

After Sex

A man after sex
has that squishy thing in the nest of his lap.
A bashful appendage
like a Claes Oldenburg vinyl drainpipe,
a soft saxophone that won't toot a note.

A man's got to wear his susceptibility
out in plain sight.
No wonder he's keeping his soul
zippered up.

A woman's got that rock of a belly,
that baby cave,
breasts swaggering erect
when they swell with milk.
Oh she knows what it's like to sing
the stand-up song of a man.

Now you and I soften in the wash,
the body-elastic goes slack.
We see ourselves in each other,
we grow alike.
We want to curl up in a sunny corner
and doze like the cat.

Come, flick a whisker,
make me remember.

-- *Chana Bloch*