
July 2014

Maybe Next Time

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Recommended Citation

Boone, Cortney (2014) "Maybe Next Time," *The Laureate*: Vol. 10 , Article 5.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/laureate/vol10/iss1/5>

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Maybe Next Time

Cortney
Boone

Pinned,
where I want you to be.
Under my teeth,
the layers of skin compress.

I bite your eyelids shut.
Don't watch me,
grinning,
spitting out your flesh.

Love or desire still emits
from the sweat,
it's coming from your lips.
I've withdrawn my chemistry.

Still grasping his dripping hair,
I lead him over the ledge.