

Underground Lipstick

poetry

Garrett Davis

Caught in the shag carpet
Navy blue baby
Wrapped in my denim
Wearing my mother's worn out heels
Walking like a baby horse

It's saintly, I look important
Under my closets' fluorescent lights
Heaving back and forth, left and right
Hot as the sun, hotter still
Heavy and honest, if only for an hour

Kiss me till the skin breaks
Hold me like Mary held Jesus as
Tight as the underwear I'm wearing
Teach me to burn away and be bright
Touch me until I'm the only thing in the world

Sunlit shadows
Were meant to sink or swallow
Apple trees like these
After all, it's a golden hour
And I've never been happier