

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

To Her Horny Suitor

We girls can tell time, can
see the chariots, winged and
otherwise. So Andy, let's do it.

Seize me instead of the day.
Grow your vegetable love, get it up,
let's get down. Or do you really

want me? Do you instead *want*
me coy, reluctant, blushing,
a lady rather than a wench? I don't

mind you praising my body parts,
don't mind you trying to get
into my corset. But don't put me

on a pedestal and write crappy
diem poems until I dry up. Fuck me
Andy, and do it quick!