

I've heard of boys as sweet  
and pretty as you, rolled wet  
in the California night grasses,  
playing freeze tag in skins,  
the floral reek heavy, like smoke in a barroom.  
I've seen them only on T.V.  
but you I know from the dream.  
I'm affixed to the ceiling and looking,  
like the twenty two surveillance cameras  
positioned throughout this restaurant,  
at your carelessness, especially with my clams.  
You're slow like they are.  
You see the sauce I've dropped on myself  
yet you do not clean me.  
I should talk to your manager.  
This is your job,  
to wick my cricket body  
and to be nice to me.  
Stop looking at the floor.  
I want you to wash me in your driftless hazel eyes.  
I want to see your sun-licked face open  
and eat whatever I want it to eat.  
I go to sleep each night in the throes  
and pin myself beneath the crow's wing blanket.  
I hear the people rustling around me,  
but I'm not allowed to do anything.  
I want to bite you  
and taste inside you so badly  
and have you scream your hot boy breath  
into this wash cloth.  
Come lie with me in that furnace.  
Live in my home. I'll buy you tight-fitting  
pants and mesh t-shirts.  
I'll pay your cell phone bills and keep you  
as drugged as you need to be.  
My daughter likes you already.  
You brought her those crayons.  
She wants to make you her forever daddy  
and send me away. She's tired  
of me and what I do.  
We liked the kid's quesadillas  
very much, by the way.  
I'm going to speak with your supervisor right now  
to have you fired. After today

your labor will belong to me.  
I will wear it for my bedclothes  
and share it with no one else.  
Here are my keys, pull my  
car around to the front, and place yourself in the trunk.  
I've left a blanket and pillow for you.  
You'll also find a wig,  
which you can wear if you decide to.  
In time, you can sit in front  
with me and the child. Do not grow  
too fond of the trunk. I have scented it with cinnamon and saffron  
only so that you are good-smelling when I carry you out  
over the dusty carpets and back hallways  
where, beneath the fluorescent lights bleating,  
I will wed you to myself and lay  
your smooth, hairless body over the cold basement concrete  
to anoint it with my own. I shall craft you  
a ring out of spittle and phosphorescence.  
Each night I shall lay you over the rugs  
and each night I shall rejuvenate your ring.  
'This is my dream of limitlessness:  
I withdraw the boundaries that keep you here,  
and you melt into a puddle of human  
milk. I lap at you, open-mouthed,  
and devour the dirt through which you diffuse.