Alice's Evidence

She draws on your back with a ballpoint pen. You lean away but only your face. You let her draw on your back with a ballpoint pen.

There is a mirror and a woman and a set of fingers around a pen.

There is a system and an audience. There is a dog barking outside.

Not from hunger or cold, but from loneliness. The geometry on your back is simple and elegant. The room is warm and warmly lit.

The couch is blue. There is a dog. The dog is barking.

from even the stars fall from the wall

i really miss how you sucked

my nipples. some

people say the

male nipple is useless. fuck

them and their

teleological bullshit. it was that sort of thinking

that led to clitoridectomies on "hysteric"

women with "erotic tendencies." if

the 18th century

male bourgeois really took themselves seriously

they'd never stop castrating themselves. at least they'd

still have

nipples. i'd like

to think somewhere

there's a picture of the little

christ child suckling away

at the tit of joseph. i'd like to think

it'd be easy to ask

someone to suck my nipples