

JENNIFER MILITELLO

Erotomania

Do not asphyxiate the bitch in me.
Do not turn and nude your teeth.
Do not minx the honeybee. Do not
develop or serenade the w(he)e.

You is to hydration as blood is to bleed.
You is to system as single is to me.
Do not slot your throat. Don't sugar
your greed. All the antibodies antidote, debris.

Do not irk or plead or please. Do not
frivolous the cylindrical in me. I am away.
As I am here. Do not glare the temporal,
the seize. Do not com-pair me with my

arteries. When the result is tissue injury. When
the result is climate change. I have a mileage
up in flames. The temperatured cells.
The spatial ear. You come closer to hearing

what I sign, you come closer to being
what I fear. I do not dare to gloam beneath
the dare. I am circulatory, I am here.
The scabies of the wrist. The saline

of the bite. Long bones ignite. In
the marrow cavities, our needs are met.
Sinuses dense the naked eye. Muscle fibers
thicken to fittings and cogs. Reflexes

are dogged. Sensory branches synapse
with light. Do not apply pressure too soon
or the membrane stitches, or the name glitches,
or the appendage hitches, or the none of us bloom.