

IN DEFENSE OF THE LOST GIRLS WHO PLAY WITH DANGEROUS TOYS

To love a sharp edge, is that such a sin?
To see something sexy in broken
beer bottle glass, hot for fragments;
to stare at a table saw, wanting to touch the teeth;

to palm an M-80 while you flick a Bic
to light the wick, is that so perverse?
To revel in the rush of Russian roulette,
spin a cylinder, finger a trigger, wondering what luck is—

Curiosity kills cats. So does milk-mixed antifreeze.
Fettered by fate to such lethal feline appetites,
how can we condemn the gluttons for needing nine lives?

Curiosity kills cats by both nature and cliché,
in the same way crows swarm in murders as they must.
Lost girls, likewise, have their obligations too.

—Juicy