

Front Seat Wanting

Your fevered incandescence, bribing my conversation.

The inflection of your voice
a marker of the babes who came
like moths to a sticky cup.

But you
repelling me
dead like flies poisoned by your musk
Your inner thigh burns warm and wet
with the rush of possibility.

Stiff and quiet
you fall asleep.

 Your van
the sun

 that song.

Driving my hopeful thoughts to a stretch of uncertainty
on the route to no reward.

Our bodies stuffed with self-assurance
that it would ever be as good as then.