

Committing Serial Poetry

(or: To All the Women I Have Ever Desired, or Might
Some Day)

There are men, at least I'm told,
who can induce affection
from the female sex with just a glance,
a smile, a soft caress, blessed
as they may be with face and body
that attract your gaze with ease.
But early in my life I learned
that I'm not one of these.

There are others, cold,
who care not for seduction,
crave instead to make you feel,
against your will—with shackles,
whips, or other methods of coercion.
And yet, no matter how intense my fantasies,
I seem to lack sufficient cruelty.

Thus as I age and grow too bold
I seek another way: Lacking prowess
to seduce, without recourse to whips
or rope, I'll hope that I can stir
your deeper sensibilities with words, like these,
that pass a poet's lips.

So if a verse that I recite should fold
itself around your heart one day,
just offer me a glance, a smile,
perhaps a small caress to tell
me so and then, although
we may never share a moment more
I will remember you—along with other lovers
it has been my privilege to know.

Steve Bloom
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