

Rebecca Wolff

THE PROVERBIAL HANDSHAKE

During intercourse, after orgasm, I recently discovered,
listening to the radio, the cervix contracts, deadly serious.
For conserving energy and time, to hold the sperm
closely into the bosom of the womb: to maximize
potentiality. This confirms my suspicion that we might be
fruitful. When I feel the purse-strings, spasms
such as these, and your penis is still right there
in my vagina I grow proud of my body's brain and always mindful
that for you these little tugs—ringing proof
of what has come to pass between us and of what
direction all our work is going in—are also tight.
They're tighter and they're part of a continuum—
praise and acceptance, rejection and denial, perdition
and revelation, consecration and endorsement, not to mention
downright graciousness and hospitality—which extends
between us like a bridge between the mainland and the island,
or like a handshake over a heavy oaken desktop. Only firmer.