

A Poem Written while Standing

So,
this is what
it was like
for Hemingway

standing up
and firing down upon
the old ruthless typer
like the bunker-busters
of World War Second

I look at her with wanting eyes
strange voices tell me to take her
take her to the bathroom
in one of the stalls and
have my way with her

she wants it
she wouldn't put up a fight

would she scream?
pretend
slap my face

her hips move
so wonderfully
strange voices
tell me to run my hand
up them
reach to her plum
and tickle it

brush the hair aside
and stick just one
fingernail in

strange voices