

PRINTER'S DEVIL REVIEW

Kendra DeColo. *There Are No Safe Words*. Volume 1, Number 1 (Spring 2011)

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Kendra DeColo

There Are No Safe Words

It takes patience to watch a man die how he folds over and becomes something else what he has paid good money to receive the business end of a flashlight

the way he must beg for relief unhooking each syllable of my name from his mouth

rolled up newspaper-



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

