

vibrator? hardly know her.

Ruthie Barakat

i like raspberries on my fingertips,
stained red and sweet
my lips tingle from off-brand seltzer

shoes shuffle across the floor,
wood laminate underneath worn-out reeboks
steps leading upstairs

fingertips looking for a drawer
to pull out
too soon to tell

it smells like purple and perfume
luminescent, flickering
like tongues and candlelight

on top of it all,
three is my lucky number,
writing my name on your teeth

a cat's cradle in the bedroom,
hot breath on a pillow
not everything fast is battery-powered