Kink

as in the bent link between words
    how sex leads to sects to sectioned to

the lobster boiled with lemongrass and bay leaf
    split on my dinner plate

the way umami sounds like a pleasure cry
    cut loose in the kitchen

praise or don’t but allow yourself to open
    for the fork in the sea urchin’s shell

pulsing even after it’s split
    offal fried with capers their pretty names

sweetbreads concealing glands that fold beneath the fork
    we hold our breath before the first bite

mean to or not how lovely the percussive fucks
    grunts that mark consumption

heat anything long enough it loses its form
    flame that coaxes layers of flavor

from collagen and cartilage marrow sloughing
    from bones halved and broiled

the cooking twine that fastens Sunday’s roast
    shrinking tighter below

the bubbled skin Love how good to feel
    this craving stretch the rope of me

and you tie it