## Diana

by lex via jill - Jungle Drum Newswire *Tuesday, Mar 27 2018, 1:12am* international / poetry / post

from course material mind creates the fine, a pleasing dream to clothe the disappointing real

u sit at my desk loosely clad in a sarong watching me watching u tho u cannot make productive use of ur location only the use of ur body upon which i have focused my desire

tho ur dreams are not my dreams they could never be we do not share the same aspirational location -- u sense my detachment

u predictably move ur thighs revealing ur naked crotch, it works but it isn't enough upon which to build a lasting relationship

tho body hunger must be appeased i have learned to expect less than nothing from life so disappointment becomes impossible everything therefore becomes a pleasant surprise, something special tho so routine i could cry for the lack of imagination and skill u display

real beauty emerges from within like a light with a soft glow that makes skin appear as silk and hair like waves of black light

i refrain from comment

i watch u dispassionately tho my body reacts as it does, tho i am not my body which drags me often into futile pursuits tho it makes its demands -- u offer only temporary appeasement

so i watch this movie i have seen more times than i care to state tho each actress plays the role according to her ability some special, exquisite, some awkward, dull and pedestrian u hover between both poles so i wait for something special

u are conscious of only ur body and so ur hair is free to move like waves across ur shoulders and back ur perfect breasts are defeated by ur foolish focus, drawing ur shoulders back so they protrude

u have not learned that i have never been a tit man tho countless reactions should have alerted u how dull this learned cultural seduction routine how very, very, dull

so i project to lift my senses, i cannot dwell in the mediocre

u begin to recite wonderful words
of love tho u are mute
i have transformed ur body,
now in its nakedness,
a nymph perhaps? no, a huntress today
with bow and arrows that find their target without effort
tho u miss continually

the tragedy of an unsatisfied life begins to override my unreal romantic superimpositions, there is no hope for this charade

i turn to the window in time to see a bee, laden to the brim with pollen and nectar sluggishly alight from a flower and head back to the hive in drunken, unsteady flight

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-3250.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-828.html