

CONNUBIAL BLITZ

So loving is the wife who climbs
 Into my bed each night at nine
That I could almost wish sometimes
 This very loving wife were mine.

THE ROUT

Mine the hand and hers the glove
In the merry act of love:
She to my every prone supine,
I to her very womb incline,
Delighting in the way that it
Closes on a perfect fit.

Love, you knowing fellow, say
If you know a fitter way;
Otherwise keep watch and tell
How we do it passing well—
Pommeling the bed that holds us
With the passion that enfolds us.

Glory to the god of love,
He who made what men dream of!
Loud I laud him for how well he
Shaped her breasts and shapely belly;
Louder I must praise the art
Which fashioned that most cunning part.

Let us love till all our gay
Pubic hair has turned to gray,
And old age, with sex unsexed,
Leaves us impotently vexed,
Dreaming, out of sheer contempt,
Dreams that must be merely dreamt.

Let us love! Youth has its way,
And till it goes—let come what may!
I astride can will no bliss

Other than still more of this,
While my charger rides as one
Never to be once outrun.

For though we falter and give out,
Stealing victory from the rout,
We will kiss, impenitent thieves,
Till love puts on clothes, and leaves.
Then, undaunted, down I'll sit
And, in lieu of, write of, it.

NICKSON

YOU AND I AND THE WAR

while we
you and i
know of course of the dead
and ignore them as the ocean
still loves the shore
and as long as we have food
and beer cigarettes a few red flowers
still there on the window
i see them

as long as we
best ignore
the air
coming from such fouled wounds
as make
this poem/and you/ and i
remember

KIENHOLZ