
Lindsey K. Boldt

Vice

after Morgan Leary

Dangerous dick-sucker, tongue-licker
dangersome woods-basher, song-singer
Tell me a story about myself
I want to hear it through those twisted up mouths
your tie's on tight and I know
your beautiful curvature, your sharpness of shoulder
Rip me up, squish me, make me weak for you
If I knew best, t'were I privy too
I'd bomb the hell
I'd rend and glut
Such burdeansome shoulders-those
mine that slope and slowly roll
mine that shirk the rise and fall that you conduct
that's long suffering in those frames
that's the need-to-know-basis
that's I told you so
that's planning
that's must be rough, and who assigned it?
Shoot me 'til I'm only holes
break us down, bring us faster on
nearer still and plunge us forward
and you the bad guy, you the wolf in bloody sheep's mess
or you the sheep all messed over in wolf

Palm to Palm

such a fine way
of always kind of
storytelling off
and spilling the palm to palm
palm from palm
laugh it up though
all down the back
into the pants
face draped in gray
and sides split and folding
in half for you
I'm folding in half for you
and palm to palm is folding in half
like this

Color Sandwich 3

after Matthew Arnone

Put the blood
and the clavicle forms a darker
smeared shake me
smeared slide
the red on with the black
put the black in and the white
follow my eye past a mouth-fill
the distinguished reds all
the blacks all filling whites up
gapping roll out
gaping mouthfeel
filling mouth up
for spilling darkout