

MY PENIS

Ordinarily I call it my “cock” but
often there is a strange formality about it,
this rocket with wattles.

“Penis” and “Vagina”—a dignified couple
immobile on a Grecian urn

or at times engaged in elegant ballet, and
desiring frequent medical checkups.

“Cock” and “Twat”—two funloving kids
travelling from Pittsburgh to Tangiers
with a hundred bucks in their pockets,
laughing at Baptists but loving God.

Alone it’s
crazy and laughable like the man
who stands up at every Quaker meeting
testifying to his version of the Truth,
a drag to others but a private solace,
refusing to sit down when others whisper
“shush,” “shame,” “time & place for everything.”
A dotty old turkey continually rising in wonder,
even on lonely winter evenings refusing
not to point to the stars.