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A Kiss is Just a Kiss, A Lick is Just a Lick

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A Kiss Is Just A Kiss, A Lick Is Just A Lick

I like how my silver watch hanges on my wrist
right below the knobby little bone.
I like that knobby little bone.
Before and after you like it.
You used to like it toon,
so much so, one day you turned it over,
instead of kissing my hand, and
licked the inside of my wrist.

A kiss wasn't good enough, you said, for such a fine wrist.
Like fine wine, you said, it must be tasted.

You were an old drunk for months
and I, thinking myself the cause of your intoxication
praised you silently for your self-restraint
and began to chide myself for mine.
Ah, ignorance divine, for a long, long time.

Silly young girl, why not grow up? I thought.
"Silly young girl, you worry too much," you said.
And thus your id and ego conspired to get me in your bed
(while it was with my superego I fought
damning this world Freud had wrought)
You stroked and kissed and licked my wrist
but had to confess—
always wanting more and more and getting less and less.

—*Helena Jasna Oroz*