Too much tongue

Drips down my throat

Banana slug

On a childrens slide

On the stickiest summer sunday

Playing a drunk jock,

Death slobbers all over me

The slime of slurred speech

He's speaking about stifled screams

They’re now rolling on down through me

(not nearly as fast as i’m rolling my eyes)

I imagine them washing down the banana slug

Grimy children at the top of the slide

Bucket of water fountain water in hand

Knocking it over in one fell swoooooop

Death’s on his knees

Grips my waist

Ear on my stomach

waiting for the echo

Poor kid at the bottom of the slide

Hands cupped sloppily

Only for the scorching heat to eat the water before it could ever wash his (dirty) hands

But of course they sunk inside of me

Slowly, without a splash

Dissolved so effortlessly

In the pit

Of my stomach

You're

heads still on my belly and

Your hair is running with grease

And there's a sunburn on your scalp

Do you know your sunburnt there?

Or will you wait till the peel of it is caught in your comb

I bend and kiss you there

Faint smell of a slug stagnant in my spit