

Rapture

I have known the inevitable rapture of shoulders
Tensed for beginning, bliss of beat and breath,
All the elation of bruises and scrapes,
Cleverness coalescing in chips and cracks,
Transport across overhang and box via jugs and ledge,
Extraordinary white conviction of chalked hands,
Ecstasy in soft shoes and in sweet sweat,
Fortitude in toes, thighs, palms and fingers.
And I have felt the harmony of my red harness
Enveloping my hips, robust, secure though slender,
Allied by carabineer's barrel and gate, to the rope
Sliding by my side as I glide, relying
On this triad for my life and delight.

Beauty

I love the way you love me and the way
you teach me how to truly love myself.
I see myself through your deep eyes when we're
alone: the graceful silkiness of pure
and sculpted stone. Athena, Aphrodite,
and Artemis imbue me with their pure
ancient beauty. Can you resist the wish
for sweet soft kisses on my garnet lips?
Caress my marble shoulders, run your hands
all over my thick coral hair until
the stonework warms and starts to melt beneath
your touch. Then take your time to taste
the fruity flavors of my flesh and sink
your teeth into the ripeness of my neck,
devour me in succulent citrus
segments with bright sweet juice to wake your soul
and senses, too. I did not see at all
before, but now within the mirror of
your adoration I can see, review
my body, beauty, all because of you.

Cataloguing Autumn

whose lately brilliant rays are these? They fall
down past the barren branches to rest on the ground
which holds the tree: a stately sweet gum.
Its roots meander beneath the sod to feed
the xylem and phloem with water and sugars, up
to branches bearing five-pointed leaves.
What a spectrum: cinnamon, saffron, like stars.
They drift on breeze so slight to rest at last
on pavement wet with evening's rain. But now
the sky, though grey, is cheered at last by sun

Proposal

You drive me absolutely crazy when
we argue loudly and you always win,
and when the chores stand all forgotten. Then

again, to feel your kisses on my skin
inspires crazy feelings, too. My joy,
my silly love, but where can I begin?

So much a man, yet still so much a boy –
you charm me with your smiles, so soft and warm;
you cheer me with the stories you deploy

of navy days. But thoughts of you in harm,
like Desdemona, bring me back to tears.
Now I keep you safe inside my arms.

The road ahead, a future filled with fears,
seems safer when I think of you with me.
Will you choose to complete me through the years?

We plan a big house nestled by the sea
with children, dogs, and cooking smells. The picture
we built with love fills us with such glee:

imaginings, hopes and prospects for our future.
How exciting! Love has set me free
to open up and take my place as suitor:

My dearest love, will you marry me?

Abomination

In the pre-dawn she rolls over with a low moan and reaches for his hand, guides it to the space between her thighs, shows him where to rub and press. He leans into it and rubs while she writhes under his touch, moaning louder and louder. When it becomes too much, she rolls onto her knees with her ass up in the air, rocking back and forth and gasping, sweat beading on her brow, his hands on her shoulders.

But there is no love-making here.

She lays on her back with her knees up, groaning. He squeezes her hand and talks low to soothe her. She gasps and breathes quickly in and out, then half-sits up and cries out with the pain and the effort. She shivers and falls back against the pillows, going from hot to cold in an instant as the strength to fight leaves her.

But there is no new life here.

The petulant, pear-shaped lump of flesh deep inside her flexes to discard an invisible, insignificant, useless and unused cell. But she is punished. She is an abomination, irreverent to Nature's law and order, and now she must pay. If only she had rolled in love-making with the man and welcomed his seed into her, the invisible cell would not have been wasted and her cries and her pain would have brought forth into the world a new life. Instead, she is punished for defying Nature's plan, and monthly must endure a terrible mockery.