Pity

pity the poet

trying to find a way

to describe your gluteal protruberances

there are no good words —

in a language of a million words

you would expect to find at least one.

no luck

i cannot comfortably call it an ass

that is, i refuse to name part of you after a donkey

we use the word ass as an insult

on its own or as part of asshole

the sound is good, the associations are not

nor can i call it a bum

i may call it that in speech or humour

but in attempting to write a poem

about the glories of a favourite body part

it is infantile and goofy

and what of butt?

it sounds like something sawed off

or smoked down to the end

the shoulder-rest of a gun

these do not do justice to that which i adore

buttocks?

hard to say and technical

posterior?

euphemistic and elusive

gluteus maximus?

hardly praise, just muscle and skin

bottom?

what mothers say to their children

it doesn’t help

that it is an innately funny body part

that it is always a joke

except when you are lying on your front

then it is not, not even a little

it is an advertisement for what lies between

therefore, we must invent a new word

paint it on walls and print bumper stickers

i have no idea what it will be

but i know it must be curvaceous

exciting

inviting

and motivational

this poem then

which should have been a praise of your body

is a contest open to all readers

send in your new word —

contest winners will be announced

as soon as there are any

good luck with that