

## YETZER HARA

Immaculate gestures  
impeccable face  
freckles dispersed in improbable places  
talking of men  
boasting, even  
This one's sensitivity  
the warmth of that one's caress  
    between morsels  
    between sips of bad burgandy  
    the color of my awkwardness  
    the color of your fingers on the glass  
instead of my dress  
the immodesty of your blouse  
O YES I LOOK and my intentions are evil  
I have memorized the maximum number  
of kisses  
from your throat to the crevice  
You must have infallible breasts  
I must have shiksa eyes  
and only two feet of table  
and only three buttons left.