

The Only Dance We Know

*me you Dionysus breaching Europe's pecker precipice
ludicrous leopard-print loincloth & laughing.*

At home they serve grapes with cheeseboard & woody silence.
A wife's unsaid grain undulates, the rest funnelled
for fasting bucks by barefoot monks who have a mockery made
of their sincere squeezing.

*We can have all of it: her quiet his seething our sauna-slapping servitude
years on them. The deity occupies willing bodies, syphoning honey stuffing
thyrsus fennel where a Roman can't rewrite it. We are monogamous with mono /
culture in the Caravaggio boy. Bare as pierced bear rubbing back against small
posts.*

We don't pity the cult-less ironing in kitsch kitchens. They are content following
staid scripture. They are loosened by the ribbon on last-minute gift wrap. We crush

*our dignity into a locker containing fabricated shame & turn to meet
a mandatory peeking. Steam rooms pulse neon chiaroscuro, painting
Hellenistic hedonism for mannered voyeurs. Berlin liberated.*

years on them

we'll wring out the last of our collagen before

years illuminate us

we'll communicate desire come

we are coming to the end of His dance.