

*It's Not Like You'd Have A Choice*

After a long day  
you come to bed and drape a casual arm around me.

For the last two years,  
I have been exploring the boundaries of consent  
because I grew up thinking my body was barbed wired  
and it turned out the defense was paper filled with blood.

You kiss me on the mouth  
the way I like  
the way that my bones turn into raindrops  
and pool on to your tongue.

When I caution,  
I'm not in the mood tonight,  
you lay back down  
and I thank you for your consideration.

And as night crawls into the window  
through the open blinds and turned off TV  
you say,  
*I'm stronger than you.*  
*It's not like you really get a choice here.*