

Gilberto Santa Rosa

"Properties Of Friction"

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Oh, the motor in the back of your neck
Is begging and calling for sex
And the lizards are laying some monstrous eggs
In an entropic tropical mess.
While you're sleeping, I'm crawling,
I've crept to the edge of the bed
Where you've slept for a thousand nights alone
In a cavern you call home.
I'm here so let's do this.
Your hands on my legs,
You say the things I want to hear.
Let's please just keep touching.
I don't wanna think.
Please keep me from thinking.
I missed your name! Can I hear it again?
I missed your name! Can I hear it again?
While you were talking my eyes kept walking
Down the walkway of your neckline
So I didn't hear you begging. Can I hear it again?
So many dreams have left me tired, waking up and
shaking on my own.
I ignored a ticking clock to call you and made a weapon
of my phone.
Poor judgment and bankrupt morals!
A girl without a penny for her thoughts!
I guess I like you cheap.
I guess that conscience long since rot has sent me
spiraling
So lost into the planet of your skin.
There's a fear that we will end that just won't let me
begin.
And though I have no qualms with lust,
Your body is a howling, haunted petting zoo that I really
shouldn't touch.
And as I'm walking out the door for good,
I turn around to look at you and you're...
You're already undressed!
If I draw near, do you disappear?
If I stay away, will you call my name?

