

# Wet Rainbow

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Three is the correct number.  
There is always a base.  
There are always three vertices.  
There are always always (always) three sides.  
There are always two bodies and one ghost to every fuck.  
He's fucking you but his eyes are closed and he's seeing  
the special bitch from three years ago, the one who ran  
from his arms to complete a square.  
"La bruja! Tus ojos son un arco iris!" the professor said to me  
a couple of hours ago.  
Thus. It's Halloween and I exist.  
But yes I'm ready to go there, once more unto the breach, mis  
amigos.  
Because on Sabado I dreamed of him and her  
and then on Domingo he e-mailed me  
and this is a sign  
I'm too base to ignore.  
He can close his eyes.  
He can keep me in the darkest corner.  
I come for the rainbow  
and stay for the wet.  
Most of us  
are less than elegant  
in design  
and beautiful beyond comprehension  
in execution  
and ineffable  
yet quite fuckable  
in intent.

