The Impulse Purchase

Kia Groom

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The Impulse Purchase
Kia Groom

Andrea Saunders Gereighty / Academy of American Poets Award Winner

I am G’s sexy PEZ dispense-her. Open wide, he says,

& show me all
that sweet. My knees are weak.

My knees are knees repeating sing-song jingle tones to floorboard cracks.

G holds my head. Sharp fingers push, he says you all look the same

With your necks pushed back.
My jaw-spring creaks. I stare

plastic as G tells me all
the holes he bodies:

fox holes, wormholes, grave holes, holes in pipes &
in flesh-lights & secret soft wet holes in all our bodies.

G fills so many holes that he forgets
to fill himself. He thinks in hole & not

hole. When my mouth is open I am not hole. You want this, G reminds me,

slicking my cartoon lips,
you want to be collectible,
cheap and precious. I count the times I’ve swallowed:

six months learning dislocation, six months apprenticing to death, & six white pills that rattle in my skull to keep me useful. My gullet is a two-way street. I pump up candy. G says open wide he says snap back the hole in your neck he says

I have something you can do with that two-dollar wince.