

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

Love Poem

I hate you. You are not very beautiful.
Your eyes are dull, your touch greasy.
Your conversation is rotting cabbage.

Cecilia, you silly cow, I cannot give
you up. You've got your hooks in me
and besides I owe you. A hard bed

is better than none. Do you remember
the time we tried to make love?
I ended up pale and you philosophical.

You are, surely, queen among women,
o saint. O broken green bottle, o cake
left out in the rain. O toothless whistle.

I will praise you with trumpets, with
cymbals and bells. I will defend you against
those who say you are dead. I will not

go to hell for you again.