

Impotence

In my mind I am parting the Red Sea.
 Aiming my band of pilgrims through that channel to a new birth.
 Unfortunately in life my driving force is not hard like the Pharaoh's heart.
 Instead it is like Aaron's staff, going limp and becoming a snake with no venom.
 I curse, knowing that Passover may never get the chance to spare my first born.
 And the Red Sea, my passage to freedom, to bliss
 grows bored with the wait, resealing itself.
 So I am left staring at this cold body of water
 hoping that things will be better
 in the morning

-T.V.O.W.E

Release

wind-blown tickle
 across naked hairs
 gives way to exploring
 palms on smooth skin.
 the embracing sky
 grows wet in relief
 as our lips turn flesh
 into narcotic love.

slow bodies jerk
 in soft gravity
 hands grasp hands
 as feet tingle
 at the mind
 shuddering, exploding
 from touching
 that delightful release.

-Randall Clark

