

THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

Euphemia Gray's Pubis Charles Simic

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Charles Simic

EUPHEMIA GRAY'S PUBIS

For John Yau

As for me, I like them with plenty of hair, Mr. Ruskin. I remember soaping the crotch of a certain Miss L. in the sea at dusk, while she soaped mine. The water was cold, but we were burning. Our kisses made the night hurry, the sun take its time setting.

Marble nymphs in the park surrounded by purse snatchers, how sad they always seem! Lay down your bow and arrows, Daphne, and grill us some sausages on the stove. Your ass is bare, your hair is in wild disarray. The sound of our antique bedsprings reaches to the museum across the street.

The visitors don't know what to make of it. Someone is moaning, someone is whispering obscenities around the child Madonna. They pretend not to hear, they stop to view and admire her briefly, and then stroll on, like fish in a fishtank we'll be having for late dinner tonight.