sacred things

when you have me on my back

and i am watching the top of your head

i do not fear dying, nor causing you pain

but do retain a consciousness

of my utter vulnerability, a trait

you perhaps do not see often enough.

but i assure you, it is a valid metaphor

for the state of the art of life:

you know you are in control

and even when i entangle my fingers

in the tight curls of your hair

i have surrendered, as you well know

and the depths of me are a spring

from which you draw at leisure.

this also i must confess:

within the man is an unwomaned boy

always at awe for the sight of you

deliciously nervous at the feel of teeth

and never able to twist far enough

to give and take at the same time.

in the contest of wills

you perpetually win, for in me

is not the strength to resist

nor the desire to triumph. I know

this gives you pleasure

and i roughly push guilt away

for whom but the mother of all

could provide this godly service?