## **Lithium Lips**

**Mac Lethal** 

I see her sittin at the ice cream parlor with a banana split Emanatin such a radiant color of amethyst I can't camouflage the jitters or the franticness Everything about her fly posture says tantra bliss The phantoms kiss spills poison from her still lips That type of class is from a 1950's film script I'm captivated to the core, it's hard to swallow She's like a sun-dipped spirit gushing from the foggy hollows There's condensation on the new bent metal A conversation with this blue-lipped devil could peel the two lip petals My fate'll say to me "Be calm and be cool" But she learned to rule the world in cosmetology school She's not like a Betty Page, she's like a Bible page She's like a neon sky filled with a wild haze I get her name and ask her for her number quite politely She walks away while saying "If you're lucky then you'll find me."

But I think I feel that this time it's different Everything about you wants to stimulate my senses Something so intoxicating happens in your kisses Lithium lips, it's those lithium lips, it's those But I think I feel that this time it's different Everything about you wants to stimulate my senses Something so intoxicating happens in your kisses Lithium lips, it's those lithium lips, it's those

I see her downstairs at the hotel bar, continue story Her eyes are stormy, she makes sure that she ignores me This is nobody's promiscuous daughter I roll a cigarette and order up a whiskey and water Oh Christ, I can smell her from here The ambrosia is like a sugar-coated elephant's ear And now the prevalent fear is sweetly scented with the venoms we pass Girls learn sexiness, women teach class I approach her but I don't say a thing I just take the halo off her head and wear it as a wedding ring She's not a sexy thing, she's a sassy thinker A classy drinker with the wine glass to tap her finger Elegantly dressed, coats of posh nail polish She sucks the heart from another cocktail olive She says, "Quit having dreams about touching my face. Cause you're only in love with the chase." Then she gets up and leaves.

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Now I don't ever fall in love But on nights like this, when nimbus cloudlets of black fluff circle the skyscrapers And the pulse of the city breaths new depths That cleanse the palate of self I have encounters like this

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