

### **erotic poem (un poco loco)**

she tell's me that my new erotic poem is too clean  
that i'm too clean  
i tell her that i don't know how to write erotic poems  
the sax player bends over & grabs her horn  
i pat her ass & tell her that i just don't know  
how to write erotic poems  
that i really don't even want to write  
erotic poems  
but that my new poem's a good poem none-the-less  
she smiles & nods her head  
arching her back ever so slightly  
in time with the music  
she heaves her chest forward &  
says she understands  
the sax player plays a heavy tune  
i say that i can't just write about certain things  
i see & block others out  
she says she's strong the sax player  
& that i should write  
just what i write but that this poem is  
too polite  
too clean  
i kiss her on the mouth  
caress her breast  
& say i understand  
when in truth & fact i actually do not  
  
i just can't write erotic poems  
  
she smiles gently rises walks away  
the tune is over  
the sax player puts away her  
horn.

8/29/81 south street seaport slightly edited 2/7/10 2 a.m. second edit 2 p.m.

### **the final scene**

thinking of her tits  
he tried to paint the wind  
finger in her hole  
he thought he was creation  
resting on her belly  
he tried to draw her breath  
he was like her orgasm  
coming  
coming  
he was piano on water  
tumbling

he was like so many others that day  
watching shadows fall  
as the walls cracked open  
allowing eternity to rush in.

1981 severely edited 2/7/10

### **the stars**

remember  
    giving me a handjob  
in the hayden planetarium  
    remember lying on my coat  
        above the spiral staircase  
    remember the miscarriage  
        the giant water bug  
        the moving from bed to bed  
            remember the first blow job  
                you gave me  
you said you were a clean girl  
    & that i would hate you after  
        don't worry i said  
                                    i won't.

8/20/80 slightly edited 2/7/10

**meat**

white meat  
red meat  
black meat  
yellow meat  
you meet them all  
gliding down the street  
as you sit & think of nothing  
but them

some hot  
some sweet  
some cold  
some completely unseasoned  
you taste them all  
sandwiched between shadow & light  
as you sit dying of thirst

you speak to one occasionally  
mouth all business  
as your cock rises  
hard  
inside your moist warm  
heart.

7/28/79 slight edit

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to be able to fart loudly in bed  
next to the woman you sleep with  
is indeed is true intimacy  
even more so if she farts first  
better still if you both do it together

1/8/80

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**breakfast**

you eat me  
for breakfast  
& i am full  
lips in the right place  
caressing –  
a cream cheese sandwich  
& honey in the tea.

6/2/82

