1986

Susan

Don Blair

St. John Fisher College

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Follow this and additional works at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1986/iss1/18

This document is posted at http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1986/iss1/18 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
Susan

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1986.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1986/iss1/18
In that car
on the hill overlooking

I weep in your lap
Your thighs move to my kisses
bitter from doubt
Frustrations coalesce
and rise
from the city's neighborhoods
to become that sweet air
I breathe
that I
in your betweeness
might be comforted
and further grown

Rob Cullivan

We sail across exotic seas
We go too far and love it
And I love you as far as I can know it

A figure like a new harvest
Soybean skin from China's kitchen
And mountainous thighs dropped from the sky

Now passed through many wombs
To swim the shores of Ontario
And be caressed by the steely eyes of America

Your love is darkly bright
Your face is soft and round
And jealousy never hides in your eyes

Your dress is fragrant lacquer red
The moon is full in your gaze
And mystic as a pearl soon to blossom

On top of you, slow and stern
I'm as aggressive as a Bunraku
And ornate with little jewelry

I'm a cruel German hunter
I wait next to your den
And you're unafraid to cum and moan

Together we clean cemeteries
And release the spirits
With the atonal music of your body

Don Blair