

MICHELINE MAYLOR

Wanting More

Once, while slumming,
I fucked a young bartender
on the patio of the joint
where he worked.
(Six feet tall he was.)
After his shift, we did it
in his car,
on his mattress
on the floor of his bachelor pad;
against his sofa
(he got rug burns on his feet),
and wanting more,
twice in the shower.
It went on all night.
Then, being famished,
I invited him to breakfast.
No, he replied,
I'm ashamed to be seen with you.