

Fable of the Fountain of Youth

Fifty and feisty, she tore off
her blouse in a bar one evening, the man,
bearded, backing up against the booth,
crying, "What are you doing?" couldn't
look away from those plum, peri-
menopausal breasts, the flush of
hormones rising in youthful
tinges of rose upon her neck:
"my Goddess when she goes goes on the ground,"
he murmured, to himself, for she would laugh.
She always laughed.
She did laugh for she heard him,
felt him up,
found him hard, knew
she had him, and dropped him then and there
though he begged, threatened.
She arched, "I can't know you like this."
He wailed, "We'll travel. My folks live in Trondheim."

She danced beneath prairie blue moons,
wore spiked heels and a mini for the weekend,
shocking everyone but him, already shocked:
I am the path of your fate,
your faux-guru, and in loving me
you burn off karma,
you receive insight,
you accelerate enlightenment...
Now where was I going with this?
Ah, they danced all night as if
(but only as if, for they both had grown kids)
they'd stopped maturing at sixteen.
She looked beatific when he swept her
back into a dip, her hair
reaching the floor,
showing a distinguished
salt-and-pepper at the temples.