

Bad Information

Then she cupped her breasts in her two palms
and held them up for me and said,
Do you like them? I'm told they're nice,
and watched my face for a reaction
like a vendor at a French street stall holding up
a couple of fillets of fresh trout,

and I knew that I had made a bad mistake
to bring this woman
who thought she was a piece of meat
to my special spot in the desert
where the creek runs through the canyon
and the tree frogs sing around the limestone pools,

— where, I admit, I had planned to charm and fuck her
under the stars; but not without grace —
not without a blanket and some wine,
not without a tender fooling-around.
So I didn't like this new information
about who I was

in the center of beauty with.

Why did she have to hold her breasts
like that? No way

was I not

going to go ahead with my plan to fuck her,
which meant that I was meat, too.