

Subtitles and Sweat

By Margot DeSalvo

Heat moved with a look
upon introductions
and the implication of Spring,
 unlike composure,
followed by the chase
before
sunset.
He raised
questioning gestures
 because politeness
 is usually not that affectionate.
This cologne stitched shirt
and his forgotten voice
interviewed me until
a desired one night
upheld an obscure
fantasy of poise.
This loft is
my observatory:
upon a single pillow of sweat.

Lavender Lips

By Margot DeSalvo

Liquid lips
laced with
lavender
like language
and liquor.
Let me
lie and die
along side
the lion's
cage while
lathering
my eyelashes
makes me feel
like a lady.
Lift this lethal
languid spell so
hellos will be
listened to,
so laughter
can be felt in my liver,
so flowers will
clean the clouds
and railroads
serve milk.
Blue and yellow
no longer lock
the deal -
try eleven or
twelve because
they know how
to relax.
Elevate reality
with a portal
glance
through another's
glasses.

Writing Raw

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Rectangle multiplied
by triangle
is equal.
Last loudly
and don't forget
to delight in
lunch poems
before and after
sleeping.

Because I have to...

By Margot DeSalvo

Let me bury my head
in your chest of cotton
where the edges of tears
can be absorbed.

Let me own my space
and sleep for hours
while petals and glasses
are left on the table.

Let me hear the breath of trees
while i and it linger and blink
without disarray.

Let me, when necessary
deplete
undress
and un-guard.

Remember,
Winter has entered my stomach –
producing skeletons searching
exemption.

Don't let me speak anymore -
my mind is incomplete
following the train tracks
up the old hill.
Maybe simplicity only lives in
misty spas and clouds.

Let me, when necessary, but not fully
forget
avoid
absorb
neglect.

Writing Raw

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Let me seek refuge
for perceived failures.
These dreary eyes
are obligated.
Regardless of invalid mutterings –
the fragmented hourglass
will never change.

I wrote a poem today
because I have to.

A Fake Empire

By Margot DeSalvo

A fake Empire
State building
lights up the
cardboard sky.
The water does
not move and
the city does
not twinkle in
silence. The
Chrysler Building
is oddly small
from this angle,
and the bottom
white checkered
fence is awkward.
My hoodie is
always on when
I'm cold or hiding.
Toes are tucked
under thighs and
my body covered in
soft cotton finally
relaxes from the tight
bra and now an
enjoyed actress laughs
and speaks insensibly.
The night time host
plays along with her
nervous and drunk
antics, but I am
especially disappointed.

Txt Msg

By Margot DeSalvo

awake?
awake now
mrng
morning
times
gloomy
it is
sleep?
not well
going to the city
park slope
can we talk ltr
sure
lets run into the hurricane
what time?
I'll be there.

Margot DeSalvo bio: Margot DeSalvo, a surveyor of this world through a poetic lens, has been writing for over 10 years. An M.F.A graduate in 2008 from Long Island University - Brooklyn Campus, Margot has dedicated her time to teaching basic writing and college composition. Fueled by personal voids that are frequently expressed in her poetry, Margot provokes herself and her students to continuously seek personal development.