

A LOVE POEM I

Lover,
When we take bubble baths...
Honestly, I try not to fart.
But sometimes,
I go off like Chinese fireworks.
I think this upsets you.
Cause soon after, it's WrestleMania.
Sweat primal in the bedroom,
we have passionate quarrels.
But you and I both know,
that shit is just foreplay.

We make love.
Like Lucille Ball
fucking Eddie Murphy.
Our sexual improv is legendary.
As I split your thighs
like some, over-enthusiastic
tae-bo instructor.
That's when your foot
knocks over the orange soda,
spilling all over
meh' three thousand dollar
laptop computer.
*Lord woman you bring out
the Trini in me ya know.*

Lover,
You remember de night
ya poured massage oil on me back?
And I swear to God,
I thought you peed on me.
So I freaked out,
you accused me of liking it.
Lover you is ah masterful mosaic
made of flesh and honesty.
Always willing to fuck me in confessionals
During Mass,
so we could tell God,

We Comin'.

