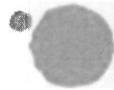


TAKE ME OVER THE COUNTER, AND
CALL ME IN THE MORNING

Needles bring a semblance of sleep
and the elegant gains of a nipple
puckered like a blackberry.

The distance from a puncture to injection
is the plunger's slow sex thrust,
millimeters' illicit space,
an entering invade.



Suturing the seams of these extremes,
we've stitched ecstasy, your hands
sure as a surgeon.

I've never felt a fingertip so rare.

If healing is a way to feel more whole
then I'm a gash, a skin-sulk of ache,
nothing the edifice of medicine fixes.

With potions, salves, bio-witchcraft,
pharmacists cackle because they know
some conditions can't be cured.

Is 'lovesick' in the DSM V?
Lisp symptom lists in my ear,
play doctor, diagnose the empty leper's tics.

You know why my eyelids flutter
in my dreams? I see syringes' injuries:
spike-split skin, spit poison into veins
delivering needles evil fetish-venom.

Syringes, an archetype for 'fill',
woman the sponge, the desiccate silica,
give me baby just a little more.

–Sarah Stahl