

Breakup

“they are... creatures of ignorant suffering”

–Sharon Olds

You feel most sorry for the tits,
and the hidden spongecake of the cock,
the parts that do not understand

this dissolution, the sudden lack
of touch each night, the lips, the hand
now gone, deleted, out-of-stock

like milk or waffles. Flesh gets stained
by fellowship; it cannot fake
the loss as well as heart or brain.
It reaches out despite our talk,

a stubborn child, too-well-trained;
it craves the meat-key's tongue that fits
the private tumblers of its lock.

The wrist recalls. The eye awaits.

KENT LEATHAM