

E.W. MERLEHAN

THE EAST WIND ALWAYS BLOWS FROM THE EAST

The gigolo
observes the egg-shaped tits
powdered packed and presented
like a bowl of wax fruit
kneads the time swollen mound
into sodden bread
and spills himself for money

The husband
revives the nurtured breast
to suckle like his children
fondles love in the name of love
(far beyond her midnight complaining)
turning that urgent old pattern
of need into passion
 yet
 both are men