

# Wanted

Lisa Fleck Dondiego

Though we're in Queens, it's an open,  
Western sky. The blue goes into Texas.

Boosting you in your cut-off jeans  
to climb a tree, my hands grazing

your skin like it's naked bark.  
Up top in cowboy hat, you whoop,

swing down, fiercely blaze  
that long-ago day into my mind:

your hands on me, my kisses  
on your face—your touch so shy

it made me blush, your tongue so quick  
it took my breath. No *Wanted* poster

would ever tell my crime  
upon that open sky,

when I seized you like a bandit,  
roped you to my side,

my outlaw brand on you,  
burning inside your chest.



Carly Rae Jepsen

"This Kiss"

*Kiss*

09/2012

604 • School Boy •  
Interscope