

Soft Knife

By Gregory JM Kasunich

All those pretty houses
 (the ones we'd want to live in, when we play the game)
behind the glint, the green manicure
 "I'd live there" you say-

Oh, That soft knife of comfort
Cleaving the unnoticed days
 a clean cut, unhurried - drawn out even,
The inquiline inhabitants,
 gently metastasizing on the hillside - do they know?

We smell it, a sweet, redolent rot-
 Is it the night-blooming jasmine?
That floods my sinuses?
 thick and free on the crepuscular sway

But -time to pay the pontage,
 The mosquitoes take their share (a tithing)
 of my pedestrian ichor
and I let them, I let them, I am the visitor here.

I give of my body
 and wait for the buzz (to enter)
I beg for the needle on the bowered pleasure.
 pleading for a sip of philter.

Maybe I'm just jealous
 of how easy it is to bleed

When the blade beckons brightly
 and the hedges are high
 and time leaks out, spilled upon the dry dust of the desert

Like a tear in an ancient brimming wineskin