The Last Afternoon

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We have been having sex twice a week
For as long as I can remember.
I see no reason this day should be different.
We’re long past what the species needs in our acts;
We are enough our own morphology to do as we like.
To give a little license shows but how,
With measures out of hand, you fall to
The base of our lives and petty hysterias.
I shall be no party. The time each morning
I put aside to work in the garden this morning
Will be spent working in the garden. Economics
Jingoism geopolitics and pounding
Your worn flesh on that rough mattress is not
My concern. Think of how at the first
The thing will be like McClellan’s July Fourth fireworks.
Years we have been past the dramatic—on the porch,
Or in the bed. Enjoy the goddamned sight.