

### For The Adulterers

for the adulterers  
are the deepest passions named,  
for the adulterers  
with their cannibal lust  
    for the stuff  
    that the years have leeches  
    from their clenched bodies,  
their desperate anaemia-need  
    to ingest the raw iron  
    of other flesh,  
to redden  
    their abstract lives  
    the color of their stationery,  
    the color of their mates,  
        familiar and aging,  
        possessing the white beds  
        of their marriages;

not for the licit lovers,  
wedded or unwedded,  
coloring their own easy moralities  
with monochrome desires,  
    but for these,  
the impure,  
the adulterers,  
their bodies heavy

    with their guilty sperm,  
    with the sediment of monogamy,  
    with betrayal,  
for these,  
    the unfaithful,  
are the deepest passions named.

— *Leona Gom*