The Impulse Purchase

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I am G’s sexy PEZ dispenser. 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.