

## Rebecca Lu Kiernan

### THE PSYCHIATRIST

This angelic tenderness is too much.  
Your office, too burgundy, too leather.  
Your desk is too cherrywood.  
You have gone overboard in decoration.  
I am sick of your x-ray vision,  
Your unnerving telepathy  
And irresponsible precognition,  
The way you try to medicate my ghosts away  
Because they are such stiff competition.

Your hands and eyes are too soft.  
Your mouth opens mine without warning.  
You taste like butterscotch and Red Bull.  
I rake my hand through your stylishly graying hair,  
Your fingers, so deep inside me  
Making circles, wide and wider  
Preparing me for the thickness of you.  
I straddle you,  
One berry brown nipple in your mouth  
And milk your one o'clock erection  
With my Kegel muscles  
Because the wingback chair  
Creaks guiltily when we move.  
As you climax, I stretch your mouth,  
Forcing my whole breast inside  
So your waiting patients cannot hear  
The way you cry out when you come.

That's what you say my dream meant,  
The two of us playing chess in the storm  
After missing the train,  
Never getting wet  
Because we don't believe in rain.

GHOSTS OF 40 GARNETT

Behind the burgundy curtains  
Of your lamb white office  
You whisper what you would do  
If worlds did not keep us apart.  
You'd pull of my red fishnet stockings  
With your teeth.  
My hair would fall into your eyes.  
We would blurt out things  
We could never return  
In the long lines of hasty Christmas purchases.  
We would come so hard together  
A twelve step program  
Couldn't get us  
Off each other.

Light years away,  
You penetrate my hologram  
Barely missing  
My ocean salts and peach pie smells,  
My whispers like sea foam  
Bending your rare black orchids.

You drift into  
Her seamless perfection  
Like sodium blue fog  
Over ocean mint green  
As the sun submerges  
Deep into jellyfish pinks,  
Shark belly greys.

She pretends to come  
Against your haphazard jackrabbit thrusts,  
She smiles like Miss Congeniality  
Against your post-ejaculatory kiss.  
How disappointing, I am reduced to this.

I cannot send you to the future unforgiven.  
Just the way you said my name  
Like a guillotine confession  
Transformed me to absolute starlight  
Trusting the shape of your hands,  
Hands that have groped  
Confetti, Mardi gras beads,  
Fistfuls of dry winter leaves.  
Thinking you could hold me  
Me, faster than the speed of hearts.

You carry me with you now  
Because once, you saw my face  
And all these ruined worlds you find  
Can never be thought of as unkind.