

GILBERT A. BOUCHARD

## The Joy of Sit-Ups

in the middle of  
our fifth set  
(your dirty blond  
ringlets plastered  
to your forehead  
breath ragged eyes  
focus on ceiling with  
tongue licking upper  
lip) i realize how  
orgasmic you look  
and i'm embarrassed  
as if i'd walked in  
on you

just the two of  
us squatting there  
your thighs  
hugging my fingers