

ODE, MY PISSING LOVER

She dances lightly in the dim
hallway, pleads for me to hurry.

I fumble away the keys as she
shuffles a lively two-step.

Her bladder, a delicate
flower—round as a flounder—

flushed by even the driest carafes
of rosé. Her stream seems

angry—a desperate whale rising
—breathing a human breath

after an hour submerged singing.
Her relief swims out, blessed

spout, another blasphemy
—functions of the flesh.

This one's best, & she's so much
better than odes written

to racehorses & whales & urns
filled with ash or urine.

The musky smell will linger,
what could be more familiar.

So I listen & marvel at the sound
—water upon clean porcelain.