

## **the tattoo artist**

the tattoo artist pounded on my door  
he was pissed off and weeping  
he wanted his woman back

he thought he could forget about her  
after stitching her onto my thigh  
he was desperate, pressing  
his voice through the door

he said she was never meant for me  
he could change her  
into anyone  
or anything else I desired!

he said he had sharp tools  
and brilliant colors – he could  
make me over completely:  
psychedelic webs  
across my face – a tongue  
for my genitals – an open mouth  
blossoming with ecstasies

but the woman had already begun  
to move onto my chest, slowly  
wrapping around my body

her hands gripped my back  
her mouth against my ear  
I could no longer hear  
what the tattoo artist was saying  
I could no longer hear  
the pounding on the door

from *blue crow*