

## The Old Shell Game

All these calisthenic nights,  
olympic fun in bed,  
in the red lamplight,  
changing changling faces  
fascinated by my decathalon sense of sex.  
The old shell game, baby,  
fricating flesh together,  
tongues pretzeled into holes  
no mother ever knew.  
Musical kamady-sutra nightly  
on the chandeliers.

Oh it's my body.  
Without you, once again, it's my body.  
And it's their bodies  
in these shells so fit for games,  
biceped, bearded, buttocked to fit  
in two-fisted love,  
reeling in the terminal encounters  
of glorious flesh,  
in the glorious encounters  
of terminal flesh.

Wrestlers of perfect form  
choreographed in classic holds,  
ah yes, and yes again, to our bodies;  
but behind their eyes,  
but behind my eyes  
the torch of passion lights, flares, passes,  
so laid back together,  
our bodies sated,  
I wait for his warm hand  
to cup my cool left cheek  
in your old accustomed way,

but he is he  
and I've sated him.  
He drowzes.  
I turn to watch his face,  
but his face is not your face,  
after the heated calisthenics of these olympics,  
this oldest shell game on earth.  
He falls back into his private self  
(What was his name again?)  
unlike you and I when we were us  
falling together afterwards  
into a glow of each other.

In the red light on his placid face,  
delighted we shared  
(as much as he dared)  
I in the red blush of my satisfied shell  
rueful for what you and I once enjoyed,  
nearly always good in bed,  
but for your losing-day to losing-day attitude,  
that ruled then ruined us,  
incompatible over breakfast  
for letting the flame go out.  
I can hardly forgive you.  
You blew it. You blew it out.  
I can hardly say it:  
I loved you so much I hate you.