

Q U A R T Z J A W S



V . L . P A R Z

QUARTZ JAWS

I can see the hunger in your eyes as you
sit watching the shower head caress me.

your eyes devour me.

any moment now, you'll walk over,

and let your fingers crawl along my body

as they taste every inch of me.

I can only imagine it must taste bittersweet,

the friction between us,

as you take a bite out of my collarbone.

I've only ever been hungry like this for you.

glass teeth and quartz jaws,

salt stings my tongue as I kiss my way down

your stomach.

you, growling and moaning,

sound just like my favorite song.

as quick as a blink,
a flash,
a merge into the left lane,
left merges right in literally thirty seconds, bro,
what are you doing?
one second of human error can cause flesh to rot
all because you couldn't take a goddamn second to
think.
but that's what we all are, right? Humans?
so I take a breath and try not to be angry,
because this could have all been much worse.
but biting my tongue causes anxiety to creep up.
my anxious and his mania are not friends.
instead they bounce off once another,
these energies create tensions
and the tension has us in separate rooms
and now we've spent the night and the morning alone.

rusted iron, dated nails

the overgrowth of foliage overcomes societal views

and this barren wasteland feels like home

for a moment.

decay and decrepit walls, blasted with color

are more welcoming than worn out acquaintances

so what's the point in going home?

just one night couldn't hurt

step by step, we disappear into the trees.

I'll find a nice log to lie on

and let the moss and lichen reclaim me.

sometimes this body

feels more abandoned than home,

so I'll close my eyes

and let the fungi decompose me

as nature takes back what belongs to her.

tiptoe the edge between
adoration and obsession.
hard words softly spoken
lead to bite marks and bruises,
and the monsters that reside in our skins
are satisfied by the aggression of it,
so we howl with the phases of the moon
as instinct takes over.

I once heard a poet say,

"it's not roulette if all the chambers are loaded."

thinking back on that,

I can't help but think

that's how it feels to argue with you.

harsh defenses and soft replies

are greeted all the same.

sometimes

it makes me wonder

if I should pull out the pistol

and play roulette.

