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## Thigh High Lace Love

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CASSANDRA MANZOLILLO

# Thigh High Lace Love

I only like men in high heels and corsets.  
Who act like a pageant mother to me  
& flaunt across underground railroads & drift through  
boisterous city streets. They bite down  
on my inner ear lobe,  
*tsk tsk tsking* to me  
as I capitulate to the concrete  
my knee caps cave south  
my nose in between their pointed, triangular toes  
& my tongue, up their hairy hamstrings,  
till it curves into the roof of their sticky, lipsticked mouth; oh  
stop it.  
Look around.  
All of the masculine marked boxes are covered with sheets of cracked glass,  
don't show me my past:  
daddy issues this, mommy issues that;  
I deserve love, please come back.

would you stay, & hold my hand & could you do that thing, where you  
make slow circles inside my palm, till I drift off falling slowly sideways, my  
head rests below your neck. Stroke my hair as the mellow tv night light  
glows & you sit next to me,  
wishing that I was the daughter you never had; when I drift in and out of a  
realm where you are my mommy, my girlfriend, my boyfriend, my daddy,  
just all of the goodnight forehead kisses I can get.