

Poetry Series

Jess Ellis
- poems -

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Jess Ellis()

Because He Won'T Kiss Me

one tiny prick
forces the pink & white jelly out of the skin tubing
-my sausage thighs-
it's ok
a wrinkly stubbled dough
folds over
hiding lights
with a belly button

see pieces here
round
and here
small
each leading onto another
sour milk feature all the way up
up to a strawberry-seeded face
syrup-drooping eyes
and lemony teeth

i must resemble a Hanah-Barbara fool
i must resemble melted silly putty

must.
right?

Jess Ellis

How To Accentuate A Stain

Judas lives here

-is it-

con us

between sheets & car seats & tile grout

He will not

wear taupe turtlenecks & stand in front of our taupe walls

& we were well

He watches us

when we sleep & when we slam

scented of Judas then us

Why did Cristo keep him so close? !

everyone must have screamed

I scream

I scream at tu and Judas

I scream at this house

Y you've lost my interest in interesting you and your

interest in my screaming and my presence

is damned

I can't yo can't

blame Judas third key

And I was going to marry you you my love

somos shredding shreds

We were every other uno joyous

thing

Jess Ellis

Skintimate And Mach Razors

I wait for blood
its truth
its obvious truth
sometimes I strain
but there's always blood
so I wait

Thank you Skintimate
and Mach razors
for slippery open wounds
that leave scars
to send diluted
streams of blood away

I wait for blood
as I wait for beauty and color
I pray for color
but not for blood
as I know it comes

Jess Ellis