

RAPE

Sure you didn't like it? Sure
that elbowed throat, knife's edge
weren't ecstasy? Perhaps the stench
of the unknown's sweat
turned you on? Pale girl
sobbing and stumbling home
hair matted, feet bare, and one tooth gone
won't you confess to pleasure for the kinky
court?

Confess that the careful years
of seeding, budding, flowering were for this,
all the sweet brushings of hair,
worry over noses, fright at a flock of freckles,
led here, to this night, to this nightmare,
to this despoliation
of all your treasure!

No? Then confess at least
your guilt at being woman, fox
to the hounds, pheasant to the guns,
prey to the predator. And be
no more ensorcelled by romancers
that men were princes. Now
you know better. Take
what revenge you can.