

NECESSITY OF FOREPLAY

a poem meant intended for interactive performance – two women stand facing each other reading alternating lines to each other, then two men, then both couples at once. Audiences are encouraged to chime in upon the performers' hitting every "hey girl."

By Rebecca Beauchamp

Hey girl I am a gentleman.
I can give you whatever you want.
I can give you everything.
You can't see it yet.
But I can reveal to you your true inner beauty.
I have technology that'd make your mind bleed.
I can make you feel like yourself again.

Hey girl do you remember?

Hey girl my fist your asshole.

Hey girl my fist your mouth.

Hey girl your mouth my fist.

Hey girl if you're an organ donor I'm the bed of ice & I'm the tweezers.

Hey girl I write poetry too:
your breasts two globes like twin amniotic sacs.

Hey girl your skin like the surface of an eye weeping.

Hey girl your hair like a kind of liquid appliance.

Hey girl my ego on fire, making itself.

Hey girl or is it effigy of ego.
Hey girl check out my pecs.

Hey girl the game's

“how much water does your throat hold?”

Hey girl your body delegating its parts.

Hey girl your teeth chips of data fluting the gums.

Hey girl if my tongue were a mirror.

Hey girl if my tongue were a mirror would you hold it?

Hey girl?

Hey girl the paradise of beliefs a kind of island.

Hey girl if I said the frothy ocean of need would you.

Hey girl your veins both cloth & fence.
As if blood were the anxious crowd, teeming.

Hey girl how erotic is my melodrama though.

Hey girl your body is a wonderland. Did you gain weight?

Hey girl I had the best intentions but something beyond me said quit it.

Hey girl when I want to come it takes a while.

Hey girl language is violent only when you don't use it.

Hey girl but you already knew that.

Hey girl your eighth grade basketball coach named Tim.

Hey girl the debate is vehicle vs. subject.

Hey girl the only caveat is rape is also a kind of technology.

Hey girl to what extent is sex anesthesia and to what extent is this condition generational.

Hey girl the tip of your nail lodged like a coin in the cake of my g-g-guilt.

Hey girl say the word *moist* out loud I promise it won't kill you.