

LUCIA LOTEPIO

The Heart as an Autoclave

He says you smell as warm as elevator buttons
& set a precedent for fertilizing
sealed mason jar orchards,
predicated upon flooding basements
with cement. He had tired of love

being your partiality for tops of gas station muffins
& his bottoms—barbers catalog their daughters
with bulk cigarettes & pepper-spray. Count
on eyelashes the times his mother saturates
his steam, flaring the mechanism's pressure,
& hemingways her will. Overwhelmed

by drowsy mumblings between sliced waves
of overall tags & clouded VCR chronicles,
he startles at your bacteria
buzzing in the autoclave: his blood & foam
congeal, cake down leg hair—split
grainy scab pockets off
to stick your teeth, bottom to top.

Rolodexed Apologies for My Ex-Girlfriends

(f) I'm participating in electroshock therapy to not look for you in the clumps of smokers outside our building—withholding so I can savor the runs in your nylons & how your swollen pencil circles close & open from the bottom.

(g) Kindergarten: my addiction to the coat closet, hiding to scare all the girls—you piss steady-quick on your stirrup pants, darkening like elephants getting hosed down at the zoo. It smells onto a lunch box & the linoleum. I steal my sister's Mickey Mouse watch for you, his tangled arms windmilling—how dad candyboxes mom.

(h) I decide to watch the cursed *Atlantis* VHS with you: every girl who has potatobug-curled on my lap as it starts has dumped me the next week. I fuck you over the couch arm while it rewinds.

(i) On the subway you thumb your pill through the foil with a soft pop & drop it. At dinner you take it calm with their cheapest shot. You say, *I try to take it every day*. I say, *Try?*

(j) We are banned from that Whole Foods—caught in the women's restroom, sink-washing parking lot bird shit out of your hair with paper towel crumbs & coke-fizz handsoap. You were Coney Island: a place I've never been, but imagine abhors being written about.