

## Three Poems · *Judith Berke*

### REPRESSION IN THE AGE OF AQUARIUS

My friend says, when his pretty student visits,  
paintings fly off the walls,  
and once one of the little big-bellied goddesses,  
the way a button would pop  
from a too-tight vest.

Brilliant, he said, when she entered  
his night class. . . . I don't tell him  
the brilliance seems to be mostly  
in her hips, how they beat out the time  
like a pendulum, as if to say Listen,  
nobody's got forever! No.

I go on about Freud. The noises  
in his walls. How he had to track them down  
as if they were the repressed thoughts  
of a patient. How Jung  
preferred to think they were simpler than that.  
Further off, yet in a funny way,  
closer.

My friend and his little sweetheart  
have hardly touched, ever.  
You'd almost think one of them  
would go deaf, or begin to stutter—  
but no, it's the poor walls  
going crazy. . . . Now a spear  
comes down, and the African mask  
next to it. I like to attach to all this  
notions of love. That if they kissed,  
just gently, the room would be all right again.  
I don't know anymore what love is,  
but I would like *this* to be about love.  
Not just the wild part, the eros,  
not only the spear and the mask  
as if that were all that mattered.