Absolute

Sophie O'Brien
absolutely small are the politics of pure science; the quasi-ethical rules that poke and prick with feigned practicality.
give me the naked truth.
give me poetry in all of her nude beauty, words of sex and passion maybe soft love running down her paper skin like water, or sweat. steamy evaporation. crawling condensation. give me those words that batter the body, leaving angry bruises like hot plums that pound with a heart beat. the words and their truth intoxicate. i am drunk with vernacular. reeling with rhyme. poetry will take me to her secret place and after i let her undress me, unbuttoned coat, ripped cotton dress on the floor, my shoes muddy with politics, we will wash our wounds, licking away the blood drawn from the ends of our little fingers by the absolutely small swords of science. we will laugh at the little napoleon of reason.