

Love Match

ANN ROBINSON

Beast with cufflinks and condoms,
studmuffin with biceps a woman could climb,
I'm your funhouse mirror,
reflecting you larger than you are.
Broad eyes and slymouth,
your furtive fingers find my everywhere.

You marry me at a Vegas altar,
canned music and acrylic wedding dress.
I play omniscient narrator,
and you, my virtual reality,
master of actual pleasure,

I down you like shots of whiskey
with beer, but I'm thirsty as a camel—
You doll of love,
You might say I'm enamored,
but what I am is hammered.