2017

In Response to Increasing Demand

Erin Piasecki
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I had a price gun
once
ran around
ascribing weakly
glued value
to all things
I encountered.

my heart weak in my throat
an unset ramekin of pudding
back of my tongue

kindness cost
five cents,
cool apathy
fifteen dollars.

lips taut
lest it leave on the carpet
watery stain to hide and say

true confidence
was tagged
more
for novelty
than worth.

it was only him
and too much fruit again, you know how he gets
never could learn a lesson,

that boy
like most things
it had more
functions
than two.

the third and last time, but it doesn’t matter
too much
everyone already knows what was once there
it was only

an unshakable
faith in god
garish,
willful letters:
FROZEN FRESH.

kiss the hands that cover their ears my heart
fear of impurity is a malady itself
keep it in lest it

the cunt
was marked up
whereas the
appendage was
depreciating.

sale sale sale
on a limp
exclamation point.

a limb of yours never could
but that doesn’t mean a kiss
can’t choke
my tongue
learn a lesson
ripe-peach breast, 
Best Before. 
The adhesive came up 
Defiantly.

it doesn’t matter

when there’s a mottled bruise you put it down and pick another
learn a lesson
you know how he gets

that brutal look
in their eyes:
$2.50 in red
final markdown,
all must go.

put it down and pick another
never could learn a lesson, that boy
that boy
learn a lesson
impurity is a malady

I stuck one
off to the side
in my elbow
for later:
warranty void.
Not overly eager
to employ it.