

## **Michael McGuire**

### **"Casual Venus"**

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#### CASUAL VENUS

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She washed up on the shore just as he was  
contemplating the sea, she  
had the shape of the now and the sense of what could  
be, she took her  
stride down the beech; her verbatim beauty unaware,  
her eyes never  
betrayed her direction but she knew he was there, the  
sky seemed to  
fawn; the world a snake to her will, the temptation he  
nourished hurt  
bad enough to cauterize the kill, so he tracked the  
aching arch of her  
footprints to the palace of her flesh, bit into the rotten  
apple of the  
world and the fruit of her tongue made it fresh. With all  
the wonder it  
takes to bring the moon into her eyes of Eden, your  
heart could leak  
from your soul before you even knew you were  
bleeding, now time is  
out of sync and season with the habit of his plans, but  
he gets the first  
taste of his pride as he sees her body strolling down  
the street of any  
mans, she moves like some new direction that has  
never seen the ruin  
of travel, distance is the price you pay for this motion  
as you watch her  
myth unravel, but he suffers the dreamless regions of  
this orbit for this  
perigeal ecstasy, this defeat is like a childhood it  
conquers so casually.  
And he stumbles dances falls and flies, performs a  
dream behind her  
closed eyes, attends the banquet of her gourmet  
sighs.  
A rush of stars form a galaxy by her laws, where he's  
careful to avoid  
the trick of her claws, destiny disfigured in his  
passions pause.

Her beauty could cure the very nature of disease, but  
it's just a sky  
draped in a rainbows tease, definitively innocent of the  
brutal art to  
please.  
She is ordained by the ministers of his desire, to turn  
the voice of his  
conscience into a liar, certain that burning is the logic  
of fire.  
He gave up his bed of solid earth for her interpretation  
of his dream,  
she turned the water of his wine into the heat of his  
steam, she taught  
his unschooled passion the nature of it's calling, she  
resolved his fear  
of flight with an angels dread of falling. He has been  
inside of her; seen  
thru her eyes; spent his flame and fury in her grace,  
washed her feet in  
scents and oils and cracked the mirror of her face,  
filtered light and  
focused shadow anticipating; the next exit wound he  
can leave in, he  
treats his belief in her like a toy; seeks her savage kiss  
when in need of  
something to believe in.  
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