
Thin Iranian Skin

Mike Meginnis

I.
The tragedy of sex –
Final proof.
No unity for neither.

Your hot, fluttering breath
the red sheen of your breasts
your cheeks your watery eyes.

And the dubious liquid
shape of your back.
Tell me nothing

We remain separate
but entangled, confined
to our nerves and their crackling wrappers.

II.
You must have been disappointed too.
You teased and nibbled at my edges
my borders. Trying to break them down.

You sucked hot blood to the surface of my neck
and chest. Seven times made seven marks.
If I could not be you I would be yours.

If you could not be me, you would
not be yourself. You said not to take
no for an answer.

So I grasped your chin firmly and
I grasped your haunch firmly and
you said not to take no for answer.

III.

You cooed for something you hated
but could you hear your voice? like I could?
Did the quavering timbre register

– I watched the blue veins ripple beneath the surface of your thin
Iranian skin

We were cold to one another

you spoke to my ribs
but never acknowledged the sickly-sweet smell and protestation
of my stomach.

anything anything anything at all.



Ribs

Rachel Buetens