

Just Fucking Around

With an act that is sometimes confused with love
we are set in motion, someone else's pleasure engendering
the challenge of a lifetime of pain. Thereafter
we are most often alone and our fate is always unique,
no matter who might lie or walk beside us.

It is this way for each individual and after
the violent disagreement in the kitchen today,
pans flying instead of recriminations this time,
I flounder upon the shifting sands of my being
and try to resist the retreating tide as it pulls at my knees.

I have been there before in the belly of the whale
capable of swallowing whole oceans of men,
and I know how dark and fetid the beast's innards
are, reeking of each soul that never made it out again.
I know too that throughout the brawl the baby enjoyed

his afternoon nap, undisturbed and oblivious to the noxious perils
of the world where he keeps discovering himself
every time he wakes up. And while he dreams again
I fear that my own failure to know myself entirely
may suddenly violate his dream and convert it into a nightmare.

Originally appeared in *Radiant Turnstile*
April 2009

http://www.radiantturnstile.com/Radiant_Turnstile/Curt_Eriksen_V4.html