

CUT

© Lisa Marie Farver

If you're the kind of person  
Who feels relief  
When you accidentally cut your thumb

You understand this

The way to twist the torturous image  
Of a kiss  
Into an orgasm

All scars have stories, you remind yourself  
As you trace your finger across your favorites.

It wasn't always this easy,  
To forge passion out of pain.  
To craft art from ache.  
To strip off artifice  
Until you're standing naked  
By yourself.

One hand holding a glass half-empty.  
The other holding a glass half-full.  
Both trembling.

Because there's something sexy  
About removing ego  
Bit by bit.

About  
Slipping out of armor  
With the skill  
And enthusiasm  
Of a burlesque dancer.

About  
Being a tree  
And felling yourself alone in a forest  
To make a house  
But not to make a sound.