

AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

The air has turned, the animals are gone,
the fear pumped in your chest has drained away.
Yes, feel my skin against your clothes. For play,
I'll take this back drop. New ruins, the wrong
part of town is every part of town. Song
can float from any broken place. Just stay
beside me. Let's get physical. Cliché?
What, love? What breast. What moment to hop on.
We eat and I say warmth. Who bred this guilt
that slathers fingers all across our skin?
To pull our anchors up but leave the silt,
to ignore worry and grip ourselves within—
What, love? What duty. Let the spirit wilt
when voices sing of broken backs and sin.