

these breasts

these breasts were big
boobs, boisterous and bawdy
stuffed into lingerie loud and rowdy
these breasts suckled
sleeping infants successfully
with more to spare
were used to nuzzle
and snuggled-up against for comfort
these breasts were ample
their weight and curve
appreciated by the opposite sex
admired and fondled
these breasts walked
eyes wide-open under the knife
and were reduced
to little girl tittys
with youthful roundness,
no sag of age to tell me
where I've been or
who I have become

**With a nod to Lucille Clifton's poem "homage to my hips"*

“One Train May Hide Another”

The sign at the station intoned
‘one train may hide another’

*our thirst is paramount-
so evident as to eat us up.*

One wish may hide another wish
the hidden wish the real one wished

*I wish it would rain
buckets and buckets of rain*

One father or one brother may hide the man
who is the man you planned for

*I wish it would rain down
so hard, so very hard*

One life hides another
our lived life hides the one we wished to live

*the rain after the rain
then the rain again*

One ‘I love you’ may hide another
false love lingering in the shadows

*I wish the rain would pour
til’ it cleansed our very souls*

One love may hide another real
love like a hidden double

*the rain at the end of time
and more rain after that time*

‘One train may hide another
pause to let the first one pass’

Woman Yearning

Last night my Spanish teacher said,
after coming back from Chicago,

*“My body is hungry to be looked at and admired.
I yearn for the lustful look of leering males.”*

*“I need to feel the appreciative gaze of men
upon my breasts and my loins.”*

Shocked at her audacity – even more
stunned at my body’s erotic agreement,

Never once known by man,
having no male ogle me,

never having been stripped by male eyes,
nor caressed with a leer;

my body still yearned
to be embraced by male eyes, as well.

Summer Social

Squeezed butt cheeks so tight that no sound comes out,
tales told over wine and cheese,
bartered vignettes - revisit the episodes of our lives.
I laugh at something she said that reminds me
that my mother is dying -
reminds me that my child will never finish high school, let alone college.

The pie slice of cheese slowly disappears,
stifled yawns because no one wants to go back to
empty rooms in empty dorms of summer college.
Stand against the wall with leg pain racing up one then down the other,
smile at the thought of tomorrow's conversations
and connections created -
your neighbor - my daughter's new job.

Face red as new sunburn,
trying not to glow neon.
Hot flash drips dew down her back.
'After effect of red wine', she says, noticing my noticing.
Night calls dreamers to bed.
The crowd dwindles quietly,
secretively, as if they don't want their leaving to be apparent.

Clear plastic glasses half full
reveal the progress of the night's exchange
Good to the last drop.
Tell my story without spitting through my nose,
listen so hard that I don't think of what I am going to say next,
try not to be too clever, too funny, too opinionated -
Feeling included for the first time in forever.
What does one poet say to another?

The cracker plate sits empty save crumbs relaxing.
Darkness has edged into the room -- the night yawns.
Lowered tones of conversation
listen for heart beats and sighs of knowing
we are all in this together.

No Branch Left Barren & Dry

I'm no branch left barren & dry
setting here waiting for you to try
to water my soul.

You don't need to furrow my row,
nor pierce my bale of hay with one, true blow;
no need to diminish or enhance.

It's as simple as taking a chance.

I don't need your weeping eye,
nor for you to beg me to try
to live on and on.

I don't expect you to lay open your soul,
nor will I share my travails & sigh.

Don't wait for that.

Just dip yourself into the purse of my desire
and find my last, lonely coin.

Pick it up and do your worst -
or your best, as the case may be.

Spin the wheel for a ride with me.

Soon, you will see
how much it's true,
that old women are good at sex, too.