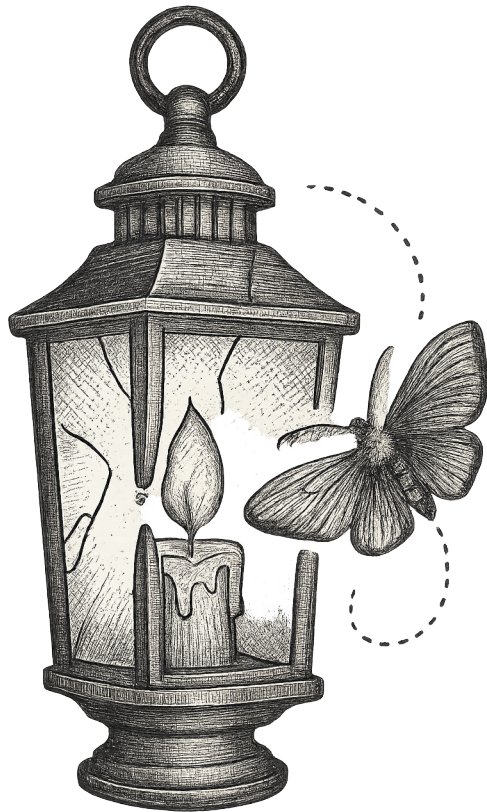




HYMN OF THE VELVET OFFERING

He asked me why
I hid the good poppers

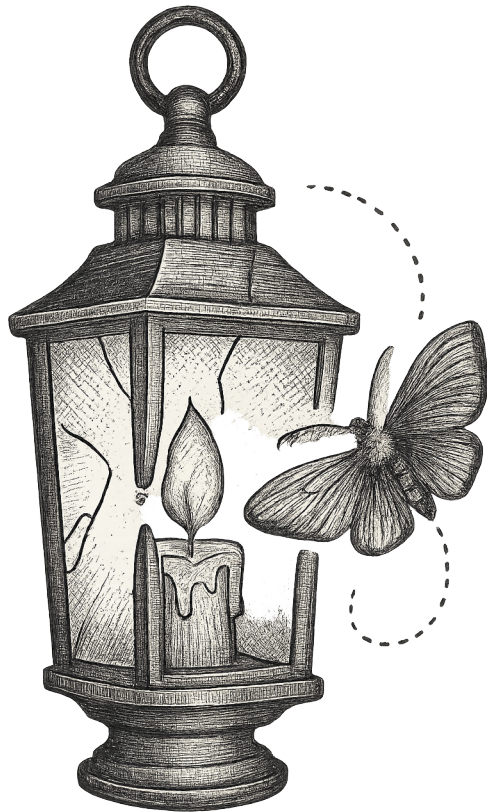
I proclaimed
It is because I love you so

My Dearest

Enough to Keep

You from getting

Too Horny.



THE MIRROR HYMN

Not beside me—

but behind me.

The kind of watching that makes a body ache,

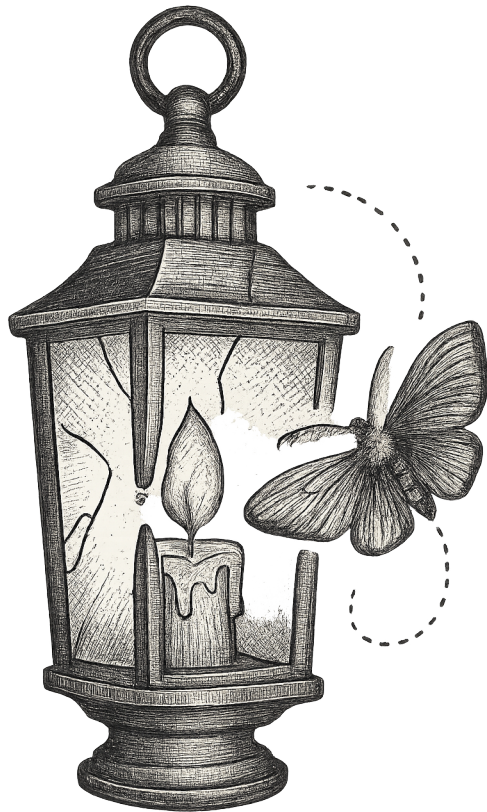
not from fear, but from invitation.

The mirror didn't lie. I did.

When I said I didn't want to be seen.

I bent. You waited.

It was sacred in a way the churches forgot to bless.



THE SECOND HYMN OF OFFERING

I brought you a cigarette, unlit.

You brought me a bruise, unspoken.

We exchanged them like relics.

I still carry your mark

not where anyone can see it,

but where I trace it nightly with my own fingers

just to remember I was ever wanted that hard.