Jennifer

The Blood Brothers

Her heart throb heart throbs 340 beats a minute.
Those slit throat confessions licked by randy flames of persuasion,
the shaving of bone, the lingering taste of singed enamel.
The negatives, Jennifer.
Such uncompromising positions
I said, "You don't need a doctor honey, you need a mortician baby.
Because I don't want your money,
I don't want your favors.
This ain't no blackmail
this is for amusement.
Don't shady pasts make interesting broadcasts?
And human error is never an acceptable answer, Jennifer.

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