

Free Love

As ants climb into the pelvic mouths
of the flowershop orchid,
the blossoms are altars
for some rite of ant passage
unknowable to us animals
who wait for a taxi and smoke
under the glittering pornographic
marquee, where the air bleeds
because you shout through it
and into my ear razor sharp
interpretations of God
like, 'Just say this prayer
with me. Be saved! C'mon. Do it!
Or maybe you want to go to Hell!'
Unlike your words, the orchid
isn't carnivorous. Its beauty
does not trap the ants and eat them.
Therefore, as you play Divine
Henchman with your filth whistle
and inspire brimstone terrors in me,
I sprout a giant Greek phallus and charge
your atoms with pagan ecstasy.
We annihilate each other
with love and become saints
of the airs that sting us.
You lure me to conversion.
I objectify you.