

Ishtar

We didn't know about the Sumerians yet,
hanging around in ziggurats making calculations
in their base-60 numerical system about the gods
and how each one could be fit into a slot
on an acoustical chart whose only practical purpose
involved the tuning of harps and flutes.
This was in Wichita in 1972. I was hanging around
with Arthur and Tony and their girlfriends getting stoned.
One night we went out to see "Deep Throat."
All of us were amazed, but Arthur's face
blazed with a radiance even there in the dark
till afterwards he exclaimed that he had been entranced
by Lynda Lovelace and the fact that at no point
in the entire spectacle did the camera reveal her breasts.
All the way back to Tony's apartment Arthur's face glowed red
with ecstasy, as if in the thought of breasts unvisualized
lay the deeper idea of the goddess whose secret flesh
we all must long for until time swallows us.