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Squeeze

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NATHALIE F. ANDERSON

Squeeze

I go to sleep, sleep comes to me, same difference.
 No other love I've had turns up so comfortable and easy.
 Other men won't stay the night, won't let my new toothbrush stay over.
 Sleep wants me any time. We've got each other's keys.

And he turns that key so soft, I won't know he's come
 until he's left me. I'll be sitting upright in my chair,
 reading serious and fast, or sunning lazy on the back porch,
 swinging, thinking on anyone but him, and then

I'll come sudden to myself, drooling from his kiss.
 He knocks me out, leaves me slack-jawed, my eyes
 quivering, rattling my eyelids from within. Falling,
 they call it. I fall for him day after day, night after night.

Yeah, yeah, sometimes I've had to fend him off,
 sometimes I've waited days on end for him to show.
 He's put his hand over my hand on the steering wheel, veering it.
 He touches me in public. My eyes glaze, filling with him.

Or he's taken me, brutal, in the greasy kitchen,
 or rough and dirty on the fireplace rug.
 He's cricked my neck. He's marked my face.
 Sirens scream. He's all over me. It's true

I'd stick with him through anything. He moves his finger
 like a sigh, pillows me, eases me, slows me.
 Want to double-date sometime? I hear he's got a brother.
 Older, darker. Yeah, also deep. Yeah, also trouble.

BRITTNEY C. BLASKOWITZ

Mistress Mango

He's been cheating on me
 with fruit.
 His latest flavor—
 a plump, Asian beauty
 with ravishing red skin.
 Imagine my surprise
 when I walked in
 just in time to see him
 peel away her rind,
 delicately suck the stray fibers
 radiating from her heavenly husk,
 just in time to witness the nectar
 drip down his freckled chin
 as his fingers stumbled
 to grab hold
 before she slipped onto the floor.
 To even the plate,
 I'll make him watch
 as I slowly undress
 the thin Costa Rican
 in the yellow rain coat.