This angelic tenderness is too much.
Your office, too burgundy, too leather.
Your desk is too cherrywood.
You have gone overboard in decoration.
I am sick of your x-ray vision,
Your unnerving telepathy
And irresponsible precognition,
The way you try to medicate my ghosts away
Because they are such stiff competition.

Your hands and eyes are too soft.
Your mouth opens mine without warning.
You taste like butterscotch and Red Bull.
I rake my hand through your stylishly graying hair,
Your fingers, so deep inside me
Making circles, wide and wider
Preparing me for the thickness of you.
I straddle you,
One berry brown nipple in your mouth
And milk your one o’clock erection
With my Kegel muscles
Because the wingback chair
Creaks guiltily when we move.
As you climax, I stretch your mouth,
Forcing my whole breast inside
So your waiting patients cannot hear
The way you cry out when you come.

That’s what you say my dream meant,
The two of us playing chess in the storm
After missing the train,
Never getting wet
Because we don’t believe in rain.
GHOSTS OF 40 GARNETT

Behind the burgundy curtains
Of your lamb white office
You whisper what you would do
If worlds did not keep us apart.
You’d pull of my red fishnet stockings
With your teeth.
My hair would fall into your eyes.
We would blurt out things
We could never return
In the long lines of hasty Christmas purchases.
We would come so hard together
A twelve step program
Couldn’t get us
Off each other.

Light years away,
You penetrate my hologram
Barely missing
My ocean salts and peach pie smells,
My whispers like sea foam
Bending your rare black orchids.

You drift into
Her seamless perfection
Like sodium blue fog
Over ocean mint green
As the sun submerges
Deep into jellyfish pinks,
Shark belly greys.

She pretends to come
Against your haphazard jackrabbit thrusts,
She smiles like Miss Congeniality
Against your post-ejaculatory kiss.
How disappointing, I am reduced to this.
I cannot send you to the future unforgiven.
Just the way you said my name
Like a guillotine confession
Transformed me to absolute starlight
Trusting the shape of your hands,
Hands that have groped
Confetti, Mardi gras beads,
Fistfuls of dry winter leaves.
Thinking you could hold me
Me, faster than the speed of hearts.

You carry me with you now
Because once, you saw my face
And all these ruined worlds you find
Can never be thought of as unkind.