

Debtor's Prison

by Katie Moore

A song on the radio, a water bed in winter,
he taught your mouth to shape a kiss,
patiently, suck a bottom lip, bite, his
lessons linger in fingertips, the power
of a drawn map on skin, your body
knows how to bend and twist around
a stickshift, your mouth knows how
to scream without sound, you're killer
at keeping secrets. He showed you how
to unbutton jeans with teeth, but you never
quite got the trick, or returned some formative
favors, firsts that should have been yours
to wrap around him and swallow. You should
have scrawled *I was here* in spit on the inside
of his thigh, invisible ink. You should have
marked that territory like a conquistador,
mounted him like an equestrian, left no
what-ifs in your wake. What if he had tasted
like a seashell, what if it felt good inside you,
what if you hadn't always been afraid.

