

## **Shall I Confess?**

Past prismic teeth your marsupial eyes haunt me,  
tell a sphere of rough black over my head.

Shall I confess? These brown petals deny it  
with ridiculous stems. Shall I confess?

We should be sewn to heavy sleeves for boys  
of place to wipe their noses on. If the light  
spare me I will spindle away on a narrow  
horse. The wonderful forest of your thighs.