

Desdemona

Is it always my fault if the meat
is too rare, the wine still corked?
Even in my foothold in the sheets
I dream of sundaes and earthquakes,
not these spears of sterling silver.
There's no line between desire and despair:
my father has already made that mistake.
You say that older priests also feed
on manuals, suntans, and dusty canons,
that like soldiers they are alone,
stripping others near oaky pews
and sleeping until noon,
giving pewter away for door prizes.
I see only wrinkles and smoky voodoo
and won't learn how to live here there.
I think now I may let you both go
for my knees ache: I'm going to squat
and piss on your marbled knick-knacks
and in my will leave my underwear
to nuns, dirty parts highlighted.
For you, your damned silk: too bad
Jesus left his penis on the cross.