

My Hands Are As Thick As Dreams

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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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