

WHAT KEEPS US GRINNING AT NIGHT

We thought sex was a root.
It would grow crooked, arthritic
& hard, very
relentless, serious, positive . . .

Those were the days!—
We could have inched into the earth;
we could have eaten for centuries
of the fat black;

we were gropers & long things.
Skinny & white
we extended like tendrils
getting at the absolute.

Listen, as far back as you can remember
wasn't it quiet?
Wasn't it damp, you sluggard?
Wasn't the skull's wetness, whiteness

under your wife's face
what kept you grinning at night?