

Colleen Colkitt

Casual Causality

After a line by M.J. Iuppa

My “dead heat” has no euphemisms or manners or apologies.
Base, primal.
Urges need to be met: making love is not this.

Her “dead heat”
my worst night,
Dark hour drenched in mistakes and surface expressions,
contorting and writhing.
Dead heat is pale bodies left sticky from stale passion,
Displaced calories coating sinful skins.
It is the gunk around your bathroom sink’s drain,
It’s the salt that rides higher and higher on your new winter boots.

Her “dead heat” is different from my sultry afternoon in late July.
Lungs will expand and expand to burst but then
they will keep sucking in
dilate
with every sense and sensation lit and alive and hyper-aware
and you feel the rugged ski slope spine
with too many ramps for your fumbling fingers to count
but still air is siphoning in
and in this time

this fleetingfranticfrenzy time
you see the watermarked ceiling
with its spider web cracks running down the wall
just close enough to touch the headboard but
you keep inhaling
conspiring in the friction
and then finally

Exhale

Release.

She says it is the “season of stupor”
But I say it’s the season of misplaced morality.

Colleen Colkitt is a freelance writer of fiction and poetry. She lives in Buffalo, New York with her family. She will graduate from SUNY Brockport with degrees in Creative Writing and Communications. Her work has recently been published in *Bare Hands Poetry*.