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Entitled

for Gerty was womanly wise and knew that a mere man liked that feeling of hominess. Her griddlecakes done to a golden-brown hue and queen Ann's pudding of delightful creaminess had won golden opinions from all.

- James Joyce, *Ulysses* [1922]

Dedicate. Dessicate. Desecrate. I have always been afraid of being buried alive in coconut. Or drowning in magenta. Husk. Husky. Hussy. I like to eat popcorn with strawberry milk. And ambiguities on toast. Travelling at night. I wear alphagetti soup and thigh boots. Or integrity in the small of my back. You always tell me that I occupy some cramped alleyway in your aorta. I want to be your lungs. A cramped aorta is not enough. Why can't I have your entire left ventricle? I eat pancakes drizzled with maple syrup and rain. Spattering. Splattering. Smattering. I feel like an adverb, not really needed, just adding to the verb. Or a lollipop sticking to a personal adjective. Or perhaps a possessive pronoun in my kitchen. You want to kiss me in mango yoghurt. Your icecream fingers playing with Barbie Doll hair. Scissors. Schism. Scission. You reach for my rhinestone-studded skin, tracing the throbbing turquoise veins with silver. But I am too grave. To write the title page.