

Civilised

by stylus *Thursday, Mar 29 2018, 12:28am*

international / poetry / post

Freud and Jung
defined a dichotomy
at constant war,
the id and the ego

confronted by a young
sales girl who took a fancy
bending forward resting her elbows
on a display table
curving her spine in an inverted arc
which poked her rear skyward
while gazing fixedly into my eyes

who could miss the primate mating position
on offer? her body speaking loud and clear

of course my immediate response was to
shift to her rear, peel her leggings and knickers
down around her knees and engage her in locked
sexual embrace but we were in a department store
and so my response was not physical tho it should have been

the entire action was mental,
we engaged in superficial
dialogue about a commercial product
conforming to the social space/location
tho my essential nature was roaring like a caged lion
over this unmistakeable invitation (or tease) while my civilised
persona repressed my natural reaction

my dialogue became tainted with 'uncivilised' humorous remarks,
do you fancy men with long hair and goatees or are you always this
friendly?
before she could answer, i asked her name, her tag hidden at the
time as
she remained in the primate mating position

Rani, she replied, i see, an Indian princess,
no! a queen, do not demean, she smiled
my apologies, my Hindi has suffered since i left India

many years ago,
ur parents must be hippies, yes they were
her behaviour betraying a paternal fixation --
i was of her parents' generation,
my appearance betraying my past

her blue eyes remained tightly focused on mine throughout
while i swept my gaze over her exposed arms
one supporting a serpentine tattoo which
curved across her shoulder and ended around her upper spine,
nice tatt, i said, tho its phallic symbolism is unmistakable --
this girl had seen a cock or two dozen

meanwhile my cock was dancing in my pants
stimulated by her bold body-talk and eyes

O that we were in a forest or natural surroundings
we could have raged like a mountain river

my id continued to push hard against my persona
but the odds were against it in the civilised city of Sydney

so i left with my purchase, planned prior to engaging her,
tho she was offering more than i anticipated and
seemed happy to continue

i will mention u on my way out so u do not miss ur commission,
i'll return in the near future tho i never did

it was the repressed response that broke the powerful attraction,
the id is usually defeated in this context/contest -- fuck it!

nevertheless, the experience remains clear in memory
forcing its way into my cock (again) and onto this page