and I know
later it won't taste half as good