

DETROIT EROTICS

OPEN RELATIONSHIPS ARE MURDERERS

Act like playing with one by Karla suck
going to kick your motherfucking ass I love you
going to shiatsu my fist through your face
An overhand right split your eyesocket crushing
your cheekbones like Emmet Till I love you
impact tearing away skin and bone exposing
your head to new ideas and the insides will
Have an open relationship before you're pronounced dead
By Karla suck terrorist hollow
point 9mm bullet at blank
range foot across your neck teeth
crushed against a rock execution style
serrated bayonet up your ass
I love you cold steel
against the back of your head bang
I love you hole
In big hole out convex
Pieces of skull opposite fly apart together
with intellect free thinking memories and bloody medulla
fragments to be eaten by rats roaches
and stray rabid killer dogs In an instant
your mind has open relationships it's opened
I love you I'm the Karla
dentist of love and I'm gonna
stick my high speed sex drill in your mouth
and grind out your cavities with a chunk
of rubber holding them open
Your last nerve will have an open relationship
with my stainless steel stab prick
prod hook sharp try not to move your head
point rod while I suck out
all your saliva with my tube Karla coroner
stripping away your dead skin lying
on the cold steel table of artificial
spiritual growth ripping out your non functional
heart plopping it in the airtight jar
of consenting adulthood
for porcelain posterity
then we fuck ...

Roberto Warren

DETROIT EROTICS

DESCRIPTION

I'm a man walking down the street whose means of verification are simple. To look at in passing they're like little more than scratches or diggings into wilderness from the rear, the after-image of intercourse. You remember some various persons in the street, though not common the possibility exists of multiple relationships between any two of them. To sleight the intercourse into units one takes off her moral panties in the text called "his room." Her pink heart has passed in blue shorts, the average look-alike known to all by strolling. Ideas in which bitter memories expose their seamlessness to each, that beyond definition fall down to sleep in phlegm.

George Tysh

DETROIT EROTICS

WHAT ARE WE TALKING ABOUT

seriously? Whether I puke
on your shoes or your mama's
depends less on feasibility
that of weather forecast than imagination
IMAGINE a torrential rain pelting the top
dollar tennis courts of La Jolla
with frozen spinach
"the stakes are never that high"
someday this will all be a digital
recording vastly insensitive
to four-letter words stenciled
on dinner plates matters of personal
defense rendered vain by the concealed
touch of a nuclear warhead
What time is it? Que hora hermanos?
red handkerchiefs bobbing up & down
in the copper heat the way a child's
cornrow stands up isn't just counterpoint
to a nation at night and small
fires I could just come close
to the fence too close or rusted without
expense of the larger set
your teeth successful like a shopping
day it took restraint's hot collar
to make me watch in silence what is good
for you and fig to me
by way of flowers I'll cut glass and yell
manure mostly fog and asshole
as I get into a black poison-control overcoat
to snicker around my vast wealth
of unnatural acts

Chris Tysh

DETROIT EROTICS

young girls work like so many pistons in and out
day in and out to move big wheel to new heights/night comes
some kind of monochrome vapor staining their legs
from a bottle on the far side of town.
at fifteen, supply on demand has made her gross
national product. we all penetrate her
hard surface glare gained by turning a trick too many
at half price. we call her
pigeon strutting her wares, wild urban dove without the frills,
but she discounts us. we are easy-
life bitches

Teresa M. Tan

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