

## **I Loved Them All**

*Curiosity more than hunger or lust*  
- Robin Morgan

I loved them all she said and most still do  
for all the usual unexplainable reasons —  
for touching parts of me that needed touching  
for letting me touch them: attention, affection,  
a warm body to hold and be held by  
when two alone were still miracle enough,  
seeing ourselves mirrored in our lover's eyes.

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This one would take me abruptly and then,  
satisfied, we would never lie content  
but look at one another obliquely, abstractly,  
trying to figure out what we were doing  
to and with each other in the real world.

This one courted the lady in me: flowers,  
compliments, deference, respect,  
not fawning or abject but gentlemanly,  
never touch me without my smile or nod,  
some sign, then as we would get into it  
hold himself back until I opened myself  
to the power I'd given him over me,  
my every cell wanting him to come with me.

This one was such a good sport about it,  
in it for the exercise the feeling  
of accomplishment and just reward,  
pushing us over the finish line.

This one loved to look at me naked, slide  
his hands over me like the mere feel  
was intoxicating — not adoring  
the way some do as if you were delicate  
or fragile but as if he wanted to be absorbed,  
wanted to know me that way, wanted me  
to know he knew, better than he knew himself.

This one wanted it always to depend on him,  
and though afterwards he'd laugh at himself  
for what he called his macho side, that's what  
it almost always came down to.  
What I liked was watching him lose control.

This one could never get enough.  
Satiated but unsatisfied.  
Said he was one of those men who would go to the grave  
knowing however much he'd had would never  
be enough to fill the need he felt

such pure desire entitled him to —  
eyelids too heavy to keep open  
bodies too close to tell apart  
but unwilling to fall asleep  
for fear each time would be the last.

This one was like a protective brother.

This one no different from most  
wanted me to keep nothing from him —  
no secrets share everything — except that  
instead of looking for a way to own me  
he was looking for a lover to open to,  
to see our shadows in broad daylight,  
our self-understanding deeper by the power of two  
to ease the labor-pains of self-exposure.

This one inspired us both  
to acts of charity.

This one wasn't into games or kinks,  
neither of us had ever gone there,  
but we were intrigued with each other,  
something worth exploring always likely  
to turn up on our weekends together,  
a pretty good fit when making a living  
came first thing every Monday morning.

This one said I was the only woman who made him feel  
she loved him, then complained I contradicted myself  
when I said to love isn't the same as being in love,  
though I was clear from the start all I was into with him  
was friends with benefits; that if he didn't lighten up  
he'd spoil a good thing; that his passion for me,  
nice as it was sometimes, had nothing to do with me  
but was a prurient growth of his fantasy world,  
a dark hole all his own only he could fill.

This one was a kind of useful idiot —  
cute, amiable, available  
whenever what was needed was low key  
small talk get-togethers — relaxation, relief,  
release and not a lot of strings attached.

This one, hung up between his mother abusing him  
and the commandment to honor her, bounced back and forth  
between rage and empty-eyed silence, wanted me  
to somehow make up for the love he'd never had.  
For a long time I convinced myself good sex  
wasn't all that important until one day  
charity turned into pity and I told him  
to go find a wet nurse or analyst.

This one was so into caring for my needs  
my affection turned into a sense of obligation.  
This one loved falling in love, made it easy  
to set aside the years of worldly wisdom,  
step with him into a light-hearted  
bright-eyed giddy wonderland —  
all those delicious memories  
confused frightened excited trusting  
everything significant  
all the clichés fresh again  
all love songs our song  
all romances reflections of ours  
each glance each word a revelation  
only the two of us in focus  
smiles innocent of pretense  
a clairvoyant intimacy  
more in love the closer we got  
loving both what and that we were.

This one would go on explaining as long as he thought  
I was following or if he thought I wasn't  
(which was the case more than he guessed) would stop  
and explain again — at least not his words,  
but the way his eyes and lips danced to his voice.

This one couldn't get past the idea that once we'd had sex  
we had to be in love or married or bound up some other way.

This one literally cried to be cured of the curse  
that codified seduction as a kind of rape —  
victim-villain porn, damsel-in-distress,  
poor thing taken advantage of,  
spirit unwilling but flesh all too too,  
even the old do-si-do people have always used  
to talk ourselves into it — *friendly persuasion*  
he called it *affinity becoming*  
*intimacy*. We never found that cure  
but did what we could to soothe the symptoms.

