

## living as a lesbian at 35

in my car I am fishing in my pocketbook  
eyes on the road  
for my wallet.  
in my mind I am fishing in your drawers  
eyes on the road  
for your pussy.  
high speeds evoke fucking.  
depending on your mood you come.  
it goes on:  
I do too from you  
over the wheel  
hand between my thighs  
eyes on the road  
and the end of all: sex.

my mind:  
a favored child has more freedom from her parents  
a hippocampus more freedom from the horse and dolphin  
a hippopotamus more freedom from her short legs  
and muzzle  
than my hypothalamus from lusting  
and the end of all: sex.

my age?  
the years I missed?  
the women I had no opportunity with?  
an old lover is sweet and good.  
an old friend surprising and familiar.  
all bodies possibilities,.  
any bodies.  
lust, the cause of every tribute and transaction  
for the end of all: sex.

to work to the end of day  
to talk to the end of talk

to run to the end of dark  
to have at the end of it all: sex.

the wish for forever  
for more often  
for more.

the promises  
the absurdity  
the histrionics  
the loss of pride  
the bargaining  
the sadness after.

in wakefulness wanting  
in wakefulness waiting.