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They are too full

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They are too full

I have spent time holding breath in front of cemeteries
A star bathing suited jump off the high dive
To an underwater breath competition for me
Who doesn't want to know where the cemeteries are living
Or what houses they like to buy from real estate

These pop star fanatics of earth, they are filled with junk
Toes swollen, bruised purple from spare parts distilled out of mosh pits
My love of feet
Sweet limp of the knees, grind, cracking out saw toothed rhythms I would dance to
Or dance with you, had you legs that never suffered answers to quiz show questions
And up this torso still glowing, lumped muscles with the last BTU's of propane
The brain
Spilled you out in times square, streaking, joy, penis bouncing
Now inside the coffin lining endowed with brushed velvet slow whining

These plate lickers, they want to hang on to me
Slide their bone fingers up the length of my rib cage to not know what they know
To smell for one last time the skin of me and its dewy ripple
To stay in the world again
To pretend the perfect bucktooth is not lost to them

| *Carrie O'Brien*