

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.