

Love, So Called

By Robert MacMillan

His sweaty, probative palm lurking beneath her peek-a-boo bra
after a lengthy stealthy approach;
Her untouched heart well-beneath, hoping for something that won't happen.
She, resisting and hoping against all evidence.
He, rejecting her every plea for innocence.

Assuming Aphrodite although her name is Jane;
Sailing for Byzantium, and yet his mind a scow of lust.
He wouldn't know, but neither would he care.
Hands in the suburbs wishing but a trip downtown.
Her treasured innocence elicits only a frown.

Both in a black-and-white world of getting and spending,
but pretending a world of Kodachrome.
Her father failed her but still she dreams;
His father trained him or so it seems.

He offers love to get her sex;
She offers sex to get his love.
Neither will get though both will falsely give.

Both pretending:
She, romantic love and a match made in heaven;
He, claims to fallacious manhood falsely won.

She will never gain; he will never be.

Nor did they learn the ancient verities that made sex sex;
Nor met the Source that made love love.
They conjoin in a glandular glut of limbic excess
And so they try to mate in weightless confusion.
Joined together in selfish sad isolation.

And he will continue to sweat and press and she to allow;
And well beneath, her heart will beat,
Not knowing what else to do.