

1970

Love

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L O V E

I lie in bed
While he whispers in her ear
That no one is there.

Nothing is said
About me, though I stroke her back
With my slack

Penis, saying I love her.
My scrotum's a fig.
He is big

And blossoms above her—
He kisses her face,
They embrace,

Her legs circle his hips.
Her eyes close.
She opens

Her lips.
She speaks to him.
I lean close, listening in the dim

Light for his name.
“Love,”
She says. “Love.”

It is always the same.