

This Animal Concupiscence

This animal concupiscence of old age
Durrell called it or was he just obsessed
by the revelation of thighs and hips,
waist and breast his eye and hand and lips
compelled to meet, to part, inviting the tongue
to slip into something more comfortable
than vocabulary, a wordless language.

The kiss of youth is full of promise.
The kiss of age here and now.
The lusts of youth are hot and quick.
Those of age burn not only with heat
of the exquisite here and now but passions
of memory, loss, regret and the presence of death.