

WHAT PLEASURES ME

What pleasures me, from that brief time we spent?

What memories return to swell my breast?

Full many are they that bring me fresh torment,

Yet one brings ease, the sweetest and the best.

Some thoughts of you that “gallant reflex” brings,

My touch upon your flesh, and yours on mine,

Your belly’s curve, the way each nipple springs,

Beneath my tongue, in love’s old sweet design.

Your thighs—but stop! ‘Tis torture to go on.

True pleasures these, but all too bittersweet,

Not thoughts to soothe the soul while you are gone,

A gentler scene I’ll hold ‘till next we meet.

Which memory has brought the most delight?

I watched you sleeping in my arms one night.

Ann Arbor, Spring of 1956