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Baffled by stark ache and symptom, I get in my bed
beside the bearded charmer who is yet in my bed.

As graying denies and dims me, I vaguely recall
the line of whimpering whiners I've let in my bed--

every one of them goofy with love, dazzled by curve
and color, until I screeched, "Oh, just *get* in my bed!"

The could-be queens, pimpled wordsmiths, thugs and mama's boys,
porcine professors, all casting their nets in my bed.

Valiantly, they strained to woo with verse, acrobatics.
One fool dared a pirouette, on a bet, in my bed!

(We dated for months.) But like the rest, he finally
did things I would much rather forget. In my bed!

So, all that leads to this. Me, a slow, half-century
woman, turning toward he who conjures sweat in my bed.

"Patricia," he whispers, stroking me young, unnameing
the men. Then my husband turns the world wet in my bed.