

Last night I met this guy named Leon
While my husband was eyeing whores at the front of the bar
And wondering if I'd mind the money to buy one a drink
Leon asked if he could make love to me.
I hesitated.
He said, "Will you be home Monday?
How about Tuesday?
What time does your husband get home?"
I said, "I'm really not interested in that, but why dont you
Be our friend?"
He said, "But I want to make you, baby. What will your
Husband say to that? I mean,
How can we be friends?"
So, seeing John's need, I sighed and said,
"Okay, Leon, anytime you want
Bring a woman for John.
We'll play switchies.
(After all, there's a difference between switchies and adultery)
And we won't be friends.

— Susan Cornillon

Cleveland, Ohio

The stream was awash with stones and bubbles.
Foam hissed and drifted, bordering the rocks with lace.
The sun sang like a magpie. A green stubble
Of light scattered across the moss -- a brace
Of minnows hung distainfully above the blind
Lashing of water weeds.

On the far bank, sporting
And shrieking on the shoal, their glinting hind
Ends tossing like flowers, a shock of girls -- sorting
Their clothes after a swim, naked as frogs.
I watched, less vulnerable in my hiding place,
Laughing as they hopped and humped like kegs
Rolling, trying to dress --

A golden mace,
The allegoric dragonfly, fluttered --
Snickering, Pan retreated, sniffed,

muttered --

— Charles Wyatt

Philadelphia, Pa.