

THE DANCE FLOOR

*Control yourself. Take only what you need from it,
A family of trees wantin', To be haunted.*

–MGMT, “Kids”

I want to eat you, hiss the eyes of insatiable animal
Eyes that claim her, claim to know her, want to know her
The pursuit beginning she hides in the floor that stops fall
She would be sad if she were not bitter.

May I have this dance? the suit kisses hand, held lightly
In sun day whirling down and down white waters
The log-driver's waltz pleases girls completely
Frustrates earth, pleases hearts, pleases mothers.

Control yourself. Goddam fucking prick.
She thinks of sheets tucked in, a perfectly made bed.
Too explicit. Self respect. No, I don't want to see your –
Anyway, I have to get up early, she said.

The log speaks: She's hot, Simon! Damn, she's hot.
A human, not a fucking cow. Let the purist rot.