POEM

This is my period of sexual meditation

gravity is the way distant objects touch each other

how endlessly shocked they would be at the idea of sex

I am endlessly shocked at the idea of sex like the
falling man who loses the sensation and then depth startles him

the story has a hundred morals but the only exit is a change of mood

and Bob loves the pleasure he takes in receiving sensation,
when he woke up slowly to a blow job the radio clung to sleep

but its tubes grew redder

he retains it
like the taste of an erotic dream, describe the dream:

a cave where the tides live
two men twist up and up, light gleams off in a rapture
they squeeze liquid from their wet torsos
the deep mystery of the heavenly men

the best looking says, I like men,

any orifice could be a mouth, in bed everything that’s
not me is you, I like earth men,

they are always surprised by sex, interest lights up their eyes,
the most jaded, innocent as a prisoner, turns his head in wonder.

A situation stares Bob in the eyes as he approaches and
continues staring into his eyes through the back of his head
If my mind's touched I'm totally touched

Bob says We might as well go all the way

Ed says I love conclusions, when I come I get
a heart attack a stroke and four flat tires
Bob says By any chance do you know basic syncopation?

Ed says A man was embraced and embraced

Bob says New hope to my hands

Ed's forehead wrinkles to understand
he says, the empty whiteness moves down the stairs,
the blind panther, a room appears as he enters it

Then Bob shared the surprise of
people who become what they don't expect

then we take a shower where I love to drink water off his skin

ROBERT GLÜCK