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Sex without Love

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How do they do it, the ones who make love without love? Beautiful as dancers, they glide over each other like ice skaters over the ice, fingers hooked inside each other's bodies, faces red as steak, wine, wet as the children at birth whose mothers are going to give them away. How do they come to the come to the—come to the—god—come to the still waters, and not love the one who came there with them, light rising slowly like steam off their joined skin? These are the true religious, the purists, the pros, the ones who will not accept a false Messiah, love the priest instead of the God. They don't mistake the lover for their own pleasure, they are like great runners—they know it is a matter of the road surface, the cold, the wind, the fit of their shoes, their overall cardiovascular health—just factors, like the partner in the bed, and not the truth, which is the single body alone in the universe against its own best time.