

# **My Hands Are As Thick As Dreams**

Jesse Bradley

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## **The Kama Sutra of Hansel & Gretel**

Throwing you down stairwells  
makes for a great aphrodisiac.

Those aren't bruises;  
they are black splotches  
your orgasms leave  
so you can't abandon them  
in the woods.

I will pick you up, hold you  
until we make a great oven  
together. Let's see how  
our practice children taste.

## **The Kama Sutra of Connect the Dots**

I will gag the Zodiac on your arms,  
harpoon the whale drowning  
on your stomach; I will use the oil  
to create mood lighting, leave you  
in the morning crooked.

## **The Kama Sutra of Alzheimer's**

I will shake names, places  
out of you so we may have  
a captive audience.

I will scratch my mouth  
like a record, remind you  
we've done this before.

You will gnaw on this moment  
like a moth, ask why I wear  
lunar eclipses on my chest.

I will erase the mixtape  
in my arms, re-record them  
onto your hips.  
The Kama Sutra of Medusa

No mirrors, please. I can't  
bear watching you pretend  
that your penis is Perseus.

I wish you would open  
your eyes, stop knotting  
my hair into the woman  
you once called "yours".

In the morning, I will awake  
alone. You will brag  
to your friends how you  
mounted my head, how  
I spread for you like  
a rumor.

If you weren't as distant  
as stone, I would have  
immortalized you.

## **The Kama Sutra of Peter Venkman**

When I said I want to make you explode  
like the Stay-Puft Marshmallow Man,  
I wasn't calling you fat.

I want to coat office windows  
with your screams, tag sidewalks  
and shoulders with your cuticles.

Let me wear your teethmarks;  
it'll ward off the carcinoma  
of ex-girlfriends.

I will not love you like an exorcism,  
treat your thighs like a belt, say  
the wrong name.  
The Kama Sutra of Quitting

Do not bother unpacking  
your fun bags; my mouth  
is a gangrene grocer tired  
of tasting poor mammograms  
like cheap cantaloupe.

Dull your legs like butter knives  
so it doesn't hurt when you  
spread yourself once more.

My pandemic, one day you will  
find someone nice enough  
to quarantine again.

## **The Kama Sutra of The First Day of School**

I am long, like the day, thick  
as third period English;  
imagine all the paragraphs  
I could fill you with.

Wear me down with those  
pencil sharpener thighs  
so you may cough up  
my pulp for days.

You will quiver like a bell  
hammer, pant like morning  
announcements, chew  
my neck like free lunch.

## **The Kama Sutra of Mickey Mouse**

I will exhaust the wallet  
of your mouth, prick you  
like a spindle, abandon  
strollers.

Even though I am as hung  
as a beach ball, my hands  
are as thick as dreams.

**Acknowledgments**

The Kama Sutra of Hansel & Gretel - *Mudlucious* 10

The Kama Sutra of Connect the Dots - *decomp*, May 2010

The Kama Sutra of Alzheimer's - *La Petite Zine* Issue 23

The Kama Sutra of Peter Venkman - *Shady Side Review*

The Kama Sutra of Quitting - *Outsider Writers*

The Kama Sutra of the First Day of School - *The Emerson Review* 2010

The Kama Sutra of Mickey Mouse - *The Northville Review*, February 2010

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