

*the heart wants, the mind gets*

I was back at the apartment  
of a young gal I had  
recently met

she seemed decent enough  
so I didn't expect any funny business  
then or even in the following weeks  
to come

"Why don't we fool around  
a little bit?" I said, half jokingly  
expecting her to laugh it off  
maybe play with my  
prick through my pants  
and then I would perhaps  
give her a gentlemanly  
kiss goodnight

but then she looked around  
the empty room  
as if she were in  
conversation  
with the devil and angel  
on her shoulders

and she said,  
"Alright."

she walked into the bathroom  
and began to undress

she returned  
and laid down  
on the bed  
still looking like a closed  
flower bud

I walked over to her  
sat on the side of the bed  
and began running my  
fingers up and down

her nude body

I still wasn't feeling horny  
in fact  
I was feeling rather depressed  
because the woman  
I truly loved  
had moved in with  
another man  
the morning  
before

and  
that felt like  
the final nail  
in the coffin

the final blow

the bookend  
to our long story

but it had seemed to have ended  
so many times before  
and just kept on going

the way a patient in a hospital  
should be dead  
but somehow  
manages to defy the odds  
and stay alive

I debated  
leaving  
but a sense of  
manliness  
came over me  
like a wave over  
a sand crab

*Why should I pass this up?*  
I thought

*They are probably  
humping each other  
at this very moment,  
breaking in the new bed!*

the thought of it  
gave me a dwelling  
feeling of nausea  
in my stomach

and despite  
the lopsided  
pain in my heart  
I began to undress,  
everything but my undershirt  
and I crawled on top of her

we kissed for a little bit  
and her lipstick  
made me gag

finally she began  
to open up  
and I slipped  
between her thighs  
like a snake

as I entered her  
I couldn't help  
but close my eyes  
and imagine  
it was my  
love  
I was  
penetrating

and all of a sudden  
I was no longer  
having sex with this woman  
but making love  
to the old, familiar  
flesh that was  
recognizable

by the simplest  
tap

I imagined  
kissing her neck  
the way I had done

I imagined  
sinking my face  
between her  
two perfect breasts  
the way I had done

I could even smell her  
as if my mind had captured  
all these details  
and now was  
projecting them  
onto this other woman

I worked for a bit longer  
and finally made it

the condom  
strangling my cock  
for it seemed to almost  
double in size  
on ejaculation

in my fantasy  
I came inside of her  
for there is no harm  
in cumming  
inside of someone  
in a dream

and she took it all,  
filling her up

then  
I opened my eyes  
and she was gone

all that remained  
was the woman  
I had gone to  
bed with

I almost  
felt guilty  
about making  
it with her

but then  
I thought  
it needed to be done

the penis is  
like a fire hose-  
it did not shoot  
when it wanted to  
but when it had to

it was a simple human need  
that I fulfilled  
not the way I would have liked  
but in the way that had  
been given to me  
because of circumstance  
and rotten luck-

I did not spend  
any time  
with the girl  
afterward  
but  
made an  
excuse  
and got  
out of there

she had no idea  
what I had done  
that I had  
used her  
body

to make love  
with someone  
else

that not  
only did  
I wish she weren't there  
but that I wasn't  
there either

it was not her thighs  
I was between

it was not her purrs I heard

she didn't even exist at all.