



Acknowledgements

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Bitten in the Wake of Dusk is a sampler for *Late Night Feelings*, Christina's first chapbook, expected to be completed in Fall 2012.

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Press
rust+moth, Red Poetry, and Other Rooms
Fest, and Daily 50 to 1, at Haiti,
High Corp Journal, Train Wrecks, Short,
Hand of a Stone, Daily Love, amphibius
Her writing has appeared in *Queenline*, a company to support her writing habit.
Brooklyn, she works for an insurance
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Christina Rodriguez is a writer from
dark
The moment you are bitten in the wake of
dark, waiting in anticipation for the late
night feelings to awaken your heart, in the

Sunken Ships

Sticky bun heart of contempt, a drizzle
of honey caught in between sweet fingers
and doughy pitchforks to poke and sizzle
between thoughts of a non-love that lingers

for sadistic scrawlings on salty wounds
and shouts from a heart that saves skin and hu-
miliation under nails by the pounds
for red cheeks and quiet souls that turn blue

Shall we dance in this pool of confusion?
Beating flows from ruptured valves swim at our
feet, rushing pieces of collected allusions
to the soles, ready to puncture and scar

while we hold hands until we fall in love...
is this the ecstasy lovers speak of?

we climb, we collide
layer after layer of skin off of your heart.
sparking from your eyes while I feel
exposed, red veins dance under my fingertips
while a warm dusk fall from your test ducts.
down south to the edges of your heart.

Cycles

except her own.
of wisdom,
here lies a woman who took on every piece
on her tombstone, it will read:
until she is covered with the dull glow of
tainted misconceptions as if each soft,
broken inch was a part of her skin.
from the mouth of a storm getting off on
their own bitterness. handled with care, she
strings each with strands of her hair
until she is covered with the dull glow of
tainted misconceptions as if each soft,
broken inch was a part of her skin.
on her tombstone, it will read:
here lies a woman who took on every piece
of wisdom,
except her own.

Wisdom

Break

Syncopated heartbreak.
You break, I break, we break
in the same time zone, different beds.

Dim overheads shining on their disasters.
He shared battle wounds while she broke inside.

Fuck, why does she cry?

He numbed her muse, tied him up with leather.
The hole in her heart grows deeper, a bit bitter.
She writes him a prescription on her skin.
Rips it off quickly, knowing he won't put it in.

So he breaks and she breaks.
They break in each other's' hands.

We always break in silence,
but I'll never break this man.

what fools already know:
I want you, brilliantly.
I taught seep how to tell fables.
you would have to hold the se
delicious lips to my temple
to shake the truth from me.
I'm a hell of a tart in the bed
we will never share.
lay those eyes on me and I'll concede
what fools already know:
I want you, brilliantly.

Be proud

Confessions

Movie Night

If I can't have you, I don't want nobody baby...

Really?

The nights you spend
chasing vodka-soaked
vaginas with lines
of coke on the can
during Thank God It's Fuck-day
doesn't convince me
that you spend your nights
pining for me

You pine
for those that open
wide for your thermometer
wondering how deep is your
love as you check for
that Saturday Night Fever

I don't need to spend
another moment in your
disco inferno