

POEMS

Slippers and Observations

I wore slippers out today
instead of socks and shoes.

Perving on the reflection in the glass door as my dog and I
return from a walk

I can see why there was a time when ankles were considered
indecent.

Some things are just too bombastically sexy for general interest.

In the reflection of the glass door, and with the same reasoning,
I can also observe why bestiality is so taboo

in the handsome, roguish, and charming image of the dog who
here in this hot, youthful, summer moment struts beside me.

Untitled Anything And This

Sometimes it's hard to put into words how much it can mean to kiss someone on top of a few items of dirty laundry on the floor. Being alone together with your best friend, anything in the world to do that day, laundry, making food, writing, reading, playing a game, watching a show, literally whatever, and deciding to carve out time indefinite to lie down together and make out with your best friend, yes he is a dog, to make out with your best friend, goddamn he loves you, to make out with your best friend on the floor on the carpet on some pants and the underwear that you wore yesterday and have since showered and changed into a cleaner set of pants and underwear and also a clean shirt, to take hold of a moment to make out for an amount of time that says I don't care about the time, I care about you, I care about you more than time, to make out with your best friend and tell each other by the kissing and the intaking pauses in the kissing just how much you care about each other as the outside air seeps in through the open window and the closed curtains, into the room where you and your best friend who is a beautiful dog make out on top of some laundry on the carpet on the floor beside the bed that you both sleep on every night. These words are forthcoming and this is the way they are falling, I will not put them into verse because the slab of them deserves to be an unadulterated block. Sometimes it can be hard to put into words how much it can mean to make out with your friend on top of some laundry on a day, but the point at least in that moment is not any words or any lack thereof, the point is that my god, my dog, I love you.

Blackout Or Just Slipped My Mind

last night
I don't remember
if I nuttet at any point
but I definitely do
remember that
you used my hand
to get your doggie self
off quite
a number of times
and you seemed to
really enjoy
it, mounting my upper
body again and again to
grip my elbow in
your doggie claws and arms
and plant your sweet chin on
my shoulder and
use all that for
leverage and pleasure to
fuck my veterinarian lube coated hand
with your awesome doggie penis
again and again
coming back for more
and so for that
reason
alone I
know that it
was a good, good night.