

Poetry Series

Aimee Herman
- poems -

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Aimee Herman(02/23/1979)

Blossom

fourteen lilies
lick the condensation
of sweat and
lack of rest
existing
between her thighs

all cleaned up,
she is ready for
one more poem

Aimee Herman

Flasher

flasher with brown coat
constructed by words,
undoes strap of leather punctuations
revealing nude exclamations of
hairy misspellings
trimmed into perfect triangle of
introverted erection

Aimee Herman

My Breasts

sometimes I wonder if maybe
I don't even have any
that the tiny clusters of supple skin
are just my bones
blowing bubbles

Aimee Herman

your kiss is an undiagnosed sarcoma
growing beneath my belly button
carved-out tomb
where you may place your inquiries
above my knees,
two capped joints
smoked by carpet strands
when I am
placed into them

Aimee Herman