

Dolly Synonym

By Ray Succre

She pulled at her fried heartcake with a fork,
looked to the catsup, him, was a living shrug.

He was undefined above water and ice-melt,
and he hadn't answered.

"I mean, be like this, or just get over it?"
she repeated.

The tip of his finger was in the glass,
moving dumbly, a rudderless minute.

She had promiscued, recent, and he
forgave it up to error, but then she had
teased him briefly, so openly comfortable,
that it seemed as if she considered her
indiscretion common or tolerable,
and that his pardon was mostly ceremonial,
some lark, the filled-out form,
a dolly synonym.

"We're too in love," she stated, mouth
around eggs and Tabasco.

He de-coagulated then, his structure came apart,
causing him vanish but for a distortion on the air.
He passed through the wall, re-congealed
outside the restaurant, vaporous and
hurtling the air from his head and face
like a pig's scream.

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Turning the Milk

By Ray Succre

When you correct my memories,
brother, you eat from my stomach.
It divides my recollections
into falsehoods and flags,
spurs me to want to bash up your mouth.

When you tell me these things,
I become a wrecked asshole,
blown out with an anvil shoved inside,
and I drag, see. I just amble confused.
Little brother, I can only think to moan.

When you tell me these things,
you are rogue jet boats carving
through my oil on water,
fucking it all up.
Poisonous wriggles in my stash places.
Cacked mulch into my inkful orifice.

When you crash my memories,
my mood dribbles into diapers.
I spit and only the flies come out.

So, what I remember is wrong.
May the birds in your balls catch fire.
What I remember is freight
in a little liar head, sure, and I love,
and I thrive in a story that talks
its fantasies into committed histories.

These make up the fat of my matters,
and I am less warm without them.
I become tepid.

When you wake me and jostle me
from my past, brother, I just
scab in the tit like a cold dog's milk.

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Harpy Sweet Smoke

By Ray Succre

The silver boils. He removes his hot ring
and headlongs in a floody twat.
His thumbs work jolts up the darling,
and she feels him so strongly fertile,
his daughters will creep from her narrow,
already carrying his granddaughters.

He copulates her into the shape of Crete
and sails his armada to the interior.

But the first woman, his fiancé...
he simply forgets her birthday,
snaps her wrist like a mallard's neck,
and hangs her from his belt, to keep her.
As she drags at his feet to the room
of my skankfish sheets, pregnant,
her little wings rotate back
and her breasts spew a wicked oil.

"No one is perfect," I tell her,
before itching my tongue with his
plum-headed, sickening horn.

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Big Booth Cuddle

By Ray Succre

He rollicked in the 4X, gourmand man-balloon,
slobbin' the plates of meaty-mess drippings.
His yellin' tummy burped a note, twenty jamborees
of day-day hunger, then bantam stamps of dumpy feet,
in the restaurant, big booth cuddle,
squelching and drag-scooting buttocks around a table.

His fatty rotundus was full of gelbwurst tubes,
of legs all jiggle and tits all tickle;
Roland the beflumped, Roland the stubby bubbler,
roleypoley Roland with a fist of clustered nuts at night.

His fat-breads tripped sweat in a swamp-scented buzz,
clues to a passive active missive glisten life,
savory, heavenly, bunching bound of balls and handles.
His bass-mouth eyes and gouty bulges plungered, at times,
into gravy, a hoggish quagmire of flavor sliding down
to further plug up the grungy pipes of Roland,
the dugong man.

His sumpy, damp crack where the undies crimped in
were a drapery pulp of britches on a thigh-moat.
Roland in a deli, a flappy-arnpfit limper,
a strutless, plump chugger, squatty Roland
in struggled breaths as he waved from the torso,
neck-to-neck slide, and gave drip-whiffs
of leaky back-sweat on air.

He euphemistically described himself as a larger man.

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