

Jennifer Wolfe

Love Poem

I want to move to New York with you
for the summer, I want to explore you,
to explore this fascination with your
lardy flesh; sit on a fire escape in
lower Manhattan sweating humidly
my cotton shift sticking to my thighs,
crawling up the crack of my ass. I want to
watch you walk through the door of our crowded
apartment still angry from a day of
blaring horns, other people's sweat and
vinyl seats and see the relief cascade
over your face that it is me here, not
a stranger who wants nothing from you but
transportation, me and I want every-
thing, even the things you've forgotten.