

The Poem

Sunday afternoon. We're reading the newspaper,
lounging, insouciant, on the sofa.
Moments ago we were making insane love.
We are satisfied and back inside our clothes,
which somehow feels even sexier than being naked.
From the "Book Section" I read out a poem.

It's set in a house. We're inside the poem —
I mean house. We're reading the paper,
according to the poem. It says we were naked,
and have gotten dressed again. Relaxed on the sofa,
we're discussing sestinas in our stylish, casual clothes.
It, too, feels satisfied, and it says we are in love.

I riffle through to the part of the paper I love,
The Poet Laureate's latest choice, the weekly poem.
We savor the cozy style, the quirky way it clothes
us in metaphors: *O roses wrapped in wet newspaper!*
Up-down Love plays its Czerny etudes: Do Re Mi Fa So Fa
Mi Re Do! Poem's sitting next to us now. *Shall we get naked?*

"Fresh!" says my lover, who has just been naked
and is perfectly happy, having made love,
to be back in her clothes, thank you. (*So fa',*
no good, grumbles Poem.) "Aren't you a sleazy little poem!"
I exclaim. "And how rude of you to hog the paper,
leering at the part of yourself before we put our clothes

back on, the part where we tear off each other's clothes
and have psychotically hot sex, glisteningly naked!"
(I'm teasing him a little.) I shake the newspaper

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Lounging, insouciant, on the sofa.
Moments ago we were making insane love.
To be back inside our clothes.
Feels somehow sexier than being naked.
From the 'Book Section' I read out a poem.

It's set in a house. We're inside the poem —
I mean house. We're reading the newspaper.
According to the poem. We were recently naked.
It says. That's us relaxing on the sofa.
Discussing enjoyment in our stylish, casual clothes.
Someone or other it knows we're just made love.

I riffle through to the part of the paper I love.
The Poet Laureate's latest choice, the weekly poem.
We savor the cozy style, the quirky way it clothes
Us in metaphors: 'O ROSES WRAPPED IN WET NEWSPAPER!
Love's an accordion solo. It goes do-re-mi-fa-so-fa-
Mi-re-do!' The poem's sitting next to us. 'SHALL WE GET NAKED?'

it asks. 'Fresh!' says my lover, who has just been naked
And is perfectly happy, having made love.
To be back in her clothes, thank you, comfy on the sofa
I'm not suggesting this isn't a sensitive poem,
But I wonder why it's hogging the paper.
Leering at the part of itself before we put our clothes

Back on, the part where we tear off each other's clothes
And have psychotically hot sex, completely naked.
I'm a bit unusual at this. I shake the newspaper.
And tell the poem to behave — though we love
The clever says poems elicit responses, the text of this poem
Is being liberally with us, like a dog with a sofa.

'I have seen it all enacted on this same divan or sofa.'
It stands up with a world-weary air, in its T. S. Eliot clothes.
The worried look flowsers slide to the floor... The poem,
Except for the better hat, is back-naked.
LET'S DO IT, it says. THE THREE OF US. LET'S MAKE LOVE!
We frog-march the poem back into the newspaper.

Look, the naked man is rising, blue as a movie where the clothes
Aren't even off before they're making love on the sofa.
Whispers the poem in the paper in the poem in the paper.

to let the poem know who's boss. "We love
the clever ways you elicit attention, but your text, Mr. Poem,
is taking liberties with us, like a dog with a sofa."

I have seen it all enacted on this same divan or sofa.

He stands up with a world-weary air, in his T. S. Eliot clothes.

The worsted-wool trousers slide to the floor... Poem,

except for the bowler hat, is buck-naked.

LET'S DO IT. THE THREE OF US. LET'S MAKE LOVE!

We frog-march him back into the paper.

*Look, the naked moon is rising, blue as a movie where the clothes
aren't even off before they're making love on the sofa,*

whispers the poem in the newspaper in the poem in the newspaper.