

Smooth as the inner flesh of thighs and fingerable,  
they must be twisted from the tough stem. In the  
mouth, a melting firmness, resisting penetration like  
convent bred whores.

The color of Giacomo Puccini's dreams.

#### BROCCOLI

Bright green sprouts just in from the country,  
stretching ridgy adolescent limbs in their first silken  
covers. Coquettes pubere de province lying between  
great golden wedges of grinning lemon.

Brassica oleracea italica: Colette's wild Italian  
progeny, arms akimbo, nodding vivid heads.

Ahh ... green Roman candles, rising to ... ahh ...  
pretty extinction in the black cave of the mouth.

-- William A. Fahey

Northport NY

#### DODGER FANTASY

Someone mentions a bar where  
there are, "whores so old  
they remember the Brooklyn Dodgers."

My skin prickles with excitement  
when I ponder paying a price  
for my peculiar fetish.

While I swing for the fences,  
she will chant the line-up  
of the 1955 champions:

Campanella, Newcombe, Hodges;  
Gilliam, Reese, Robinson;  
Amoros, Snider, Furillo.