

BREATHY WORDS
CASSANDRA DALLETT

He Cast

it on me
with his stick
or kiss
or odd skinny frame
something is wrong with his arms
the top part is too short
the shoulders don't turn right
he walks like a scarecrow
his face is scarred from shaving
and now
a missing front tooth
still I want to drink him
melt at the feet of his bony little body
nappy pubes he shaves off
Still I would stuff all of him inside me
walk around like that
pussy full of him
fat thighs pushing him deeper
pressing my cervix
filling me
the way he does
things are heightened when he's inside of me
words come out of my mouth
that I don't recognize
happy hungry horny words
this stream of breathy words
is part of?
his spell.

Of Bushes and Wood

Here in the calm of Redwoods
and Manzanita
woodpeckers replace jackhammers
but my technology
follows me out of the city.
My obsession with body parts in cyber space
I'm sexting when
a bird whistles
and it is remarkably
like a cat call.
I look up expecting a man
In a Brawny commercial.
The stuff of old pornos
Before we went straight
to the penetration shot
I don't need the set up
The back story
The moment of penetration
is all
I want.
The first moment I feel you
(stranger) brand new
never before having touched me inside.
I'm wet and rushing
but all I want is
to freeze this moment
to press replay again and again
My fix, my injection
you plunge deeper
my eyes widen then glaze
till I feel like
an ocean
a fist
a kind word
a hurricane
a fluffy kitten
a slippery fish
pull my hair make me squeak

and we'll tell a story
of bushes and
hard wood.

Lunch With Big

In his muscle car
my body trained to the sound
of its rumble from blocks away.
The car's rims gleam slice air
turn heads drop phone numbers
a gang banger showpiece
danger and speed wrap a girl
in bass and the smell of purple-berry air freshener.
Made me wet
riding him
knees burning on the armrest
rubbing runs in my stockings down to my toes.
My hands gripping the T-top
suit skirt pushed up around my waist
his massive lips wrap my tits
everything is in the right place
my knee hurts but...
and then...
running late
back to work
hair unraveling
stockings torn
and a shit-eating grin
the phone technician
smirking at my desk.
Out of breath I blurt
"late lunch"
and we both laugh
looking down
at my destroyed hose.

Losing Feathers

I fall back
naked and spread
white wings fold back like hotel sheets
peach velour blanket on skin
bedside lamp shines on Pizza menu
and corkscrew borrowed from the front desk
secrets wet the borrowed bed
voices in my ear
I turn neck into shoulder
but I know right from wrong
that it's silly to sleep with someone
I can never love
especially when each time
I trip and fall
on his hardness
impale myself blissfully
someone else is feeling the shaft
a blade in the back
tossing sleepless from nightmares of truth
I may comfort him
think him dumb
but he is sharp enough to sniff out my lies.
There is nothing virgin about my wings
they are tainted and tattered
as a gutter pigeon's
I peck and I peck
at the last bit of flesh
bewildered by the strength of my own desire.
It's a burn every time
I return
as much as I would like not
to hold the weight of his heart
it's gigantic throbbing pulp
I am flattened by it
can only snake out an arm
from beneath
text an SOS
plan another meeting of bodies

even knowing
blood will shed.

Take Me to The River

Where slim boys swim
in their underwear
wet dreams
silvery slivers of flesh in water
swing from ropes
slice
resurface
turn into men
with memories of river banks
squashed beer cans
immune to the cold deep
the softness of cat tails
the fire carefully hidden inside
shy invincible
a head ducked
a sly grin
the firsts
kisses
slipping it inside
the heat
and mystery
the first piece
I wish I knew what that felt like to him
the going inside part
holding it there
owning it
my lover describes his first orgasm
the way his girlfriend's head hit the tub
still he lives in the body of a boy
never fails to turn me on
swinging like Tarzan
taking his chances with swift moving rivers
just out of reach
He drops in
pops up
with a wet grin.

How I Lost The Kitchen Guy

I used to brush against him
in the nursing home kitchen
his young hairlessness on my thickness
as I filled steaming plastic mugs
of coffee for my patients
sweat on my forehead
remembering a late night flight
to his house
where I kicked and pulled the cushions
off the couch
shaky with adrenaline
his lips and tongue bending me
I must of licked his tiny tummy
pulled hard dick from sweatband waist
and devoured him on that couch and floor
while reaching for my chiming trembling phone
I was late, busted, out-a-bounds
and we worked side by side
afraid to look in each other's eyes
beads up my back
a sly smile
I spill coffee
and head through the swinging door
text him about it, from the bingo table
we smile but don't talk out loud
while pulling supper trays
our lips come within a half inch
Jo Jo the Pilipino Kitchen Aid
catches the moment looks away fast
God this fire is eating me whole
say hello to my old mojo

I fucked it all up
when he started to work in housekeeping
didn't get caught in my lie
but in heat and so alive, I lost my shit
right on instant message couldn't hold it in
the girls buzzing around pollinating his cute self

with broom and dustpan he flirts
they find work in his assigned rooms
he lingers at the nurse's station
and I have a fit
slide a finger across my throat
thumb type madly
break it off
sure he'll recognize my juicy superiority
I play myself
now we pass awkwardly in the hall
sparks held in, regret
and my guilt is not from my cheating
but from being unable to restrain
my stupid angry texts
I thought I could force his hand
want to force them to touch me again
I check my phone a thousand times a day
want to quit my job, call in sick
the clock crawls
he pushes laundry baskets by
I push bed scales
look away
my panties used to stay wet all day
vibrate with his messages
these days
I'm chewing my gum too hard
barely eating
staying up late looking for someone online
buying more wine
that I want to share
to take to his house
mix with Hennessy
taste his cleanness in the shower
I'm looking for a new secret to keep
to burn my stomach like hot coal
worm its way through me
keep my nipples hard
but it's gone.

I'm an empty
glass pipe
and I wait.



About the Author:

Cassandra Dallett occupies Oakland, CA. Cassandra writes of a counter culture childhood in Vermont and her ongoing adolescence in the San Francisco Bay Area. Look for links and chapbooks on cassandradallett.com



PINK BOOKS
