

Don't know what to call him but he's mighty
lak a rose · *Rebecca Wolff*

It is a red wax candle
between us on the table. Lurid,
in decay. Do you want to make something
of it? It is melting,
slipping out pools of its own soft
heart: blood running under a door.
Somebody smells like honeysuckle he says.
We have just enough wine tonight.
There are several liquids at this table;
his dewy eyes, clear white, bright blue.

It is round and sacrilegious,
squat, advantageous. And my friend is orgasmic,
always a distinction to be made. I never saw the like
before tonight, when I looked down from our chatter
and he stopped before I came. Don't give up on glamour,
it is apportioned: I am rolling a rose (in bloom) lipstick-true
out of the run-off. I hand it over to you
you are flirting your face off.
It is all so base, no matter how we
elevate it to the level of this object;
this subject. If you are not your body and you are not your mind . . .
your beard knits your head and chest together. Others subject
themselves at the outset, prostrated, and that is a prerequisite.
Just don't hurt me.