

She Shipped Her Cock Priority

Joseph Gordon

winter
green fauceting
out of her
father's bottom lip,

drip, & spit,
he lined up
her porcelain roosters
and mice. night,

came apart
after the hammer's solid
coo.

sky was grilled,
medium rare,
salted
with stars.

when the box came
to his doorstep,

his body bubbled
too drunk

to have a say in pissing.

in the lines
of tile,

his urine
spilled, slow
and soft.

2.

she always hated the excess

gravity
of her dick,

a dangly lil' cuss,
like tree bark hard
shit caught in the fur
of a homely manx.

earlier that week, the knife's
porous smile
oooo'ed and *aahhhh'ed*
over the white plastic cutting

board, swallowing her

displaced meat,
like dandelions

petaling

the hairs
of someone's dried up
& tickled

ankles.