

Diana

by lex Tuesday, Mar 27 2018, 1:07am

international / poetry / post

from course material
mind creates the fine,
a pleasing dream to clothe
the disappointing real

u sit at my desk loosely clad in a sarong
watching me watching u
tho u cannot make productive use of ur location
only the use of ur body
upon which i have focused my desire

tho ur dreams are not my dreams they could never be
we do not share the same aspirational location --
u sense my detachment

u predictably move ur thighs revealing ur naked crotch,
it works but it isn't enough upon which
to build a lasting relationship

tho body hunger must be appeased
i have learned to expect less than nothing
from life
so disappointment becomes impossible
everything therefore becomes a pleasant surprise,
something special tho so routine i could cry
for the lack of imagination and skill u display

real beauty emerges from within
like a light with a soft glow that makes skin
appear as silk and hair like waves of black light

i refrain from comment

i watch u dispassionately tho my body reacts
as it does, tho i am not my body which drags me
often into futile pursuits tho it makes its demands --
u offer only temporary appeasement

so i watch this movie i have seen more times than i care
to state tho each actress plays the role according to her ability
some special, exquisite, some awkward, dull and pedestrian
u hover between both poles so i wait for something special

u are conscious of only ur body and so ur hair is free
to move like waves across ur shoulders and back
ur perfect breasts are defeated by ur foolish focus,
drawing ur shoulders back so they protrude

u have not learned that i have never been a tit man
tho countless reactions should have alerted u
how dull this learned cultural seduction routine
how very, very, dull

so i project to lift my senses,
i cannot dwell in the mediocre

u begin to recite wonderful words
of love tho u are mute
i have transformed ur body,
now in its nakedness,
a nymph perhaps? no, a huntress today
with bow and arrows that find their target without effort
tho u miss continually

the tragedy of an unsatisfied life begins to override
my unreal romantic superimpositions,
there is no hope for this charade

i turn to the window
in time to see a bee, laden to the brim
with pollen and nectar sluggishly alight
from a flower and head back to the hive
in drunken, unsteady flight