

**The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at [www.gcwilkens.com](http://www.gcwilkens.com)**

**My Penis is a Thornbush**

I feel like the Bankrupt sound on *Wheel of Fortune*.  
I beat the ladies off with the thing I want them  
to get close to, squeeze tight, put into a poem,  
spend Saturday morning with, think is so handsome  
they decide to love it. But instead they get pricked  
palms and sore mouths.

Somewhere a lady has punctures where I have thorns.  
I fit into her with a satisfying click. She mounts me  
like Sati in Shiva's lap, her bulging and me lost  
as we unlock each other and open up, displaying  
barbed hearts and thorny spleens. She loves my manly  
spikes, I worship her womanly grooves.