

## Hot Love Burns in the Pants and in the Chest

Women often say,  
“All men are dogs.”  
Men must assume  
women to be veterinarians.

I’ve seen many men,  
with wounded hearts,  
sniff up skirts  
as if a cure were up there.

And all the Arturo Bandinis  
starved for the leather strap  
of a Mexican girl’s huarache,  
drag themselves by the chin  
after lady’s heels  
one snapping bite at a time.

Meanwhile, the Plaths  
with their heads stuck in the oven  
wish to be born again,  
wish to be new again,  
inside that warm womb  
once more, before they lose their minds.

Because love is a hot mess,  
like the yolk of a cracked egg  
being scrambled on the popping pan.

While women drag their  
lashes through mascara combs,  
with the rise of the yellow sun,  
men awaken with stiff  
love-pants  
and burn to be pointed  
to the promise land

and they follow their homing pants  
like a current  
that pulls towards a littoral cave.

So I advise ladies wear  
mouse traps around their waist,  
because those cookie magnets  
run rampant,  
but a good trouser snap

should awaken even the most  
desperate among men.

And hot love burns  
like a hot star  
on the verge of super nova.

It burns in the pants  
and in the chest.  
And in some  
it burns too hot.

A man's fist cracks the side  
of his woman's face  
and her cheek swells  
as though she has an eight ball  
in her mouth,  
but all she spits out  
are teeth.

"Little sister,  
rid yourself of that good-for-nothing  
man, and somewhere an angel  
will find its sandal in a sandbox."

Men like their love red hot.  
But, if only they'd let love cool  
and all its smoke rise into the air  
they'd find that love  
is like a red balloon  
let go  
by an infant's hand.

It floats away  
until it becomes  
blue sky.