

long exposure

christopher is a hickey from a stranger on the metro. he's a fig split open on the side of the street, iodine water on the hottest day of the year. when he takes off his wet jacket and his shirt slips up too, the lightning tells me "look at this" but the thunder just says "run."

i want to make him cry. i want to wave him off like businessmen in suits do women begging on the streets. i want him to fall like the Porfiriato, call me a revolution, press the sidewalk against his unskinned knees.

