

Dog Days,

after Corvus Sanctus the Cynic (fl. 64 BCE)

“It’s not that you’re young and pretty…”

It’s not that you’re young and pretty
When I saw you first at the party
I judged you plain and ordinary

It’s when you said there’s no future
in anthropology, but where there’s no future
there’s still hope, I hugged you “I love you!”

How you led me to having to admit
beside this there’s nothing. “Nothing.”
Refused to help me choose between

want and *should*. “I’m standing over here
and you’re over there. What do you want?”
We’re alone in the kitchen, wife in the next room.

“I want to know...”

I want to know
if your nipples
are saskatoons
or apricots

whether you’ve got
a peach or a pie
a lush delta grove
or a tuft of moss

a slippery grip or
a bell for my clapper
the grandeur of your clit
its hair trigger

the flavour of the day
your lunatic odours

Re: *De Rerum Natura* IV: 1052-1287

Luc' you tell me to forget the wide
set brown eyes in her upturned oval
face, her full Latin lips unable to say
a single dull or stupid thing, to drain

my lust promiscuously on anything
else, concentrate on her faults, not
to forget there're others and I was
fine before ever meeting her, but

I'm too like those dogs on the corner
tugging at the lust they're locked in.