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# [My Lover My Phlebotomist. His Elastic Fingers Encircle My Arm]

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D.A. POWELL

[*my lover my phlebotomist. his elastic fingers encircle my arm*]

54 my lover my phlebotomist. his elastic fingers encircle my arm  
psychopompos: he guides me away from my worldly woes. his prick  
cutaneous→subcutaneous→intravenous. an underground passageway

I rise to meet him: engorged. I wear a negligee and surgical mask  
he's fat with smalltalk: "this fog" he says. and "keeping busy?" I am  
I say "sometimes seems like all you want is blood." he's sheepish today

maybe he wants to hold me to his brutal chest. wrap me in gauze  
press his coffee breath into my mouth. our tongues: snakes: caduceus  
then quickly the affair is over. out on the street: my feet are swinging

my bloody valentine. *sweet comic valentine.*

*stay*

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