

Neural Synapses

By Robin Lipinski

No Earl, to you I insist, neural synapses snapping because not of turtles,
Those slow moving armored shells of safety wrapping dull wit, rather tasting what you writ.
Concubine of word leaving me hallow, shallow, 'Wal-to-mart, Big lot sale' now that's a mistress I
can fit in.

Word advice given freely, don't chew gum under the table, you could choke on it.
So here it is, randy said with a big smile then it's off to s..

Gum disease, the dentist said brush.
Brush what?
Brush the crumbs under the table,
Brush the failure of work off worn sleeve?
Brush the lipstick off my neck, so the wife won't see?
Brush the bitter taste of disgust from the lips after spoken?
What did this dentist mean?

I'm the skull on his table,
Leering at the chair where the next patient is sitting.
Seeing them stare at my teeth,

The End