

now is metrics,  
dealing with a quarter-inch.

(Chrome front,  
rear-safety-guards,  
a tapered tail  
gives air-tight fit)

The International Cartel  
gets fat, the farthest thing  
from pregnancy. A world  
runs riot:

everybody gets a piece  
of Peace.

9.

The machinery  
of love  
grinds on.

There is no war.  
The rebels die of grief.

The marriage-brokers  
lay aside the phrase,  
take up the turning  
of a lathe.

The fringe of lunatics  
take unaccustomed glee  
just Following

the Simple Instructions  
Printed on the Box.

Do-it-yourself Lobotomy  
is next.

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## II: Leah

1.

I will touch  
your sleeping hours



with this,  
for we came singular  
and second  
to this part  
of time.

Wandering  
or less,  
but needing gifts  
for given.

Know  
there is a way  
of knowing one.

One is enough,  
is more,  
is maximum.

2.

You are a woman, spread  
this once as pages  
in an open notebook,  
laid so carefully  
upon our Sunday  
morning bed.

Air is heavy here,  
within the limits of  
the radiator's shadows  
and the all-we-know,  
heavy summerness obliged.

I stand,  
unwilling to release  
the momentary composition  
of your lines.

You smile,  
awaiting stylus,  
punctuating finally:  
a timid moan.

3.

I touch  
the tiniest of hairs



grown patterned  
down your back.

They wash in, left  
as driftwood  
in your body tides,  
and never reach  
the oiled  
slick slipping  
of the conch.

The horn of Triton  
hears the sea  
within itself  
upon the beach.

4.

I am nightmare  
as you move.

Your tongue,  
exotic snail,

explores  
and memorizes

me.

5.

I am the most of you  
when I'm engulfed  
in thighs  
or lips,  
recesses,  
channels,  
surging to  
just once  
touch innermost.

I will know  
when I am there.

6.

The sunlight slices  
through your sleep,



through shades  
and contours of  
your body, touching  
here and there  
a Moebus Strip.

It touches the  
slim valley of  
your needs.

I move into  
the darkness  
growing there,  
into your night  
and you to mine.

7.

I press my mouth against  
your thigh;  
the primal need  
(so well concealed)  
to eat  
the captured flesh.

And in this moment  
you are still as birth.

I am aware of that.

An errant artery  
pumps you between  
my lips.

I taste the rhythm  
of your heart.

8.

Your eyes are closed.  
I cannot find the patterns  
of your thoughts,  
though I reach deep  
to touch them.

Let me in!, I think,  
with each locking



with each  
interlocking.

You are lost,  
and arching suddenly,  
and I forget,  
and squeeze my eyes  
before your lean  
and patterned conjugation  
of my scattered  
parts.

9.

In the warmth  
of aftermath,  
we both drift off,  
hands now quiet,  
laying near  
our secrets.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, New York

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LYNX, a semiannual of poetry edited at 300 Broadway Plainview, Texas, announces an award of a year's subscription to LYNX for the best poem in each issue of WORMWOOD REVIEW. LYNX is interested in encouraging poetry -- not fads. Its criteria is the presence of a least a spark of that intangible quality which, as Dylan Thomas said, "Makes your toenails twinkle." LYNX awards go to Felix Anselm for "Musings of Late" (8th issue), to Charles R. Angione for "Madonna On A Bus" (9th issue), and to J. H. Lowell for "Bill Smith Is Dead" (10th issue).

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Always ready to accept a challenge, WORMWOOD will reciprocate with an "editor's choice" per each issue of LYNX. First "choice:" G. C. Oden for her "Baptism of Desire" in LYNX:4.

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