YOU HAVE HIM AT LAST
1971 A.D.

from his throat, rising
like a volcano beneath
the sea, the bones
cracking like thunder in
his neck, and he, kicking
like a madman with his hands tied
behind the back, limbs you made love to
gone wild with agony, jerking
like the spasmodic nerves
you wrenched from his heart, until at last he hangs limp before your eyes,
dangling,
broken,
swaying in the wind of your lusty breath, his last words unexplainably laconic:
i love you forever.