



PRINTER'S DEVIL REVIEW

Kendra DeColo. *There Are No Safe Words.*
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to break him
 beyond words
leaked through
 the gag

his scars smolder
 under expensive
shirts for days
 soft parts

incandescent
 with the cursive
of my teeth
 boot heel
stitched to a grin

what he dreams of
 inside his cubicle
my taste glued

 to longing
funk and mess
 gasolined over lips

 what he needs to feel
whole
 smear heart
rubbed

along the carpet
the air fresh
with our work

stripped of language
as he buckles
calls out
comes slithering
into bright
new being