

dissertation outline

*(why my homework isn't done)*

his eyes are green. sorry. but they are.  
green dreams green sea green  
hope ringed in granite grey  
i could never pronounce his name

crossing the quadrangle in a world of  
abstract concerns i staggered my overwrought  
mind directly into his mouth

he kisses me every time we meet

i can smell him between the pages of my  
art history books

*the question is always one of freedom:  
revolution versus rebellion  
and that form that encourages or  
merely appeases that  
filthy throbbing sacred need  
for something better*

i have been in the library every day this month  
when he sees me there the kiss is a secret  
in the chicken shop it comes with a kick  
after history class he licks my teeth clean

sociology. anthropology.

kinesiology. psychology.

i recognise his morphology

in the slipping and flipping of my school book pages.

...

sitting in class

apologetic and eager

professor begs for synthesis.

my panties go damp