

Transcribing

I know /how /
to kiss a boy /
Undo him /by the tip of my tongue /
Know/ exactly where to hold him /and have him /mention my name /
/Touch him /and make him forget
/ god/
The way/ I kiss is where depends my love story /
/ Have/ him/ say holy things/ say out the Holy grail/
/What does it profit a man to gain his soul /loose the whole world /
/ god/
You would never know
/ except /
You've transcribed your sorrow
The way I want to melt my lovers
/tongue out /
Burn out his sorrow
Is no wonder why women like me
/bear
Bitter /names like Mary
/ god/
The way I love leaves me a fragment of nothing I was before
/What kind /of person burns out for another
/Curse god /die /
/turn into a pillar of salt/try to look back on memories/
The way I kiss my lover
I /end up in ashes/

Dinner night

The table was a table for four
We were six seated around the table
It was our last supper for the year
Father shares the grace
A hand slides through my skirt.
Father sleeps with our neighbors husband
He is gay

Our fair skinned cousin sleeps with my eldest brother
She's smiling across him now

Our maid holds the last child
She takes care of him well
Always opening up his zip

whilst mother is away with the gardener....

The next day is Sunday
We all sit in the front row

Father is the catechist

He says:
"God forgives us of our sin"

A sigh sweeps the front row

It's from my mother's lip

I smile

A little bit relieved

I climax at nights before I fall asleep

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