

EXHIBITIONIST

The most orgasms I ever had in one go
come over Christmas vacation
in my childhood basement bedroom:

door cracked open, sheets
peeled back, pussy
in plain view of the cat

clawing carpet. Is this how flashers feel
in their trench coats and
chest hair? I'd like to sit

in the park with my thumb stuck
up my nose and wait
for someone to notice. I want to be more

like the woman in Burger King
who eats fries straight off the floor,
the woman who cries in Walmart

when her preteen son says *Fuck you, Mom*
for the first time in front of the greeter
yanking carts. At the strip club

I eat onion rings, watch the dancer
watching me from upside down
in her halo of light. When will my roommate notice

the way I air-dry underwear on the corner
of the hallway mirror, symbol of sex
in his reflection? I want to feel

like a display-model lipstick — dug-at nub
smeared across the mouths of strangers, a much-handled
sample of the real thing.