In the Basement

I carved the shape from an available linoleum floor.
Shoved 32-stained-glass-squares to mount a mouth.
Trained the body to move like a couch,
slouched at the ends, bending at the center;
torn and stained, but emptier.

It began by unzipping her left forearm,
crusty elbow to middle fingertip.
Pigment dripped out;
I sloped, draping hair to grope the shore.

She let me unbutton the layers of muscle,
undone tissue curled to hang off crusty ligaments;
a meaty, lasagna dinner-dish.
She let me watch the throating of her skeletal digits:
stirring past mosaic teeth,
grooving beyond scuffed uvula,
clawing up an ivory sieve-fist of jeweled guts that sifted,
glittering the porous small of my back skin;
soundless digestion.

Ecru-venus blush, I couldn't say a name.

After she etched drips of space on the Mideast of my neck,
I crushed all her fingers between my lips
and tongued crescents under nails;
flecks of tarnished-silver tang and dead skin cells tornadoed.

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