

*After an Involvement
with Her Professor*

He ejaculated, "You're a rare student" as
the elevator doors slid open.

She sank into a misty yellow fog
of last summer when
naked, he breathed
"I want you."

He said "See ya later", she said "sure,"
sinking deeper into wormhood,
falling into stupidity,
into pain,
into out-of-it-
ness.

She walked dizzily down the hall
past the room where, last spring,
he was God, the father,
the protector, the perfect
man she had to
have.

She descended the stairs while the walls
hideously laughed and
shot bullets. The
intellectual ice
bled into
tears.

She found a shattered bottle on
the asphalt, took the
driver's seat and cut the
olive skin till her life
dripped all over
Emily Dickinson.

He fell back in his swivel chair,
behind wire-rimmed glasses,
with a smile of relief
that his co-workers
didn't suspect
a thing.