

Topos

(after Camões)

Times change, hearts change,
trustlessness, trust;
what's craved now must
seem new and strange.

Memories stain,
hopes go bust;
of joys (joys?)—just
longings remain.

Time turns the year's
dead white to green,
my words to tears—

change, each day seen,
itself appears
a changed routine.

Early Show

Semi-private screening at the multiplex—
two old ladies down in front,
yaffling about *The Madness of King George*
and us, in the back row, mad for sex.

Lights dim. You scrump my chest hair,
I coax wetness through your jeans,
playing tonsil hockey's glottal stops....
Now and then I glimpse, coming up for air,

the asylum's enlightened cruelties
Rx for the king, who, it would appear,
comes to his senses by reading (guess what?) *Lear*.
From this trendy costume drama,

accessories by Foucault,
I recall two lines, the first because you laughed,
my stagy "best film I've ever seen,"
your "I want you so."

Senex Amator

“Love is a kiss, necessity a knot”
of drugs and meds and florid syndromes—pot,
Ecstasy, Deprenyl, Clonazepam...
it gets old, acting younger than I am,
like always being on and on the spot.

What hit made *Dexy's Midnight Runners* hot?
The factoids thirty-somethings haven't forgot
mean fifty-somethings bomb, for all they cram.

Love is a kiss,

and, broken off, the self-destructive plot
is set in motion: better, better not
inflict sick fancies like Miss Havisham,
enter a monastery and make jam;
I've traded years for days. Now it's all shot.

Love is a kiss.