

REBECCA PĂPUCARU

IF I HAD YOUR COCK

I would use it
As a mail opener
Paperweight
Tetris partner
Emotional sundial

Put up your picture with it
Cheat on my taxes with it
Grind pills, pigment and spices with it
And it goes without saying
I would shoot pool with it

Start fires with it
Write my name with it
Cross my t's and dot my i's with it
Carry old men's shopping with it
Shoehorn my good pumps on with it

And rolling out dough with it
Would offer you a selection:
Plain, chocolate or cinnamon
Then I'd figure out some way
To floss with it

Never hesitate to mention
It in polite conversation
Use it casually, formally, lovingly, disdainfully
Point out shooting stars with it
Look at porn on the Net with it

Go to market
Displaying my merchandise on it
My standard unit of measurement
Sterling standard
Star sheaf in our nation's bread basket

Hang our dirty laundry,
Grey and weeping, on it
While I rest my feet on it
Stirring a G and T with it
And write you this poem

In invisible ink