

## To Touch the Sky

I walk the earth,  
Feet securely on the ground.  
But when I write, I feel  
I have wings on my back –  
I can fly!

I leap from a cliff  
To touch the sky.  
But since I don't really have wings,  
It doesn't turn out like I thought.

## Not Yet Noon

Like every other day,  
It's not yet noon,  
And he's already drunk,  
Bumping into things.

His goals are well defined:  
Keep consuming alcohol,  
Copulate whenever,  
Maybe take a nap.

Perhaps we shouldn't knock him.  
He only lives two weeks.  
For the malachite butterfly,  
It's an evolutionary trait.

The spoiled fruit, fermented,  
That others leave untouched,  
Is where he finds his nourishment.  
It's what he has for lunch.

Us humans live more broadly,  
Long lives with great ambition.  
Learning, striving, building,  
Industrious fruition.

But if we glimpse *our* life span  
As but a spec upon eternal,  
We might hold different views  
About what we'd do, by noon.

## Intimacy

Women say they want more intimacy in sex  
Which men take to mean -- intimacy will lead to more sex  
So we give it a try.

The whole idea of sharing something  
That you are not comfortable sharing.  
The big things inside  
That you'd like to keep inside  
Private, secret stuff  
That should stay down in the basement.

I want you to share your feelings, she says  
So I make a point of sometimes saying  
I feel good, or I feel sad.  
What are you sad about? she replies  
Jesus Christ, this can't be going somewhere good.

Tell me the things you've never told anyone  
You mean from my basement  
Yes, take me to your basement, she says  
Snuggling closer and holding me tight.  
I ain't taking you to my basement  
Maybe I'll bring up one box.

I have such a basement  
Full, messy, piles of boxes, of fears and perversions  
Stacked and strewn all over  
I don't even like to go down there myself.

But I have given her a peek  
Shared a couple of unmanly fears  
And found a sympathetic ear  
But not a look of admiration  
Not a woman compelled to tear mine or her clothes off.

There is some sex stuff down in the basement  
Women say they want honesty  
But a man has to be careful  
Many cold nights may lie ahead  
For the husband who reveals honest thoughts of the baby sitter.

I'm not sure women really want to know  
I think they may like the hidden mysteries  
Something to work at  
Something hard to press against  
As long as there remains one box unopened  
Hope is preserved, that maybe one day  
Its contents will fill whatever seems to always be missing.

## Just Before Sleep

As a boy he thought of baseballs  
just before he slept.  
Its back ... its back ... its out 'a here.

Then came the years  
naked girls jumped in,  
ransacked his mind, both wicked and fine.  
(And sleep itself would not stop them.)

A father and VP of Sales,  
conked out quick when he curled into bed.  
Perhaps one last problem of the day  
to chew on.

Retirement arrived  
with visions of golf balls --  
soaring, sailing, parachuting  
onto the middle of the green.

Now, each night,  
when thoughts of final darkness lie down with him,  
the old man imagines himself piling large stones and applying mortar,  
forming a giant fortress, high on top a hill.  
After that, if he still has time,  
he goes out beyond the moat and strings barbed wire,  
and lays land-mines.  
The last thing the man does,  
religiously, before yielding consciousness to the night,  
is to check that the Trident missiles are all ready to launch, if needed.  
Satisfied,  
the man places his wife's hand in his, and thinks,  
*nothing can get us now.*