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## Don't Think

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## Don't Think

You could call it love  
But everytime I see you  
I will certainly die  
If I don't reach  
Inside your body  
And pull you out  
To me  
Shovel my tongue  
Through your grinning teeth  
And slide it soft  
Round your ripened mouth  
Lick to taste the resistance  
Of your gums  
Your teeth  
Your tongue  
Licking until we are numb  
Until I am sure  
That there is not a promise  
Left to offer  
Me

*Mary Forsythe*