

Herman D?ne

"Martin Donovan In Trust"

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May I take a picture of you
Right now, without further to do
While you raise your foot up out of your little black skirt
And you slap your tongue like Parler Posey in Flirt

This is not what I'm here for
There's got to be a lot more
The taste of the sweet coffee when it's raining outside
The surprise of the sunrise when you just went out for a ride
Afternoons in the library, peeping about
All those poems that I've saved but never printed out
That lonely morning on the top of the hill by the lake
I sat and heard nothing but the sound lakes make
That evening I spent in Brooklyn with some arty upper crust
Smoking drinking and swearing like Martin Donovan in trust

This is not what I'm here for
There's got to be a lot more

May I not help you untie and unzip
And just lie, feeling your hair on my hip
Your breasts hang so neatly as you bend over
And they brush so gently against each other

But this is not what I'm here for
There's got to be a lot more

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