

Sean J Mahoney – Two Poems

Tap

i've met you here to find out.
i need to see if what
you told me is indeed
true beyond a shadow.
clear and indubitable.
confirm the words i am in fear
of and what it will mean
for you and i and our us
going forward - what if
i never see
you after this?
after what you extruded
from me. what we -
soft and hard -
produced together.
who can i turn to?

i will be better off
you might say.
there will be others
you say
as you fold me
before you on the table
and jar the space
between my discs
to allow you entry
with your spine needle.

'it burns a bit doesn't it'
you tender a whisper
that is ardent and
you force from me
my meticulously made
tasteless fluid.
i do not hear you
as i am sinking again
in waves and flower
petals. you catch me.
i do not see your hair
after i am overcome
and a-twitch
with nerve excitement.

you professionally
keep me from spilling
off of the table.
you compromise me
with not promises
but concern for my well
spring of enthusiasm
considering this
procedure we engage
each other in.
and the joy
of the act is for you.
you disappear.
you will not call me
tonight or tomorrow
to ask how i feel.
you merely call 'next'.

after a week
of finding myself alone
again
you email me
with numbered results:
your elevated T-count,
inflamed plaque,
vertical skyway
with O-bands drifting
and bumping,
slow grinding into each
space
as a smear
on your flushed skin.

you can grin now
and i know you do
not see me as i see you.
and we shall now part
doctor.

nevermore
inured together nor
bent under procedure.

Like the open wine bottle left out all night

Like the open wine bottle left out all night
luring a mosquito to its juicy demise,
we the enticed lovers dribble
into each other and
we will not resist the flavor
of having our wings glazed back.

We sip from a slender glass. We drip
from the corners of our mouths. We coax
lightning. Here we are naked, alone
together at the cabin. We distance
the shatter - though we are not stripped
of place - and dare to fall. We taste good.

Skating thin ices that may fracture,
tamping cherries out in our palms
(this scar a lover's promissory note),
we clutch each other and roll
into bloodlines. And the bread
of the mosquito bloated with wine
is our promise to disappear
into each other.

Sean J Mahoney lives with his wife, her parents, an Ugly doll, and three dogs in Santa Ana, California. He works in geophysics after studying literature and poetry in school. He believes that punk rock somehow miraculously survives, that Judas was a way better singer than Jesus, and that diatomaceous earth is a not well known enough gardening miracle. His stuff appears here, and even there, both in print and online. He dabbles. Frequently.