

Pride of Collection

Keaghan Banaitis

I never understood
how people collect insects.
Slimy, scaly, rotund, raw.
I hated the crust of dirt under my nails,
the rough granules on my tongue,
between molars.

I used to
I shouldn't

I dream of many things.
Sheets that reek of sandalwood,
the jaggedness of my name sanded down.
Minuten pins lining the doughy course of your spine.
In my fantasy, the thinness of a too pink mouth
Softens and shapes two words symphonically

Sensual sharpness,
cool and sleek, oozing too familiar
too romantic a color.
Sweet perfume of roses.
Gummy, tacky lips.
Still throbbing organ—

removed from the shattered
cavity of your chest.

Spasm, just out of reach.
Still, prized *eurydema*.

I used to
I shouldn't

Essence of life
cools around my ankles,
soaking to sully
once white bone.

No amount of torture
garners what I'm owed.