This one, those of you who say I think  
too much or like a man will be glad to know,  
I can't find words for even now, years since he left.  
Violet-blue eyes that saw deep into mine.

This one insisted that *taken for granted*  
was exactly what we should be for each other.

This one said I was the kind of woman  
who had the power if I knew it or not  
to suffuse a man, haunt him like a witch's spell  
a possession too easy he said to confuse with love.

This one wasn't younger than his years but fit  
physically and mentally, both grace  
and gravity, more than enough libido,  
never in a hurry to get anywhere else  
so sometimes we would just cuddle for hours,  
content, but he insisted the chemistry  
must be there until the very end;  
reminding me now and then that I  
would be the last woman in his life,  
and when he was alone he obsessed  
about death being that much closer.

This one was taking forever to go through what someone called  
*the radiance of the Zomboid Phase* all men  
with any feminine consciousness seem to go through.

This one was of two minds: angels looking down  
on our love-making or spooks listening in;  
edgy at best somewhere between goth and noir,  
never knowing if anything ever was  
or could be between just the two of us.

This one wanted to be lost in me,  
to give himself up to the feel of us  
touching as much as we could of each other,  
sensuousness its own reason  
flesh caressing responsive flesh  
speaking in tongues only we understood  
getting to know each other again from the inside  
out; the afterglow could last for days.

Color this one Mr Unrequited:  
great sex *à l'orientale*,  
from hands an inch above my meridians  
to tantric chakra ecstasies but never  
crossing the line into intimacy, never  
letting himself love anyone else since  
the one he wanted but never had in his teens.

This one said he was a devotee  
of Our Lady of Perpetual Orgasm,  
vowed on his knees to invoke her presence  
as often as permitted, was glad to have me  
join in what he called her rites of passage.

This one was neither here nor there  
which was ok because I wasn't either.

This one took years to give up.

This one when we met was just beginning to see  
how uptight he was, how narrow his scope of pleasure,

how stuck he was in where he'd been, thinking  
love was supposed to be an unending high.

This one was so nice, thoughtful and non-demanding,  
so intoxicated by the warmth we generated,  
it was almost impossible to feel sexual about him.

This one more than anything wanted to know  
himself, more than to understand me or us,  
who we were when we came together as we did  
more and more often for a time to escape  
our everyday lives, so once in a while what we called  
his delphian eye would close so we could see  
ourselves at our best as hardly half the puzzle.

This one took *the personal is political*  
very personally; love: a strategy  
for the power of two to overcome the powers that be,  
relationship: domestic detente to ward off  
mutually assured destruction, love-making:  
a sort of last resort underground suicide pact.

This one was kind, affectionate, gentle, playful,  
responsive to my moods and whims at the moment,  
yet still his own man ready willing and able  
to find that edge where my safety belt unbuckled  
and I'd go into freefall, nothing at all  
about having no choice so no guilt  
or becoming mindless in order to be able to love  
but self-surrender, surrender to myself,  
our foreplay suddenly incandescent —  
I loved the lightness of his body, the feel of him  
behind me, his grip, my desire his,  
my demand to be taken, known, undone,  
satisfied, fucked *mens sana*  
*in corpore sano* giving up giving in  
giving us the woman I'd always kept to myself.

This one learned the hard way that intimacy  
for him meant shame and guilt for moral impurity  
intellectual dishonesty  
emotional immaturity  
and of course sexual inadequacy.

This one seemed almost to understand  
that underlying all my other desires,  
even very early ones like wanting  
to be called pretty or be sincerely cherished,  
was to feel non-threatened, to be with people  
in ways that weren't always so intense, so dramatic.

This one wanted to know what I did with others

I wouldn't do with him, and why, and why not.

This one emanated something, I don't know what  
to call it — not priapic or lewd or alluring — maybe  
hermetic — a vibe or aura that made me know  
I had to have him, have him have me  
(*the voice of the Goddess through him* one of our sisters said),  
which when it happened filled me so completely,  
left me so *fulfilled* (there is no better word)  
that when he left though I felt the loss there was no grief,  
only warm memories and this deep contentment.

This one was always at loose ends, a waif  
needing to be comforted, reassured  
it was ok to love, to be loved,  
to make love, and then the tenderness  
was overwhelming, a giving and receiving  
beyond incestuousness that opened me  
and opened and opened until we wept  
in awe and joy to be together again  
in that warm place before the birth of time.