

WHERE HAS LOVE GONE?

Something has gone out of our romance, love:
we don't stay mad at each other anymore.

Take last night, for instance, when I stumbled
in drunk in the middle of the night
and peed all over the toilet seat,

and then you got up for a sleepy wee-wee yourself
and of course arose from the seat soaking wet

and I was furious because you were ostentatiously
towelling off your behind

when you should have been listening to my recitation
of the evening's bar-room combats,

so I said, "Fuck you and your petty charades,"
and I went to sleep.

Six years ago you wouldn't have spoken to me for weeks,
but tonight when I came home
you had dismissed it all for what it was,
a comically intoxicated episode.

I'm afraid we've been together much too long.

BILL

He was a teacher in the drama department,
an assiduous bodybuilder,
and a rather obvious homosexual.
What primarily distinguished him, however,
was his cock.

Here is how it came to my attention:
a friend and I used to work out
a couple of times a week at the faculty health club,
and Bill would usually be in there
busting his ass to add to the already heightened
definition
of his pecs and treps.
He was a genuinely nice guy
and we would always have some compliment for him,
as we sat huffing and puffing
from the strain of the previous set,
on the breakneck pace he set himself.

One afternoon, though, my friend came out of the showers and said to me, "Did you see that?"

"See what?" I said.

"Bill's cock!"

"For Christ's sake, I don't stare at guy's cocks -- what do you take me for?"

"Gerry, pretend you're looking for your shampoo and go back in and look at it."

"You're crazy," I said, and I continued to resist, but he continued to insist, until finally I decided that the simplest thing would be to conform with his ridiculous demand.

It was the eighth wonder of the world, a meathook, a king cobra, an inverted replica of George Foreman's
forearm.

What havoc the guy must have wreaked upon his lovers.

We still speak of it,
that banyan root, that howitzer, that missile silo,
that bludgeon, John Henry's hammer,
the creature from the black lagoon.

We speak of it loudly but reverentially
on drunken evenings in crowded silken cocktail lounges,

and, within minutes,
we find we have the place to ourselves.

Have they left us from embarrassment,
or are they racing down the freeway,
hellbent for Long Beach?

THE NASTIEST GLAND

Nearly all my friends have prostate trouble.
There is absolutely no reason why I shouldn't also --
I'm obese, have bad posture and a frequently sprained
sacroiliac, drink to excess, and have bad attitudes
toward sex.

But I don't have prostate trouble,
and it has begun to affect my comradely relationships.

I see them whispering to each other behind inverted
palms,
"What's fat-ass's secret? Why doesn't he share it
with us?"

Who does he think he is anyway?