



Love Poem

BY DORA MALECH

If by *truth* you mean *hand* then yes
I hold to be self-evident and hold you in the highest—
KO to my OT and bait to my switch, I crown
you one-trick pony to my one-horse town,
dub you my one-stop shopping, my space heater,
juke joint, tourist trap, my peep show, my meter reader,
you best batteries-not-included baring all or
nothing. Let me begin by saying *if he hollers*,
end with *goes the weasel*. In between,
cream filling. *Get over it*, meaning, *the moon*.
Tell me you'll dismember this night forever,
you my punch-drunking bag, tar to my feather.
More than the sum of our private parts, we are some
peekaboo, some peak and valley, some
bright equation (if *and* then *but*, if *er* then *uh*).
My fruit bat, my gewgaw. You had me at *no duh*.

Source: *Poetry* (November 2010)

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