

SUSAN L. HELWIG

Fantasies for Middle Age

He'll force me into the shabby part of town
 where the whores and bikers go,
 watch them etch a bruise-blue icon
 on my inner thigh;
 back in his hotel room,
 he'll fuck me again, to seal his brand,
 not the SS of the masterful Sir Stephen,
 only a rose, or a panther,
 so that when I'm back in suburbia
 spreading my legs to my bungalow marriage
 I do not have to explain and explain,
 apologize, reveal

a nervous space traveller,
 my safe re-entry must be assured
 the barely charred Star Ship will bob on the deep
 within sight of shore
 just off the California coast.