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Doves with Boxing Gloves

BREANNE LEJEUNE

It's pretty dreams of dirty things—

bathtubs and history teachers,
lusty kisses through the steel bars of jail cells,
big beds and bruises and the bleeding swathes of
paintbrushes used in war.
Those violent sloppy kisses as he reels me in from my
frantic way of dancing and—
the grasping round waistlines of
eBay bought chiffon and some grandfathers' tweed cummerbund.
The aided dismantling of a tricky bow tie,
the perfect playlist,
and—
his inevitable loss of interest
the second my fluttering eyelashes alert him that it's morning.

The slamming of drawers and doors,
the effortless flow of tears over a face
too used to the routine
to wipe them.
And, the pathetic ritualistic scribbling of an escapist with violent
inspiration.
I'll call him Diego.
He'll curse cus' he gets it,
—and I'll never introduce him to my sister.

We'll live ever after,
the highs so high
each low is a blow to my sanity.
With moodswings like jelly beans,
grocery shopping with black eyes,
making snowmen like Guernica
in the yards of couples with young children.

—got me conjuring fairy tales of elephants and doves.