A Poem Instead of Sleeping

i sometimes feel

when we’re fucking

that i will fill your veins

with the purple juices of passion

that i will lodge a part of my utmost self

in the centre of your heart

reach all the way to your sense-brain

and fill you with the sacred.

this is all i can do

and when you have reached

into me with the tiny hands of your want

pushed inward through that minuscule hole

and pulled from me all that you find useful

i will bend over you, spent

and feel the life leaking out of me

for life, like motor oil

must be drained to be renewed,

and like crops

must be harvested to be regrown.

as with all of my kingdom

logic grows inside me and must be passed on

there is good and there is not good

for you, there is only good

and this, my female

is the gift of my being

take it and live