

This Animal Concupiscence

This animal concupiscence of old age
Durrell called it, obsessed as he was
by the revelation of thighs loins 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 grammar, syntax and vocabulary.

The kiss of youth is full of promise,
the kiss of age here and now.
The lusts of youth are hot and quick,
ardent flame after flame after flame,
those of age burn with the heat
of the exquisite here and now as well as
passions of loss and presence of death.