

Crimson Baby

by emica *Friday, Apr 3 2015, 2:37am*

international / poetry / post

My baby
likes to dress like a woman
lips smeared with shiny shades of crimson
eyes lined with rims of black crayon,
dark as the night sky

his moves are smooth
avant garde undertones set the mood -
he's breaking hearts all over town
no talk of stasis or settling down
music is his only true love...
i'm just another woman passing
in the night

My baby
doesn't give me much,
an occasional preview of his crotch -
his attention for me waxes and wanes
i am getting bored of the games.
but there's something fixating about him
that leaves me hanging on a whim

the artist in me wants a piece,
the whole glutinous pie -
this appetite will never cease

though i must confess
I only want the man in the dress