

# Three Poems

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ABBY STARNES\*

## Untitled

I am stuck on repeat, kissing between his shoulder blades.  
I am stuck between duplicates.  
I'm sitting between the duplicates.  
I'm sitting in castrated males.  
I sat in a neutered male.  
I sat down and kissed God.

## Babble On

Church is not a watch.  
The Church is not a watch.  
The Church is not a clock.  
The Church does not have a clock.  
The Church doesn't have a clock.  
The Church must not watch.  
The Church should not watch.  
The Church should not be looking.  
The Church should not seek.  
The Church does not have to make an effort.  
The Church does not have to make the effort.  
The Church must not make the effort.

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### Untitled

The white-yellow scum I scrape off the arches of my teeth, the long hairs I pull from the periphery of my teats. The mucus of sex and bloody discharge, the five cent coins I got in change, belly button lint the nail clippings the eye lashes and morning sleepy legañas, the white lines across dented finger nails, the satisfying clots removed from horse hooves with a pick. The hard white heads squeezed from old pores. The chunks of hangnails, orange earwax. I took all of the things that make me clean and placed them in a small circular container with a screw top.