

IF MY FRAGMENTED

Search contrives barely
to cast one thin blade
of light cutting across
the raw meat of your groin

Have I despised it ever
in word or deed? I have
pushed for a wider compass
if only arcing the puckered

Nipple of your globed breast
or a bangle on your convoluted
ear. Hear me now. I would
kick the door down. I would

Let all light in, flooding upon
the great purple pupils of your eyes
looking, looking into your heart
what raw meat might I find there?

EXAMINING

My own cock, pondering the silky
softness of its warm flesh
and the astonishing firmness
beneath that softness
pondering
your horror of holding it
with either your hand or your eye

Is the root of man so time burdened
and myth branded to inspire such terror
your error of renunciation but salting
the wound you carry in your heart
not in your groin
it is neither the horn
of the unicorn nor the winged serpent

Its flesh surrenders to your flesh
as surely as waking
surrenders again
to sleep

Though your's is the burden of its rigour