

POETRY

Sex Tape, B-side

by Iva Tivic



"Adapt" by Christina Mark

My vices got unzipped and are now hanging loose;
That's the title of your sex tape.

When you're gone I circle your apartment like a hungry cat;
That's the title of your sex tape.

I knock things down for fun and scratch my skin raw;
That's the title of your sex tape.

What if I told you that exploring your mouth feels like a cave;
That's the title of your sex tape.

I can't fold your shirt without slipping into its left sleeve;
That's the title of your sex tape.

The residue still burns my stomach while I leave you;
That's the title of your sex tape.

No — that is —
Wait — this one —

I don't want a sex tape, really,
I want a *mixtape*;

One from the 80s where I could listen
for clues of what you are dying to tell me
without speaking, so I can have my closure
and eat it too.

The tape is spent, it spins and spills
out like silk;

That's the title — that one.