

LAP DANCE

by Brian Bell

Tendrils of auburn willow,
create a sticky garden,
around her and me.
Breaths of sour sweet honeysuckle,
dewey fruit shimmering on the smooth skin of polished apples,

Safe from shame,
pretending in the sincerity of her interest,
and lavishing in perversity's acceptability.
Only here in this auburn garden,
can a man fantasize himself back into man,
rather than the pathetic flesh of genetics' cruel humor.