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## 5 Poems

by Erin Lynch

### Beginnings Are Usually Ridiculous

"How many women have you loved?"

"All of them"

"How many?"

"In a figurative sense? 43."

"You filthy bastard."

"3. And 43. And you, madam saint?"

"2. And 3."

"How quaint."

"Go to hell."

"We'll add numbers there, I'm sure."

"It's inescapable."

"Each other? It's inevitable."

"4. And 44."

"3. And 44."

"4. And 43, if anything."

"You raging alcoholic."

### Untitled, For Now

There is neither reason nor logic to love such as ours

And for this alone, do I believe things –nay life

Shall come to pass as it should

Should I were a perfect angel and he a perfect philosopher,

The night is too warm and this artificial light

Too vaguely extraneous on my skin

For a reality falling as it may

To seem like a decently wise truth to be my future.

Oh, be of some grave vanity

That I sought refuge so far from his mouth

And he so far from mine!

The truth of the night is this:

Two escapes did only lead to two paths divulging back into one

And for this I am eternally grateful

To the overseer of which direction  
The wind shall tomorrow take me

When I thought: I am at my wit's last end  
In all actuality I knew neither my wits  
Nor the parameters they were held in by  
Daily, though, I am learning the boundaries  
And ulterior motives of mine own heart, more & more

And for whatever reason, I continue to turn the corner with wide  
eyes,  
Diligence & the slightest hint, maybe: shadow, of bewilderment  
chasing my very step.

### **Forms**

Kill the envious moon, he did  
And then I, with such force,  
Broke through the Castile blackness  
Of our rhythm to explore  
Space and motion and the connection  
Of our greed and stomachs' knots  
As you avoided nondescript tithes  
Of romance and cliché,  
With our shadow swinging in  
The twelve to three hundred or so  
Degrees of members' natural form  
---Shaking

...

The collision still holds the pump  
War(r/n/m)ing me from inside

### **Ritual**

Sex is brutal  
It's fake  
It's full  
It's cruel

It's rarely sweet  
It's mostly psychological  
It's usually regular  
Usually mediocre  
It's ridiculous  
It's his passion  
It's monotonous  
It's funny

Sex comes from behind  
It's rarely kissing  
It's felching  
It's head  
It's upsidedownsideways  
It's rarely extraordinary  
It's hardly making love  
It's usually dirty  
It's filthy  
It's fucking

It's just another game we were taught at five

### **On New Year's Eve**

Fat, red lips  
Orange hair  
(You know the kind)  
She whips around  
That hair flies everywhere  
Plump finger points  
Thick eyebrow climbs  
The clock's nearly at 12  
She comes toward me  
Starving tornado  
Fury filled lion  
There's two or three of her  
Throat raw with fire  
Lights so bright

She grabs my head  
Cocks it to the side  
A beer flooded tongue  
Rips those good time feelings  
Of intoxication right out  
“Fucker, I am not a lesbian.”  
She smiled, “I know.”

**About The Author**

Erin Lynch is a poet from the Dallas, TX area. She is currently trying to finish her bachelor's degree in literature while working at a coffee shop.

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