

Tete a Tete or Tit for Twāt (tat)

Was she:

on stage;

or

in her store;

or

working on a project;

or

laughing, talking, belly laughing?

Was there:

a hint of advice,

a small compliment?

Or (please, let there be)

butterfly kisses on the head of his cock?

Would she become:

wet, with his affection.

as he proudly dripped with delight?

Maybe it was really just SSDD,
as she pleased herself (at her mother's house) while conjuring Mt. Tamalpais

The Price

She traded it all for a silver kiss
Swaying gently to silent incantations
Shimmering ripples in leaden mirrors
Metamorphosed into tricksters
Wielding Kokopelli's flute.

Slate grayed out heavens iridesce
Jagged flakes of shale, slick, sharp, piercing
Liquid nitrogen melts metal
Diamonds are born, there is hope in raindrops
Astraea scintillates in black.

Soft, wet, moon glow skims across ground clouds
A ray of light shatters into golden, incandescence fire
Comets blaze, arching phosphorescence
Behold the Ecstasy of St. Teresa
But, she traded it all for a kiss of silver.

A glimpse of red, the moment uncertain
Wet shadows swirl, the fog parts
A single, sharp rapport shatters
The silence, broken, she succumbed
Mercury rivulets trickle down her face.

P.S. 4 S.N.

I can't look at a cucumber anymore,
and forget about a deli dill pickle,
even anthuriums are off limits.

My girlfriend's imagination is very mischievous.

She started at a very tender age,
when eggplants were her vegetable of choice.

Now, every day, innocent objects
take on unconventional meanings.

Georgia O'Keefe would blush,
for I've just been initiated into the
lesser known talents of wilted carrots.

Not to be outdone,
I mention the arousing splendor
of mussels and claims. Bivalves.

How a pair of limpets can be
reminiscent
of the iconic figure of
Botticelli's Birth of Venus.

Or the luscious, mouthwatering
image of a banana split.

But when all is said and done
I can never look at a cucumber the same.

Because I will always remember
a 54 centimeter (21.25") cucumber,
that has no equal.

The Sheep

One night I set him free from the petting-zoo
he was dirty, moth-eaten, eyes oozing,
so ludicrous yet hopeful, like a beggar,
or maybe a carnie in a virgin town.

I took him to my home and
tried something new-
tofu, St. John's Wort, and
whatever macrobiotic fad
the New Age decreed at the time.

Previously he'd existed on
cigar butts, rotted trash, and alcohol vapors.
(Sober he reeked like a beauty parlor.)
His yellowing coat shedding by the handful
on my only thread bare rug,
his wool merging with pieces of
last month's newspaper.

Oh, the tribulations he had survived!
Midnight serenades by hormone intoxicated youths
or, alternatively, the two of us,
my pores oozing Kombucha tea,
his, inhaling clove cigarette smoke.

It seemed he almost understood me
towards the end, and that was deep-
So when my sanctimonious charwoman
returned one day from the knacker man
with him, fleece and all,
for a split second I was devastated.
I instantly exterminated the bitch,
my energy was that blocked.

Doppelgänger

I pass myself
coming and going

Time out of mind,
it's not unlike déjà vu

A quick turn of the head
trying to capture a glimpse

A sudden smell from the past
foretells a taste of the future

Wide-awake dreaming;
shivers ripple down my spine

The hair stands on the back of my neck
my blood runs cold

The ability to drift
through life effortlessly

I'm not one of them

In this universe
of my Ka