

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 --  
Snickerling, Pan retreated, sniffed,

muttered --

— Charles Wyatt

Philadelphia, Pa.