

## **Gilberto Santa Rosa**

### **"Think Dirty Out Loud"**

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To the fish in the sea, put your mouths on my hook.  
If I'm soft, will you give me the medusa look?  
Well, your dress lit the floor on fire when it touched.  
So my little black book, how it shook, how it shook,  
How it shook shook shook shook SHOOK!  
I heard that sometimes you like to suffocate.  
Cry out to me oh won't you please.  
Speak to me oh GREAT DANE WHILE I RIDE THE MAIN  
VEIN.  
When I write about you honey, oh the ink just runs off  
the page.  
Wow, what subject matter but by no means be  
FLATTERED BY THERE'S BRUISES ON YOUR LEGS.  
What a clever trick! Drop in with a bowl of cherries  
telling me I have to pick,  
But how could you not see the locks on the door?  
There's no turning back.  
You'll get all that you wanted and more!  
So pick up the rope and wear it.  
If your friends want the noose, will you share it?  
Ooh, baby you just don't do me right!  
Maybe we can try one more time.  
Put your spine right on the dotted line.  
Ring around the right posy, woesy and whimsy wire  
line.  
That's just about the right time to make you mine, all  
mine.  
Time and energy all for nothing.  
I should've listened to my intuition.  
Now I'm stuck under the floorboards  
But they're splitting as you're stripping down to  
Vines and melody, they surround you.  
Sometimes I wonder if your trap really worked.  
Are you the remedy? Sensual medicine?  
If so, prep the patient for a long shot.  
Lay down where you please, on your back.  
La la la la.  
I am the dog drooling tar on the nape of your neck.  
I eat emotional wrecks and yours is the best.  
You know I tried. You know I tried.  
I've got a pocketful of dark black pickup lines

That I want to spill down the well of your throat like a  
pile  
Of ants in an alien line to see what they do.  
To see what they find. Will you just let them decline?  
I spiked both our drinks with a gallon of ink,  
Now I'm writing a novel from your insides.  
We're a spider with our limbs doing anything but  
walking.  
A conversation with our mouths doing anything but  
talking.  
Hey, take off the rope!  
You've worn it and after all, it was boring.  
I think I'm falling asleep.

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