

Sexual Fantasies

In my sexual fantasies the men are all Spanish flamenco dancers
lean as shadows and curiously flat

they have smooth black hair, shining
with scented brilliantine, a fragrant mirror

by which i can view myself
they wear tight pants and severe profiles

with sharp pointed noses like exclamations of love
the dance makes their legs thunder in orphic splendor

their white hands break hearts
like crusty loaves of fresh bread

in midnight gardens of jasmine and rose
caressing the supple figures of anonymous guitars

with song they worship the waxing moon
that spreads the sky open like a woman's fan

—*Mary Di Michele*