

## **Two Lips** by Rachel Linda Escamilla

I've faced lilac tulips towards french windows and like ears of small children to a sparkling story theytheythey they bend they they perk. If we lay in my bed we can see tips tips sip sip sipping rain sun through rectangles through dingy screen through the smell of green compost from mashed Korean stink bugs. If you lay in my bed you can see tips of tulips sip sip sip in sun through geometric space of dust and sun resting on my bed facing west. I've placed lilac tulips in a wine glass preserve life, pop pop plurp plopped an aspirin in the bath and just watch! Watch them wither into small crusty bulbs with brown streaks.

You take your dirty White hand and smear my brown breasts, you lick my dark nipples and I send my eyes to watch these lips, lips, your lips to watch the two lips purse and separate. You place your fingers into my vagina and my face bends towards Pittsburgh looking for the city lights but only finding an empty empty street where they watch. Where they all watch.

**Good Men** by Rachel Linda Escamilla

You say You look naked and I say say my dear say say my dear I'm broken here away and apart from your face. When you stop in my apartment I offer you food you say I'm Okay I say stay stay when you walk up my stairs I say stay stay good man, stay and place your fingers here, touch my kidneys, they're soft and purple and touch here, my ribs, count them one two three

You lay in my bed and I turn around on top of you, my clitoris rubbing the bulge of your tan scrotum I rock myself to sleep, you let go and I turn to curl myself in your arms, to rest my thighs and keep the pulse of my working calves from bursting, bursting, you look in my bent brown body in the glass light cover and say you look like a small child. When you curled your fingers around the base of my neck and pushed my face into your your pelvis I didn't wince, I'm used to this.