

Modern Love

I suck in to match the look
of the girls in the photos you double-tap.
Their flat stomachs and perky chests
slip onto your screen, obedient.
Untouched by a Little Debbie cake.

As your thumb continuously scrolls,
I lie here, skin on display, feeling
your arm twitch beneath my hand
and your breathing get heavier.
I'm within your reach,

Lips and hips waiting
for a simple scrape of affection,
like the love bites you'd leave
in the crease of my neck
or between my thighs.

Why not look at me, just once?
Hunger for me like the pixels
laid on your screen.