

**SORE EROS (FLOATING WOLF QUARTERLY
CHAPBOOKS)**

Lewis Treadaway

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When I start to move, the suction of my feet pulling free erupts in loud kisses that stir the bottom where I was standing. She needs a crinoline in there, wrapped by a rubber band. Grapeleaves, grapes stems. That's why I'm currently drinking. And within that blue a feeling of green, the gray blocks of clouds buttressed against air, as if in the idea of rain the eye could master the speech of any given moment on earth. Sugar tastes like sex, surprise Salt and pepper become sun and water or lobby and floor.

We sucked on sugar cane wheels from Alcee and drank milk by the pint. If I drove to the liquor store late one night and painted a comma between Superman and Dam and added an S to Fool, it would then read: What kinds of dreams would reversing this simple habit precipitate.