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Crushed Red Pepper

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CRUSHED RED PEPPER

I liked her drunk with my panties on her head
looking out at me through the leg-holes,
through my legs, in fact, to the whole enchilada,
that first time, then after her panty-head gesture,
when she spoke to it and said
You're beautiful.

The way she looked at me, *here I come*,
more earnest than I wanted,
my bored kisses until she grabbed right there,
where they generally don't think to grab,
her tongue a sudden roller-rink to mine.

She stripped to nothing but her naughty haircut.
That softness of skin to skin like warm tortillas,
winter warm in a cheap comforter with a stranger.
I liked her better drunk, and before I knew her.