

You Get Naked

for love, and don't
hold a hand to conceal
or hide flesh on the body;

the small ridges of the spine,
the two finger space
between collar bones,
the scar from a thorn bush
that trails down the chest
underlined by ribs.

You get naked
like the orange,
its skin peeled
down, its white pulp
like seafoam spread
over setting sun.

Naked like the inside
of the stomach
relieved of poison
after a night of
excessive regret

Naked like the bottle's
foam at the lip
foam in the throat
foam in the glass
chest, but otherwise
naked.

You get naked
because clothes
may tell *a* story,

but the bare scars,
and blushing skin,
they punch
the heart with truth
right on the
nose.