

On the Buttocks

Constantine Cavafy is naked.

Nice ass!

He walks around the block
and waves like the Pope.

The buttocks are a little
like breasts,
a little like heads.

Two better than one.

Neighbors

scatter rose petals
in our hero's path.

The buttocks are closets
with heirlooms.

There is a dark slash
between them,
like a space between pages.

Ottomans.

Moons.

Excuses
for dainty cloth.

All our lives we hear
there is one moon
and everywhere
we see two.

Now and then
someone from the crowd
dashes for a touch,
for luck,
to tell grandchildren,
not to wash.