

Owen

"Playing Possum for a Peek"

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I'm made up of instincts.
None of which are too keen.
But I get by with these high cheekbones, little faint in
people or a higher being.

I'm a man with desires.
If I told you and different I'd be a liar.
As hard as I've tried I've found I can't deny myself
those things that I want.

As last night turns into this morning--
buried in your blankets, left for dead, my heart beating
in my head--
I lie still, pretending I'm asleep.

I watch you put your clothes on for me, the local
pharmacist and his wife.
I'm convinced after your performance that this world is
too big for us
and our stupid instincts and our stupid desires.

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