

WILSON DIEHL

Ivory Tower Boy

I do not care so much what some theorist you read last night and
are writing about this morning has to say about desire.

I do not care unless it is directly related to the way
you slip your fingers into me in the dimness of your bedroom

as a car alarm blares outside your too-thin graduate student walls.
Stripped down is how I might love you,

all soft words and glimmering eyelids and palms as smooth as
stone.