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Love Song

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Ryan Benedetti

Love Song

I.

Lately I've been bursting inward—
the way a carbonated liquid does.

On Tuesdays
I don't say anything.

When I come home
you sleep alone in the bathtub.

"Serene bald woman, I need . . ."
but no, I will wake you up.

You break a bottle on the toilet,
hold me down and cut my hair.

I want to live inside your fingers.
I want to stand still for many hours.

II.

I have waxy ears,
a mole on my penis.

You throw rubber balls at passing cars.
We trade buckets.

Let us plan meals: cold stew in freezer bags.
Let us unfold the map of Idaho.

I wrap myself in white paper sacks

and scoot into the cupboard under the sink.

III.

Together we put our hands in the jar.
Together we eat handfuls of rock salt.

You shut the window.
I open my mouth.

While you sleep, I clutch my soft cube
of margarine. I peel off pieces of foil

and chew them. Two texts.
Two hands.

I have a leg
I drag behind me.