

It's a slipscuttle babe so I take it and
rinse the sunlight out of its hair until
the whole night spreads ragged before us.

Shaved starlight in the cereal bowl we
eat it on the bed of a truck at midnight,
and it tastes like barsoap and coconut.

I'm a slipshod lover, but I've practiced
stretching every moment like sinew
across the hoop of breast and pelvis.

Beneath my mattress are all my old love poems
that I keep meaning to return to the forest,
so no one thinks they're about them.

Eventually I'll hang a new moon to dreamcatch
every doublespeak and screamsilence and then we'll know
what they actually mean when they say it.

Love Confessions

A.M. Kennedy



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