

I want to look at you, but morning light is harsh.  
I'm scared of what I'll find, so I nuzzle  
into your chest, letting toes touch.  
*You're warm,* I say kinda wishing I hadn't.  
You groan. I look. Your head is turned to the ceiling,  
eyes closed, but not like sleep, like contemplation.  
I want to break thoughts like a piñata  
snatching candied dreams as they spill out,  
but I tweak your nose instead and smile.  
*I will kick you out of my bed,* you say.  
*You wouldn't dare.* I laugh  
because you're doing your diablo eyebrows at me.  
We're quiet again, and I finger  
that tattoo of your ex's name, Matilda,  
above your right nipple. Running one finger tip  
along black lines, I try to understand.  
I've always been a kinesthetic learner.  
*Why is there a skull next to her name?* Matilda.  
You turn to me, sheaths of fabric hanging  
like curtains in the windows of your eyes,  
and shrug. This is how it always is.  
I press my skin to yours, run one hand  
over your chest letting hairs tickle my palm.  
Fingers discover a grey crab guarding  
left breastplate, and I begin to trace;  
edge of nail cutting into skin.  
First, around the body, then slowly down each leg;  
to the tip and back. Last, the claws.  
I think, what if ink awoke detaching from skin?  
Wire crab dancing on your naked body,  
claws snap-clapping, piercing skin  
right HERE. You jump.  
*Oh, did that hurt? I didn't realize*  
*it would hurt,* I say, not sure it's true.  
*You are the worst person to wake up with,*  
you say through crooked smirk,  
and we lay back down skin molding to skin.  
*Nah, not even.* And we laugh, letting toes touch.

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## Caught Between Friends and Benefits

(Continued Obsession with So-Called  
Jordan Catalano Types)

Xochitl-Julisa

