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Baby

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Author Bio

Kitty Murphy likes dogs. She also like snack packs and skittles (tropical). Her hero is Aamiri Baraka.

Baby

I'm so fucking tired.

Of men who say, I've never done this before,
as their pants fall to the floor,
and they reach for my breast, I'm already undressed,
so as things don't get ripped.

Of men who get hard,
when they think of the card,
I've been dealt, and their winning hand.
Their hands on my back, and my neck,
Their hands on my mouth before they bite my lower lip.
Before they push inside of me and I slip,
out of my body where there is no room,
and out of my mind consumed,
by their empty expectations and the strong perfume,
I wear to conceal,
the cigarettes and gin, how I feel,
when they call me their wife's name,
because I don't have one,
and it's no fun,
when it doesn't hurt a little.

I'm tired of men who act surprised,
when they see the cigarette burns on my sheets,
and the way I fail to care.
The way I French inhale.
Of the men who act surprised,
when they see see the cigarette burns on my legs,
and the way I fail to care,
of the men who put them there.
Haven't you heard?
Romance is dead.
And the blood stain on the bed,
came that way,
who am I to say,
that that isn't what I paid for.

I'm tired of men who stay too long,
and take to long, of men who wait too long,
of men who meet my gaze, and count the ways
you can teach me not to give a damn.

Of the things I have to say to make you come,
of the things I have to say to make you go,
before I start to show,

how much your hurting me,
and how little I can feel my feet,
beat, against the low ceiling,
always peeling, white paint,
like the faint, echo in my head,
of the things I never said,
to make you stop pushing,
and pulling my hair,
evading your stare as you question me,
silently,
and loudly, why I'm not blushing,
from your touching,
and the things you make me say.

Of the gifts you gave me,
to save me, or to silence me,
like I had a voice to scream, anyway,
anyway you want me,
cause the things I do don't haunt me,
and you can't scare a ghost. So here's a toast,
to iniquity. And getting sick of me,
to getting the spins,
and counting the sins,
I've committed against myself.
To crying and whining, the silver lining,
that silhouettes my face in shadows,
and smoke, the way you spoke,
when you called me sweetheart.
And my own heart, stopped beating,
for just a fleeting,
second when I realized I'd forgotten,
how to pray or what to say,
even if someone could hear me.
I'm not expecting salvation,
just emancipation,
from the twill around my ankles.

I'm starving.
How about a little affection,
or at least a good intention,
because I haven't seen that all day.
And I won't say,
anything about the way,
you call me baby,
just maybe, you didn't notice I was twenty four,
and the way I leave the door,
just a little bit cracked,
just in case I turn my back,
on you for five seconds, and you push me around,

no one would notice if I was gone,
and my body won't be found,
because no one's gonna look for a dead whore,
and then you shut the door,
because you know what I'm thinking,
and I know you've been drinking,
and I don't give a damn,
when the bottle breaks,
and you say my first mistake,
was wearing red lipstick.

SAMUEL MARTIN

Untrustworthy

running honey from a coffee can
too liberal in its doses
seeping through the slipstream
of this pipedream
this year jumped away from me
like feathers from a hose, like numbers from a salesman
not even Virgil catches these acorns

Holy man-
Imbue my winter with a shake-up
Simplify my eggshells
-They cracked too early

i'm a lightweight
dancing with the head of a road runner
the strength of a fly
charcoal receding my entrails
i can't reach far enough into the wind
fossils seem to strike my pose
cords enchain my slacking

What should I speak of this garble?
Should I pick a new place to transfer my dallies?
I'm a lazy cat with too many options
A drifter near a tidal wave
Stand forth biting wind
It's time I embrace your reality.