

Discretion

Lips just parted for air,
a cig, some
wine, sip sip, then
doing the Cheshire, the
poker face or
say unable to bluff, be inscrutable
no matter how reserved, *you*
think but look, perceive, honey,
what's being spelled right out, how,
for instance, it ain't like I ain't
into being open but, listen, you
brag, swagger, carve another
notch as if the bed were for
gossip
sheets, tenderness
a tell-all while
I just can't relate, maybe, like you
say, riddled with old fashioned wrong-
think, as if public hand-holding,
locked eye contact's some mystery,
(ain't strong, gotta run with the big boys,
prove I'm tough, seasoned, done the scene),
meanwhile vulnerable, all
ears, sensuality
sleek, sweet, sweaty, but,
around the block, the roller coaster, once enough, maybe
too much, too many times, times, at least,
I think innocence might be experience,
maturity a sensibility, a sense-----
got eyes, can see &
what do you mean, *keep*
it down, baby,
where's your sense, tread
with care, you started
this head game.