

she would, of course, become a classic beauty,
possessed of a physical perfection
that money can, indeed, buy and preserve.

i bet she's sitting right now
at the window of some woody mansion,
watching the sunset behind the 18th fairway,
as she sips a 200-year-old cognac,
pauses in her reading of derrida,
her body still taut from sports and spas,
her skin the sweetness of bailey's irish cream,
as she ponders her good fortune
in having, so many years ago,
been spurned by yours truly
mr. typical all-american male adolescent asshole.

SOME WOMEN STILL LIKE MEN TO LIKE EACH OTHER

i.

a girl once said to me, "i knew
you weren't gay as soon as i noticed
that you weren't afraid to hug your friends.

ii.

and last night a girl said, "lee has your books
all over our apartment. he really cares for you."

AN UNDERRATED CONDITIONED RESPONSE

he says, "after we made love
she kept asking me if i didn't feel guilty,
what with a wife and kids at home.
so i asked her if she didn't feel guilty
deceiving her fiance."

so, just for the sake of saying something,
i say, "it's a shame guilt has to enter into it."

but he corrects me: "no, it isn't.
this girl is beautiful
but she hasn't read anything
and she hasn't been anywhere
and she hasn't had an interesting thought
or experience in her life.
if it weren't for guilt,
we wouldn't have a thing to talk about."