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# Don't Know What to Call Him but He's Mighty Lak a Rose

Rebecca Wolff

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Don't know what to call him but he's mighty  
lak a rose · *Rebecca Wolff*

It is a red wax candle  
between us on the table. Lurid,  
in decay. Do you want to make something  
of it? It is melting,  
slipping out pools of its own soft  
heart: blood running under a door.  
Somebody smells like honeysuckle he says.  
We have just enough wine tonight.  
There are several liquids at this table;  
his dewy eyes, clear white, bright blue.

It is round and sacrilegious,  
squat, advantageous. And my friend is orgasmic,  
always a distinction to be made. I never saw the like  
before tonight, when I looked down from our chatter  
and he stopped before I came. Don't give up on glamour,  
it is apportioned: I am rolling a rose (in bloom) lipstick-true  
out of the run-off. I hand it over to you  
you are flirting your face off.  
It is all so base, no matter how we  
elevate it to the level of this object;  
this subject. If you are not your body and you are not your mind . . .  
your beard knits your head and chest together. Others subject  
themselves at the outset, prostrated, and that is a prerequisite.  
Just don't hurt me.