

# Oly Recalls

*Written by Hasan Abir*

Like shot out of a stream  
Of spilled, skimmed milk;  
This white steam of release  
Propels me in  
Who knows how many years.

“You know,  
I’ve never been used until  
Today.”

So you say,  
MY tiny door key being.  
So we are  
The same thing after all.  
The red element to  
Success, to happiness,  
To much cold stress unless  
Jingle, jingle, jism!

I’m peaceful; Percy isn’t.  
You’ve seen how, today.  
You’ve seen him, untamed.  
Why now I can’t be  
Bothered to explain.  
He may if he—O,  
A mail from memory lane:  
This short poem, I know,  
Is more than mundane.  
Ah, who is the poet again?

“Try to understand these  
Scissored springy hands;

A toehold for your black heels,  
For your cream knees;  
In cold and heat, they are  
For who else, but you?  
Then, why leave me like a stool  
For that fool over this wall  
Upon his desperate girlish calls?  
Psychedelics are beyond his  
Snobbish views, as we both know.  
So, get back down, Miss!  
Wherever you please, we can go  
In our lovecar made of  
Lukewarm remarks, lucid bubbles,  
And the essential, sensual tingles.”

O, it's him!  
Got really under my skin  
That one evening that I  
Gave him a chance to recite  
That he insisted to stretch  
Till midnight.

What connings! Let's now alight;  
Come here, OUR ivory key;  
Percy, love, has had enough,  
Behind the locked door, of me  
And my cruel faint agony.

Faint not my sweet ebony!  
I've put your milk on the stove.