

CHRISTOS KALLI

Sonnet for My Sex Toy

Who can tell the difference between a hand
and pleasure that comes in a ribboned box?
Who said the effigy of sensation is not
sensation itself—the sound of a voice
buried underneath the sound of a moist
song. Disembodied throat, silicone skin,
gold edges where the bones should be,
hole in lieu of a soul. Marketed as what?
A leg-hold trap in limitless desire,
the best place to learn how to pronounce
the compound name of an artificial god.
What does it feel like? Real survival and love,
the sweat Darwinian instincts of a prey
spotting a predator and turning the other way.