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Carnal Knowledge

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Carnal Knowledge

Pt. 1:

I know you,
Sheepish specter of sordid yesteryears.
You tantalize me
Awkwardly
With indignant lust.
Your taste lingers on my tongue
Like cheap espresso. I once ravished
You with the polite discretion of a
Connoisseur.
Premature bliss, analogous to heartache,
Forsaking notions of morality with
Existential primal inclinations.
You loved being on top;
Straddling me with childish elation
And fierce sexual dependency.
You clawed my body just to make my muscles burn in exasperation,
While leaving fiery reminders of your
Mislabelled affection to slowly seep down upon
Sweat-soaked sheets,
Just to leave memories under
Your fingernails, like you couldn't
Understand the streams of
Liquefied soul drenching my cheeks,
Or when I left myself inside of you
To pump out hate and frustration
And general psychological malaise.
Or was that hope in the disorienting guise of interdependency
Welling up inside of me only to splash
Out of you and into the nocturnal cesspool.

Pt. 2:

I knew you
Until I forgot that I cared,
Until I buried you deep into the farthest reaches of my unconscious,
Like
I used to bury my love for you
In you.
You dissipated peacefully like the final
Gusts of a tropical storm,
And abated with clumsy resignation
When approaching
the insurmountable molehill known as my ego.
The guru at the pinnacle waves farewell yet again,
Even as you try to resurrect yourself
Like a false Mary Magdalene
Lick my id like a tootsie pop
All you want,
Your salivary glands can't whet my whistle;
It merely provokes the knowing laughter
Of wounded prey
Mocking the overt snare the second time around.
Dreams and the linear conceptualization of time
Don't coincide with your moment and mine
My apologies,
But not really.

Matthew Harrison