

Relics of Lust
New and Selected Poems

Lynne Savitt

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PRISON POEM #32

“To love without role, without power plays, is revolution.”

—Rita Mae Brown

i drive the long, dangerous journey
you shower, put on your clean clothes
& wait for us to arrive with books,
sometimes vegetables, depending on
what we can afford this month

i wait on line with all those
other women who work to keep
home together long hours
raise children strong as the
bars in this cold prison

after we've walked through
the four electric gates
our men will enter one at
a time we'll be blossoms
soft and perfumed and
bring them coffee, honey, sandwiches
they will warm the food, set the table

in a blur stealing intimacies
i touch you touch she rubs
he sighs robbing smells textures
to last until the next visit

sometimes i bury your head
in my breasts you find
comfort me in your arms
all is well no roles

in this love, my darling
all the pins have been
pulled from the grenades
no matter how long we
must wait we will
continue the revolution

WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE GOOSE

it is noon. april. sixty-five degrees.
new york. sitting on a bench. eating
seafood salad and orange slices
from plastic containers. she drops her
paper napkin. he picks it up leaning
into her. he smells the sun on her neck.
she lets him. he brushes back a strand
of her pale hair with his fingers. she
licks his wrist. he puts his arm around
her waist. awkwardly they stand up, drop
the remnants of lunch in a wire basket.
they go to his van. he never kisses her lips.
he kisses her eyelids, her cheeks, her hair,
her ears. he holds her face in his hands
and says her name. she lifts her skirt.
she is wearing pantyhose with a hole cut
in the crotch. she works in the accounting
department. she is practical. she puts
the condom on for him. he's an attending
physician. he wears street clothes and
a lab coat. they listen to their heartbeats
on his stethoscope. she thinks of her husband
fucking his secretary. "harder," she says
out loud. "harder." he puts his tongue
in her mouth. she sees her husband and the
secretary screwing on the office desk.
it doesn't get any harder than this.

WRITING

my friend leo says
it's okay to get
old & fat
to be remembered
as a blonde
dream carrying a rose
a pink velvet
ass bent over
a car fender
a warm mouth
wet as the tropics
all you need
to write, he says,
is the memory
he continues through
the phone wire
as you put yr
fingers under
the elastic of my
mauve lace panties
memory blazes
poems poems poems