

Poets in Lust; or, What We Learned at the Frost Place

Late again to the evening reading and for our sin
we are forced to park
in the marshy end of the lower lot
at the very bottom of the bottom of ridge road and
stepping out we spy
a used condom
someone got lucky I say to my pal and we chuckle
but in the lower lot?
in the mud?

Then, as good poets-in-training
assiduously imbibing the savoir of this poetry
boot camp
we concoct the scene:
two neophyte rhymesters
age and girth indeterminate
held late and spellbound in the barn
worshipping
the feet of some
master
so close to the source—
throbbing, they stumble
down the steep dark road
into the deserted lot.
does the she-poet
haul him hard against the car hood
gnawing lips
legs open to the primal force?
or does the he-poet fling her down on the sodden grass
a beast rutting with the muse herself
(who goes with every
joker but me, he thinks pettishly)?

And how *do* poets lust?
in the plain style with perhaps a political twist
wildly confessional or meditation's slow burn
with pomo's rash spareness
or the zuihitsu's randy randomness?
perchance they innovate new forms and
measures, enjambling his long lines into her steaming
caesura
licking slant rhymes from sestets slick with
tonal angularities
achieving, finally, the correct splash of
vocal "attitude"—

oooo baby I love when you talk that dirty
poet talk
talk me baby like Frost
talked the shine off elderberries
with those weird directives
talk acres of aching white space
on the page with scant black squiggles
jiggling
making meaning making
my meaning
oooo baby
make me come
in the oozy muck
in the moonless night
at the bottom of
the bottom
of ridge
road
for tomorrow——

we workshop again.