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What Price, A Kiss?

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WHAT PRICE, A KISS?

COUP: FOR MOM, APPLE PIE, ETC.

Back then
We liked Ike.
Such winners. We never
lost. Then Dien Bien Phu, still they were
just French.

Carefree
and young, drafted.

Patriotic you serve.
Viet-Nam, a mere quick tour. Then
home dead.

Mama
she mourns for you
'till she has no tears left.
Should she be proud? You learned to
play coup?

Pleiku
's a town ma,
like Chicago, I guess.
Somewhere in Asia we had to
protect.

He died
'cause we asked him.
To protect us from Reds.
We went there to win. We never
lost. Then

— J.B. Korwel

A FELINE MADE SPORT OF ME

The cat upon the piano keys
   did bang

The leaped to start her dash
   across the rug and through
   the open door

This siamese cat So Smug
Had planned it all so well
To startle me and have some fun

At this she did succeed
For as she turned in haste
   to glace at me
I swear she had a smirk
   upon her face.

— Richard Hay, Sr.

It was just one lone kiss, no more, that's all
What could it hurt? I wanted something to recall
when I would no longer have your face before me.
If I could give it willingly, and ask for nothing more,
Could you not take it as a gift, and allow me through the
   door?
Without the hurt, with no regret, to leave you happily,
Without the guilt, without the threat of what would have to
   be?
   But you a man of honour high, would pay the price as well
   as I.
   You could not let me have my momentary reverie.
Our lips had barely parted when you uttered your regret,
"Thus endeth the relationship, don't look surprised!", you
   said.
The computer-you spewed forth the words, making sure I
   understood,
What had just transpired twixt thee and me was anything
   but good.

   I had to know the human-you, computers cannot feel!
   Was it so wretched that you fell from your near-perfect
   pedestal?
I saw the look of agony upon your face — the cost was much
   too great!
I did not count the cost of you — I should have known — too
   late.
That a man of your morality, and extremely high integrity
could not forfeit all for what he'd call a momentary pleasure.
Though I could take the loss in lieu of that which I would
   treasure.
   For I'll remember every second of that sensual experi-
   ence.
   I've implanted it all, step by step, so I can call it hence.
Indeed, I have the memory of your hand upon my hip,
The softness of your mustache as it grazed my upper lip,
The thickness of your lower lip that pushed against mine
   gently,
Two pair of lips that moved as one and opened in synchrony.
   I know the very second that you seemed to lose control,
   It's imprinted on my every sense as well as on my soul.
Tongue of fire flew in my mouth and searched its contents
   wildly.
To say you gave me "sweet surprise" would be putting it
   quite mildly.
Your fingers struggled on my back, but still they would not
   stray.
It seemed your honour would be saved for yet another day—
It was exactly then you felt regret, and had to step away.

   Oh, I will not forget your words and anguished looks that
   battered me,
   Though I would not allow them steal my pleasure from
   me quickly,
   I've felt their lash a thousand times, within my memory!
I know that I cannot return, that is part of the price,
But it helps to know that part of you is fire as well as ice.
I wanted most of all to give what you had first giv'n me,
But I did not count the greater cost, the one I could not see,
Though my desire was to give, instead I took from thee.
   Yet ask me, would I take it back, this object of my agony?
   And I would have to say, "Oh no! It seems it was my
   destiny—
   to prove you right, and to fulfill my self-fulfilling
   prophecy!"

— Anonymous