

Vulgar Verse
Chapter III: Reflection

SEVENTY-FOUR

He baked my body,
against the hot rocks,
like rising flat bread,
cooking in the fire's heat.

I know. I know. I am too easy,
too willing to have him,
instead of believing,
I tantalize him more when I make him wait.

I feel while time takes heed,
he tastes my truth and need,
because he is the only smell of fresh, morning towels,
drying the water on my skin.

SEVENTY-FIVE

If you do not leave me,
how will I miss you?
If you return right away,
how will I long for you?

Disappear for a year, my dear,
disappear for a year.
Forget the face and shadow you cast
on the ground, the earth will open its mouth for you.

Wherever you go, whoever you become,
I will always see your image in my mirror.
You are strange lands and cobblestones,
in search of fresh air.

And I can see you.
I look past the horizon,
and see your weathered face.

SEVENTY-SIX

When I want him, I need,
a friend of strength I will make,
in knowing why him I take,
I give him what I should.

Without forethought to self-esteem,
in waiting for him to call,
a small tear now appears,
when he loses track of the weeks.

And I wait. I wait.
Reconfirming my face,
for that look which first caught eye,
has already disappeared, or was it a lie?

Am I half-hearted and undecided
on the role I will assume?
If I consent to give to him,
what he wants, shall still I be strong?

SEVENTY-SEVEN

I do not feel what I know,
any more of male,
my tale of woe,
of skies shaken by the wind.

Of sunny days faded away,
into prospects grim in shape.
What form is his face,
carved in prehistoric wood and hardy foliage?

A canopy of lust,
I shade myself under him,
expose my naked body,
and emerge from wailing.

Lonely, no more am I,
when he sleeps by my side,
and takes a moment of repose,
in my breast, in the pleasure that is woman.

SEVENTY-EIGHT

If I stole your heart,
and then tossed it away,
I would be telling lies.
I would violate my soul;

If I did not care for you,
evil spirits would possess my world;
the birds would leave the sky,
and die, I should, one hundred deaths of despair.

If I could not make love to you,
and worship your body,
the infinite mysteries of your being
would remain unseen,

would leave me blind,
to the uniqueness of your mind,
in the multitude of men.
How I am reminded, why you are truly special.

SEVENTY-NINE

I do not want to know everything about you,
to scorch your earth with knowledge of myself, too.
Let us instead, remain casual lovers,
as I have shut off my senses.

My legs are dead, too tired to carry this vessel forward.
My heart is lead, too heavy to trust again,
as of tomorrow, I will have forgotten you,
and how you seduced me with gestures of longing,

Until I was gone in the illusion
of wanting to be,
in your arms,
a part of your tongue.

In my mouth, on my skin,
beneath every sense of feeling,
drives the shiver of disappointment along my spine.
Let us, instead, have one another just for now.

EIGHTY

Such ardent wanting,
in my pain,
for the fate of man,
the nameless kind, uncultured.

I rise out of slumber,
to your reflection, I face,
in solitary mirror,
I gaze into the familiar.

Sensual touching, tenderly following my nape,
brushing the day away,
to the time of moon kisses,
when my heart cries out.

What gives it breath, this simplicity to meaning,
to spite my love and absolve last rite to reasoning?
I rise to stay inside this lust for man,
the rarest type, unfettered.

EIGHTY-ONE

Without face, or finger or nose,
I lost my composure, and rose to a plateau of spiritual freedom
and truth, in belief that nothing,
should I have to complain.

In this life of whimsy and luck,
he struck that chord,
in my heart, and fell hard,
did I, when I spied his eye of discord.

At my greediness,
at my neediness,
to be his lover, and try as I might,
I cannot stop from wanting him.

EIGHTY-TWO

I believe he loves me,
because he lives in me.
I feel his gentle heart,
moving in our duality.

I cherish the way he leads me
to his soul, through the whole of his ordinary.
He zigs between my legs.
He zags around my lips.

He defies the image of perfection,
with a chipped tooth, a screw loose,
and from where came his uneven pattern of reality?
Still, I admire him.

EIGHTY-THREE

How might I sustain my love for you?
Without your attention,
I am one hundred whores,
fucking and fucking, in such varied places.

I am found, in confident sexuality,
feeling intensity for you,
that I cannot entertain,
such thoughts of rejection.

I want my heart to give pause to your heart,
for your tongue to taste my tongue,
to touch each other, and fondle inside the primary sense
of exploration and scent.

And I ask myself,
how can one man's touch,
seem so surreal,
affect me so much?

EIGHTY-FOUR

I am a jack rabbit,
who lays down her body,
and gets up again,
who lays down her feelings.

And moves his way,
who lays down her desire,
to sleep beside him,
wanting all thought to melt away;

Wanting a hurried heart to stay awake,
to receive him as meditation, in my bed,
he is the fox, in charge of the hen.
Will he eat me today?

EIGHTY-FIVE

None of what we name as love,
will become as clear as water,
does shine your reflection,
in your gentle way.

I follow the heart,
as it guides me to ecstasy.
In your arms,
my mouth knows the path to your lips.

In your taste, I swallow sweet memories of
intensity and warm feeling,
reaching places high above ceiling,
nor barriers shall not prevent.

My body from opening,
from revealing my flesh of wet
and slick throbbing,
mysteriously.

My body moves in style with night,
like the first time we made love.

EIGHTY-SIX

I stand knee-deep in water,
so cold, and fall even lower,
than imaginable, below the ground,
where dreams are no longer believable.

I only want his body to take me home,
to show me the way, to needing,
to knowing that I want no other man,
to come inside me.

