

Seduction

or,

Being ground up and in the freezer as she was, her nerves were shot, and she couldn't help but wallow in the Old School sexism of it all.

He said:
“I like my women”

women's powder and finery,
the art of the tease,
the dance,
women.

Beautiful women . . .

Need I say more?

He said:
“my women like”

shiny granite, marble,
honey, nectar,
time

to heat their superfluous lees . . .

Maybe it needs to be made explicit.

He said:
“women like”

to be picked and cherished,
to caramelize in the sun,
to warble through a filter,

delivered from the frigg—,

I'll clarify.

He said:
“like I like”

a slit in the skirt
a skittering mound
a big lunch and a corporate paycheck

Free Shipping!

and a bit of an online garboil
over

coffee.

Coffee, the metonymic date.

“And where do you go on your dates?”

An elevated surface consisting of a mattress
and a base
(with debate over Pickton's pig-grounds.)

(He said he couldn't walk across them
without installing a tourist village.)

He said:
“coffee”
“my coffee”

Slack water?
Shallow?
Memory and thought swirls too
weak to

Stand up!

“And what do you do on your dates?”

He instructs the ritual grounds to slumber.
Impales aimlessly the softest of spots.
He says to repay the favour he's owed
but neglects to rouse her
from torpor.

In this hush his women render:

the “fat chick distributing free hand jobs,”
the “yeti lurking the community pool,”
the “happy but headstrong girl’s buckingteeth,”
and nine more one-woman shows.

Nitty-gritties
Freezer-burn.

—let me make it plain:

“I like my women like I like my coffee: ground up
and in the freezer.”

And I really like to complain.