



::issue::04|03:.....

Overt Overture

Peter Lewis

(for J.)

reader alert: this poem is about fucking,
 every poem ever written is about fucking,
 art reflects life is feeding and fucking,
 we feed, find shelter, and fuck, it's fun,
 fee fi fo fuck

don't fuck just anyone,
 fuck someone you like,
 fuck someone who smells nice,
 who has a nice smile,
 who says the right things,
 who makes you laugh,
 who feels safe,
 who feels dangerous,
 who doesn't look like family,
 who has a nice mind,
 who has a nice body,
 who is on your side,
 who shows you the new,
 whose skin against yours is different,
 smoother, paler, darker, more freckled, coarser, more hairy,
 the animal beneath the skin moving, flexing,
 peel back the layers, there it is, raw and ready,
 to pounce, to fight, to feed, to fuck,
 to love, to what? to love, what the fuck?
 this poem is about fucking, not love.