

Lotion

Tracy Stanbury

My toes stuck to the ground like gum
Gripping to make sure I won't fall through.
But it was safe to walk,
Just not around you, you, you, you.

I come alive when I hear that,
I crawl out of the cracks,
When I hear you squirm like a worm,
Soft, pink and sticky

Hoping the rain won't drown you,
And leave you dried out with ants
Covering you like a fine mink coat.
Driving like a screw, burrowing through splinters,

Is what it feels like talking with you.

Exquisite, like a dog's tooth,
Mistaking my palm for meat.
Stigmata.
It appears to be a spider bite,

But jagged teeth tread not
With steady feet,
Just like you.
Weird,
Odd,
Queer,
Ideas of fun.

My feet feel nailed together,
Soft, touching each other like they don't
Belong to the same body.
Greasy cream,

Mixed with Jesus,
I was violently anti-religious,
I squirmed like a worm,
Pinched, in Mother Bird's beak

On my way to confession,
You!
Water that is blessed!
My eyes strain to open

After barnacles fuse them shut.
Salty,
Red eyed,
Crying over spilt milk.