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An Act of Recovery

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AN ACT OF RECOVERY

Back and forth in the black morning
Back and forth in the night
where I've spent a lifetime
as a commodity for sale
where most of the beds I sleep in
never accomodate two bodies.
They come too quickly
to imagine any magic
for imagination's magic
when I am not wife
just bobby sox and stilettos
when I am not girlfriend
just bitch on a chain.
I once had a real job
dancing on a stage
the closest thing to stardom discovery or film.
I opened bent and shook
until the hook came in a pipe.
Rub your face against this tissue
against my body
against my neck.
My skin is the scent of
old and new back seats
a motel's mildewed carpet
the hot air of bodies around summer garbage.
I'm the cool texture of men's hands and thighs
who touch without feeling
who cannot touch me.
For five or twenty dollars
I've burned a zillion stars out
by staring through rear windows.
I've counted each door handle
the screws in all the arm rests
the flies that burned to death
on smoke stained dreary light bulbs.
Every seed that entered my body
and trickled for escape
is a dark seed belonging to daddy or
uncle or cousin or brother
to be washed from sticky hands;
seeds never thrown down for harvest.
They are millions of buried gifts
I was forced to accept at six.
They always leave me
with promises, bruises or scars
or any combination feeling
of their trying to connect.
They always fail.
When they leave I look for the money
when the door slams I
throw up.