

Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1

Marc Jampole

At The Cocktail Party

As rabbits, we would overlook
the swell of people drinking
Margaritas, sampling sushi morsels
and I would circle you a time or two,
propel, subdue you with my spray,
then take you by the dorsal,
paws on back, chambray caress,
frozen plush for twenty minutes motionless
and then our rush and squeal and fall to side,
roll and wheel, then we would ride
our unmoving ride again.

As red snakes we would climb the drapery
while we braided our bodies into writhing, rising rope.

Instead we mope and stare and look away
and masticate attraction into friendless
thoughts of possible disease, times of month,
tease and pretense, other loves in other places,
lies untold, jobs and money, cars and homes,
genes, genomes, faces without makeup,
states of semidress, folds, tattoos,
definitions of fidelity, desire and spontaneity,
threat of failure, hazard of success,
the work we have to do.

As sea gulls, you would hide your webs
in clammy sand and fan your tail-quills
and I would light upon you, softly,
tail to tail, my wings spread wide,
for one ecstatic instant,
then fly away.

On Manhattan Beach With Eros And Thanatos

Older mother in bikini leans your way
to wipe a child and show you dark
shadows and edges of nipples,

reminds of years before
coming home to open windows
blowing snow and wind inside,
her naked body on the floor
sideways stretched and writhing.

Same desire thirty years apart
same slide to giddy honeyed ache,

another place another time of year
another hummingbird insinuates
stigmata of another type of flower,
rose transformed to salvio
red always red always one day only.

Outside the white wall
is another white wall.

You walk familiar sands
towards the sun's obliteration
in the shadows of the waves.