

LAURA VITCOVA

I WAS WARNED NOT TO FALL IN LOVE QUICKLY

I'm afraid I might drain
the delicate circle

that you've started
to draw around my belly

with all your plumbing tools
including a plunger, a raisin snail

for me to eat, you come into my house
put a snake down the toilet,

labor over the porcelain like it's a thigh.
I'm afraid I'm drawn like the chalk

outline of a body with a gash
taken from a scene.

I bite into the pastry,
let flakes fall

onto the cloth napkin like a sacrament.
You tell me it tastes better when toasted,

but I'm afraid not
everything is meant to be eaten.