Ben Heins

THIRST

Vegas, you unearthed the grass,
replaced it with Astroturf

like when I grabbed Oasis's
spotlit tits and felt concrete

dipped in purple sternum glitter.
When I turned away, she

reloaded my glass.
                You left
a watermark. Then

a lower one. When I stood
beneath a street-mister,

I felt more heat, less luck.
When I twirled my tongue

in your valley,
I numbed. And yet,

I waved my dead muscle.
I drank what you gave.