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New Skin

Amanda Lucas

the fast drug
 the epithet the blue
 spinning of a sunless after-
 noon the blonde the backlit talking
 crazy/dirty the poor the (hardbitten) and
 up the smack storm of weather the daily bruise
 the cut the tender machines playing the plastic of
 our skin the body anomalous our new (and post)
 modernity the nebulous discursive clamor of the rich
 the fast tracking and hungry for love of the break-in'
 and ache-in' & hard up cash the city the apartments
 the perspiration of sour love where we live with
 the smell of each/other yet never think beyond
 the direct-drive of voyeurism making us all
 flat chested breath/less sharing our line
 with every other prophet outlaw
 playing cards with our eyes
 another image another
 trick of light.