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

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-567.html