



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.

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 humiliation 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?

The moment you are bitten in the wake of dusk, waiting in anticipation for the late night feelings to awaken your heart, in the dark

Christina Rodriguez is a writer from Brooklyn, she works for an insurance company to support her writing habit.

Her writing has appeared in *Queensline*, a *Half of a Stone*, *Daily Love*, *amphibi.us*, *High Copy Journal*, *Train Wreck*, *Short*, *Fast*, and *Dearly* *SO to I*, *Dr. Hater*, *rust+moth*, *Res*, *Poetry*, and *Other Rooms Press*

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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.

Her hands are permanently stained with the red maps of birth, her

occupations?

she delivers breath births of rotten pearls

from the mouths of atoms getting off on

their own bitterness. handled with care, she

sings 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,

what fools already know:

I want you, brilliantly.

except her own.

Cycles

I want to study the bodyology of stars
sparking from your eyes while I feel
layer after layer of skin off of your heart.
Exposed, red veins dance under my fingertips
while a warm dusk fall from your test ducts.
down south to the edges of your heart.

consequences?
no dating.

I know better than that.

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.

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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

consequences?
no dating.

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