

**PROPOSITION: IN
WHICH THE HEROINE
WEARS THIGH HIGH
BOOTS FROM RICK'S
TOY BOX**

**BRANDI NICOLE
MARTIN**

Dear sir, I should warn you—
I'm the kind of filthy you can't ever scrub off.

I hear voices slither straight from the hearts
of all those whiskey dicks with calloused grips
who say I've got that itch, that sickness,
that backwoods, no good,
would fuck an evergreen if it was hung,

so I could never do better.

—

Can you blame me?

Imagine liquor. Damp leather.
Bondage for beginners.

Picture rope burn. Bruises blooming.
Vomit matted to the floor.

His movements, blotted as always,
while outside, tomcats yowl praises

Altogether now, with *feeling*.

—

But tonight, it's high time for black smudges,
cobwebbed red lace.

If you'll have me, I will hear voices for you.

I'll let them crawl under my skin to the pit of me
because isn't that what I'm supposed to do?

I will unbutton for you.

Strip down to nothing but bones and skin
stretched so tight over this poor whore heart
I swear you can see the ripples,
see the rhythm, see it beating.