

That Bit Me

*The sex is only good if we're totally fucked up.
It blurs how wrong we are for each other.*

—Alexis Rhone Fancher

It's all a blur
how we wound up
this morning two spoons,
hand in glove, glass
full half, full empty.
Who was smooth
porter, creamy
stout, and who sweet-
strong Barbados rum?

Come, don't pretend you
don't remember taking me
home saying God,
you look like you
could stand a little
something to eat (I did)

and drink (we did).
We tipped many
and found ourselves lips
on lips, unbuttoned and undone.
I don't remember you
regretting a thing. So don't

toss that look, Lenny,
as if I'm just any stranger
strolling this joint. You
aren't fooling anybody,
this body. Now lean in
and let me know where

and when we'll hook up
again, then fill me
a glass of something light
tonight: a pilsner
or lager—hair
of the dog that bit me.

