

THE DEVIL IS AN ASS

I love/hate the living, fluxing flesh, the ever-dying flesh.
Venus is a cannibal flytrap, skin is leviathan-filled brine.

It's why pornography is such a paradoxical intoxicant:
nakedness' implied violence, tooth as nail and tongue as cudgel.

But its vulnerability also is a whispered promise: "Trust me
and I'll trust you," openness opens for openness.

We are smut's marionettes at first sight, the saliva strings pull us in.
Sodom's real estate is priceless for a reason.

Genital dilation and hole-gapes, the rampant scrub of pubic hair,
the glutton grunts, the gasping gasps, the rule of dumb limbs.

There's an eelish beauty in the Rorschach of wringing bodies,
between Manichaeian mortification and Larry Flynt.

Every "she"/"he" is "it" in both porn and post-mortem.
We cease to be "me" and "you," become improper nouns.

Porn's bizarre exuberance flouts the triumph of grave worms,
the lifeful squish and smells effigize death's pus and gas.

(What strange bedfellows we befriend in our love-ins against the Reaper.)

I sense dissonance in pleasure's savagery, the glee of flesh in distress:
Shoah photos, 1994 Rwanda, Mogadishu 1993, Ed Gein, grunting Sasha Grey.