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 leched
    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