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