

Ventriloquist's Dummy

You lever my jaws, make your claptrap
shoot from my mouth. There's a stamping
of feet. Wolf-whistles. Cat-calls.

I burn, turn my face from the crowd
when I feel your thumb press on my gusset,
your falsetto rise in my throat.

Off-stage, I gag when you come
on the stump of my tongue. You project
not a sound through my lips till I action

my jaws, spit your codpiece back into
your lap. Then the roaring begins.
Between us we bring the house down.