THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

Sin

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SIN

If Sir Thomas Wyatt could croak with a bulge in his tights, so may I. The only law not wholly unfathomable to me is the one against Laws. That and it's time to stop hating rich olive-throated women for spending all their vacation lives munching designer falafels in the ruined shadows of Baalbek. I'm thinking of a certain Lilith now, with a clitoris as ornery as a granary mealworm. And suddenly I might as well be dead too, Sir Tom. Hell is a door that opens onto a wall. The music stops and you hear an eerie wailing coming from the other side. It is Eternity wearing a prayer shawl and a nose half eaten away by ceaseless gainsaying. It is time for tears and the stopping up of ears. *Where in the known world did Odysseus get the beeswax anyway?* I hear. *It was none of mine.* And then I calm down. It was only a street vendor outside, after all. But God, he sounded so *real.* I could have sworn she was standing naked in front of me like a Yeats poem. And still bitching to high heaven that I'm not on the Supreme Court or a partner in her father's law firm either. That muff, though, Jesus, shall remain nameless forever, like a curse even the High One is afraid to visit upon his seekers. Such is lust recollected in tranquility and one strand in the harness of clinging black tendrils that creep out of it.