

Ben Arthur

"Tattoo"

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When your heart
dropped with a wet thump out of your chest
To land at my feet, I thought it was best
Not to breathe a word

Abandon, greed, doom, and fear
Were all mixed up, muddled and seared
Like your kiss on my neck

Or like a tattoo
I wore my illness on my sleeve
but I beg you never, ever believe
I didn't enjoy every breath
I took with

You
Every morning I wake next to you
You (I thank God)
I do

Like Abraham
One day I awoke and realized
That along with the will, the hand and the knife
The throat was also mine

But if you cup
my ass in your hands, and we dance slow
To a fast song then at least we'll know
we won't get caught unaware

So if your sex
Like a Roman Candle in the night
Can guide me back to conscious delight
I'll spend another hour with y

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