

him

he invited me in one night
to the room i'd never seen
his drunk canvas stretched
for me to sip upon
uncovered
and containing more truth
than i'd been given before
in it's stark ass-hole reality
and i waited
for his touch
rough and sweet and full
like the imagery surrounding me
and it came
in an architectural form
as he methodically
re-built my thighs (my liver)
to fit him
how they should
until i forgot
to leave
his constructed world

jennylee peterson is cuter than a monkey.