**Desire**

**The slim, suntanned legs**

**of the woman in front of me in the checkout line**

**fill me with yearning**

**to provide her with health insurance**

**and a sporty little car with personalized plates.**

**The way her dark hair**

**falls straight to her slender waist**

**makes me ache**

**to pay for a washer/dryer combo**

**and yearly ski trips to Aspen, not to mention**

**her weekly visits to the spa**

**and nail salon.**

**And the delicate rise of her breasts**

**under her thin blouse**

**kindles my desire**

**to purchase a blue minivan with a car seat,**

**and soon another car seat, and eventually**

**piano lessons and braces**

**for two teenage girls who will hate me.**

**Finally, her full, pouting lips**

**make me long to take out a second mortgage**

**in order to put both kids through college**

**at first- or second-tier institutions,**

**then cover their wedding expenses**

**and help out financially with the grandchildren**

**as generously as possible before I die**

**and leave them everything.**

**But now the cashier rings her up**

**and she walks out of my life forever,**

**leaving me alone**

**with my beer and toilet paper and frozen pizzas.**

**"Desire" by George Bilgere**