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Asshole

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Maria Nazos

Asshole

Dank star, body's outcast, no man's land,
 everyman's refuge, place for two fingers, place
 for Number Two, emergency exit, secret
 shadowed entrance, a club for just the elite to enter.
 Sad-sack in second place, scrunched pink ribbon,
 a way to gauge your partner's kinkiness. *This is how far
 I've had someone go in there*, said a now ex-love: he stuck
 two fingertips in my armpit. It was a tender
 and raw moment, the way even an asshole can be—
 that same man left me sitting in a restaurant
 on Christmas Eve because I asked him
 if, after six years, he intended to commit.
 A different time, though he closed a book
 of his childhood photos. Took me by the hands
 and said, *Thank you for being so gentle with my life—*
 so, I'll say it again: asshole. Once, while visiting
 home as a grown adult, I had explosive diarrhea.
 My father sat beside me all night as I ran from bathroom
 to couch. He stroked my damp head and tried,
 in his broken English, to talk about the Kardashians,
 all of them assholes—that moment wiped clean
 my memories of when, as a girl, he beat me
 like a dusty rug. Yes, it's an insult. But we all have one.
 We all are one. We've all loved one as much
 as we've been one, deserving of love. Claim that word.
 Say it so your lips form an O, tight as an anus.
 Dense as a vocative calling back the filthy body
 of the ones you love and hate. You delicate piece
 of dirty skin. Never forget where the sun still shines,
 even within the darkest parts of the body.