

Unintentionally one forgotten

Lovers arrive
with perfect wings
through broken windows
Suitcases are forgotten
as are tomorrows
who line the walls
like ineffectual eunuchs
standing guard over
something useless
to give it value

Lovers spin webs
out of fantasies
weaving new fabrics
for our bodies
new silk for thought
wool for warmth
In daylight
you can't forget her face
At night you can't
remember her name

Lovers leave
in shabby clothes
with too much rouge
and too many words
They vanish
in early morning
like fragile dreams
wanting to be where
night spends his days

Poem from a distant eden

In free passion
we agree to conceive
a child named eden
who will never know
his ancestry
And we will move our
separate ways
but I know soon you
will return to your husband
and his security
Soon the romance
will end and you will
forget about nakedness
wanting to buy maternity
clothes for the two of you
In crisis you will
deny my existence
He is already calling
it his child knowing
more about possession
than I

We move from our bed
you refusing to make it
and I refusing to lie in it

-- Franz Douskey

Tucson, AZ