

Porous Dolores

I'm afraid there's gravel in my back
From being bowled over
by pigeons—purple pigeons.
When pigeons attack...
not with beaks
but the slapping of wings.
The gravel attached to my back
has burrowed craters.
The gravel which left me,
left scars irreparable.

When showering, the craters
fill with soap, suds of soap.
Then I call you up at work
to come and rinse
the suds out, so that my skin
doesn't crack. After rinsing,
my craters cup the water,
so you use tissues
to sop the puddles up.

Task completed, I'm naked—
you want to have sex.
When having sex, my craters
make fantastic finger grips.
Afterwards we burrow in bed
and don't speak of pigeons.

Once you found my craters
were the perfect place
to keep loose change
if you cover the holes
with scotch tape.