I tell him everything,
when the cock strikes havoc
around midnight.

EIGHTY-SEVEN

I like your tenderness and peculiarity,
the way you touch me
with a sprinkle of patience,
you explore me.

Between the lines of my emotion
and flesh, I bubble over with lust.
For your taste is the first morsel to
pass these lips.

And the water of your mouth
is the wine in the glass of my want.
And I regress to a time when I worried far less.
In your tenderness, I feel irresistible.

EIGHTY-EIGHT

Too well I know,
how well I lie,
just this one, am I,
only a breath in moment.

Without the touch of another,
more foolish than I,
to believe a soul can be found,
all by oneself.

Too well I feel,
how well am I real,
without the taste of another's mouth,
to be found in my heart.

How shall I live eternally as one?

EIGHTY-NINE

Roughly, I recall your adventures
of the skin, sliding yourself,
into me, tightly,
and my secretive world.

Was no more a barren place,
heretofore, only ever shown,
to the mirror, I propped up,
in front of me.

I relaxed my knees and looked
at the loveliness, I leave,
an image of gathering buds,
now split open.

I came forward to you,
to your little tongue and eager mouth.

NINETY

I keep a perverse secret,
which grows with every stroke
of your firm hand, your probing finger,
winding its way around my cunt.

For you are a fucker,
stealing curious eyes, hidden.
Truly, you must know,
you are quite beautiful to me.

Even as I watch you go,
there is certainty
in my heart,
that you are better understood.

In the time ahead,
and after only twenty-four hours,
of being with you,
I cannot think straight.

NINETY-ONE

Before the second arrives, when I meet him,
I play a game, and tell myself,
no reasonable expectation,
should I have, if even to see him again.

I tell myself,
he will not be there,
nor want me, as once he had,
when finally, I see him.

I hold tight, my heart to my head,
and reserve emotions, cast them in lead,
until he demonstrates genuine want
in his eyes.

He wants me, I can see,
and all the lies,
in the games I play, soon die,
when I meet him, I open my arms.

NINETY-TWO

Should you die, surely,
I will collapse to the floor, weeping,
helpless on my knees, unable to comprehend,
what has been taken from me.

Sheer horror will descend, no sound will escape my lips.
How? When? Even then,
I will want to believe, that you breathe, still,
moving truth in my body.

Such a strong heart does beat beside me, inside my legs.
You are immortal and complete,
and I lose myself in you,
I evaporate into whimsical dreams.

NINETY-THREE

Because my will rests with thee,
I escape the wretchedness,
that is all else, grotesquely,
in front of me.

And eventually,
new love dies and old love lies,
most truthfully,
my courage grows in your heart.

I dare to see that light hath shined a spark,
in the darkness of your eyes,
and I dare to feel, in my mind,
that I am part of something real.

In your mouth,
in your succulent flesh,
I taste expectation
and satisfy my hunger.

NINETY-FOUR

I stir adventure, in living,
I endure individualism,
from out of regret and lost opportunities,
left unopened at the gate.

I run. I shun the melting landscape,
no clear image making sense to me,
to the bitch inside my legs,
in heat with all manner of hate.

Pray tell me your secret,
how different you are from the rest, or better yet,
will you sail through my test of integrity,
make me your friend of longevity?

NINETY-FIVE

No matter how much hurt and pain,
you endure, you feel even worse,
despite being dead inside, you feel even more,
when disappointment visits you again.

Should it be inconceivable that he could find me out,
and strip away my shyness,
release my heart to leap again,
into his unknown.

I see his slight frame and willing body,
moving towards me, taking off my pain;
obliterating my depression,
he helps me to feel again.

NINETY-SIX

I will drown in your body,
in the swell of your sea salt and wind,
because I am an open place,
uninhibited by doubt.

I will expose myself to you,
and conscript your emotions,
because you are the dream within my nightmare,
feeding images of skin and thigh.

And I race against current and flow.
I will let everything go, to want you.
How I want you.
I want you, my aphrodisiac.

NINETY-SEVEN

I will divide the mountains
from the land,
and divorce the clouds
from the sky.

I will become the hunger,
before death is the beginning of time,
I will return to the place
where loose ends no longer exist.

In the air I breathe,
I will give you the morning,
in discussion and exchanges,
in adjectives and verbs.

When you rise and speak,
heaven and earth will meet,
inside my mouth,
inside my heart.

NINETY-EIGHT

I think it best that you should leave,
quickly, do so now, before I change my mind.
Why did you pass my way
and brush my side?

Cause tidal waves of desire to make me stagger,
I lose my step, fall into your arms,
and with only your scent to inhale,
have I gone, straight to hell.

In your deep kiss, your groping hands,
have started a blaze, inside my legs.
Would you leave me, please, before I do something,
anything, I am dying to regret.

NINETY-NINE

Why love or want,
his wily sex,
capricious and vexed by succulent flesh,
that is woman?

And why desire or have,
her fickle sex,
rare and hexed by dangling appendage,
that is man?

Or else, turn blind one eye
to the delights that await thee,
and rise from pillow
to stand on devotion.

To want because his body
is celestial grace;
to have because her body
is heavenly space.

ONE HUNDRED

Woman is man, is creature,
expounding on meaning,
seeking truth in the joining of loins,
until she is born in his wanting,
until he passes through her desire.

How they conspire to control each other;
to speak their words,
to direct their deeds.
Had they not foreseen,
that love is embodied in all weather?

Bracing against the wind,
beating with the rain,
breaking into radiant light and ebony night.
How then are they wholesome,
these creatures of infinite verse?