

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

Lynn Lifshin

OTHER LOVERS

carry you up to the
garnet bedroom with
your boots on. Some
rub chocolate all over
then steal your Kennedy
silver dollars when you
leave him the key.

Some never hear you
even if they aren't
deaf. Other men say
because of a leg they
lost in Iraq, they can
get closer to you. When
they say they love,
it's almost the last
thing they say except
"it's not you, it's me."

Turn your knuckles
raw knocking on his
door: sex will be
great but it always
will be over

SOME LOVERS: FOREPLAY

e mail is stupendous
but when you meet in
Venezuela , just a dry
kiss. When he doesn't
write for half a year
you imagine him dead.
Or on a stranded beach
in Big Sur or kidnapped
by aliens. When he

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writes you save every
word on your hard drive.
One lover taught me
what men did in prison,
things I'll never see
again. Some are startlingly
gorgeous, exotic as
a Lamborghini everybody
at but they are too expensive
to keep and always falling
apart leaving you stranded,
having to be lugged home
in your arms
SOME LOVES

hitch across count
to get into your pants,
astonished they are
the first one. Some
will make a dash
exit in the middle
of the night on your
birthday hissing you
are too needy and
then, for decades,
gasp, in letters, then
e mail, how your
body enchanted as
no others had. He'll
want to meet in
Paris or Madrid.
Some are in for the
chase, see you as
prey, a wild doe they
wouldn't know

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what to do with
except shoot
SOME LOVERS

ask if you'd marry
them if they asked but
don't ask. Leave a note
on your door: they
want to catch up
(which means a blow
job) Some think
you can help them
with your poetry.
Some think you are
your poems. Some
that you fantasize and
want the most, can't
be seduced, not
even in dreams. You
give them what no
one else can in poems
where they will always
be fit and young
and they give you
dark blues
SOME LOVERS

are only not on
e mail. You must have
known men like
that. But then, after
we both fly halfway
across the country,
only a dry kiss.
Others shove your

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cat off the bed,
You imagine you'll
get the same treatment.
Still, it doesn't follow
if one saves a stray
diabetic cat and
cuddles and loves him,
that he'll do the same
by you. And what
to make of the lover
who says he can't find
anything wrong with
you, says you're up there
in his "top ten girl
friends. Or the one
who was so stingy he
used his tea bag
12 times, opened a
box of cookies his
mother sent him,
munched away but
didn't offer you one.
Some lovers are
Tuesday night lovers,
a fuck, not a bad one,
a cup of tea and
he's gone.

OTHER LOVERS

want you to touch
there and there, some
hardly want you
near them. Some
expect you to score
cocaine or weed

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tho you don't use
them, substitute
nutmeg that keeps
you in a daze. Some
marry you and still
won't touch you.
Some try but can't
really touch you.
Others haunt after it
is over, their voice
on radio air. Others
have hearts that
aren't right, some
are heart broken.
Some break your heart