

Hermanos II

Here I am, naked.
Pimples and blackheads on
my back, hair springing
from nose, ears and
testicles, one smaller.
Arms spread to salted breath,
muscle heavy legs
carry my bike on trails
of dirt, pavement, prayer.
I stutter.
press down the phone ten
times, making sure...
check the car door to
see if I locked it, once,
three times.
I fall for women
needing only friends.
I'm tired of remembering my ex's
fingers cuddling my penis, her
breasts wetted down over
my tongue, my ear wrapped
in her mouth. Her blue lingerie,
red lingerie. Push-ups over her
after she pinned me in
a wrestling match.
I want to be jagged, reckless,
a woman's downfall,
a vampire not incognito.
I am guilty of being Catholic,
dysfunctioned at birth
when I slipped out
of mother's sorrowful Uterus.
Nude to either I
write today, ride today.
Or keep these parts of a
poem on the 4th of July.