

Get in Bed with the Enemy

It is one of those nights
where I feel like
I'm going to explode
with artistic frustration

my writing is as far-reaching
as a boy with polio
throwing a softball

I have a small circle of friends
that all say the same three phrases
when I give them my works to read

"it's good."
"I think it's my favorite!"
and
"what a great poem!"

it's claustrophobic
to hear them
kissing my ass

I want them to jump up
and shake me by the ears
if they like it

I want them to jump up
and throw my typewriter out the window
if they hate it-

I feel as if
I am at the bottom
of the ocean
and the weight of the water
is crushing me

if only I had fifty thousand dollars
I could make a film!

I could make the most
artistically pleasing film of the century!

but I am stuck
pacing a small room
with erections that work
like ice picks at my psyche

flashes of
my love
nude and moist
jetting in and out
knocking the sentences
from my head

I want to hear her voice
but I'm not sure
if it's to scream
I love you or I hate you

I go to the telephone
and dial her number

a male voice answers

it's him

my replacement

I don't say anything,
breath a moment
and hang up-

they say
you need to
get in bed with your enemy
befriend him
sway him to you're thinking

but I am neither
patient
nor
tactful
enough
to do

that

I want his blood

I want his heart
so I can
throw darts at it-

the telephone rings...
it must be her
calling to chew me a new ass

but to my surprise
it is another woman

“Look at the moon.” she says

I get up from my chair
and move toward the window

the moon is full
and it looks like
a Holy Communion wafer

as if you could
pluck it out of the sky
place it on your tongue
and it would disintegrate

“Come over. I’m lonely” I say

“It’s so far!” she replies

“I know. It is far, but
you could spend the night.”

she hangs up on me

I go to the typewriter
and begin
doing the only
thing that relieves
the pressure

it is like sucking
the venom
out of snake bite

true jubilation!
true excavation!
true imagination!
true ejaculation!

but when
the white flag
as been waved
and I have broken
the surface of the
water

this poem
like all my others
will go into
a desk drawer
and say
goodnight
to that
picture perfect
moon of mine.