

**I DIG
POLYPEPTIDES
(LET'S KISS)**

**YOUR
BABY**

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You know someone, you like her,
you go out with her for lunch.
You touch lips softly.
For the next two weeks
you think about it til
the kiss becomes electric.

A friend gives you the address of
another friend in prison.
You write him and
he writes back
alluding to details,
asking questions about you.
Several letters later
you imagine making love.

You are sitting in a classroom.
The teacher (or another student) looks your way.
Your eyes meet.
Knowledge charges up kinetic
ions floating in the air.
You contemplate ideal and Universal Love.

Sub-species stuff kicks in
hormonal, cellular smells
or polypeptides match:
two chains of signifying snowflakes
mesh like teeth in a gear box.

You want to kiss him
but your mind takes hold,
or else, you kiss her and then
it takes hold, frantically
sorting through data:

name, age, background, job.
He reminds you of this old lover
or that family member.
What would your kids look like?
Can you see her rocking
next to you on the porch of
a cabin near a lake?

The world's fate rests on this relationship.

You must not blow it:
be confident but not overbearing,
eager, but not desperate,
caring, not devouring.
The weight becomes too much and
you sink beneath it,
jettisoning all thoughts of love--
who needs it?
You're happy with yourself.
You pour yourself a drink or
light up a joint--
succumb to happy melancholy.

Then, you hear a knock on your door
and open it to find
the object of your late affections.
"Come in," you say.
"I dig your polypeptides,
Let's kiss."