

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

i know a man
an associate
a colleague
who smiles
at me in
the hallway
who brushes
against me
as i reach
for the mail
who fondles
the sleeve
of my sweater
saying
i love this
is it cashmere?
his eyes
shimmer like
chocolate kisses
half-wrapped in foil
this sweater
it's cotton
twenty bucks
at mervyns

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

her thigh
her face
glows red
both lovely
and handsome
with the hands
of a man
she flicks the flaming
match, says
what the fuck
you lookin at jack?
i look down
at my feet
at the match
on the ground
a long line
of white smoke
curling up
at me

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

sometimes
at night
i pop in
a porno
two women
one blonde
silicon breasts
the other
latina

lips nipples
labia pink
they play
like puppies
gnawing clawing
haughty with
the knowledge
that i cannot
share their
sacred dance

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

THE WOMAN WITHIN

i know a woman
leather jacket
type, eyes pierced
across the brow
she jerks
a camel
outta the box
strikes a match
off the backa

sometimes
at night
i dream
of a man
who enters
my room
in shadow
undresses
softly, takes
me in his arms
his lips like
feathers
his tongue
like the sting
of a thousand bees
in the morning
i awake, the man
asleep beside me
his face my
reflection
my lips
my nipples

do not tell me
that i cannot
understand

for I am neither
this nor that
I am both
and something more
can I tell you?
sometimes
at night
when I
am alone
I unleash
the woman within me
who touches my body
with the hands
of a man.

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Jay Rubin

