

**“When we were a couple of kids”**

*I know this is paradise*  
*Philip Larkin*

Well, no question he’s fucking her  
or she him, or she’s letting him  
or getting him to. Whatever.  
Any of the above more likely by the look of it  
than something as coy as *pleasuring one another*  
or as textbookish as *having sex*  
or as unfeeling as *hooking up*

let alone as old-fashioned as *making love*  
— not of course making babies, nothing that  
lymphatic in this contraceptive era  
or as biblical as having each other  
and nothing so psychedelic as cellular  
autonomy molecular transmigrations  
but just well-lubricated vernacular *fucking*

the natural thing to do after all the drinking,  
foot-tapping and barroom foreplay  
— her passive-aggressive come-hither allure,  
his palpable desire electric,  
their mutual intent to satisfy  
in part but overall to frustrate  
Darwinian designs of their selfish genes.

More power to them and may they find peace  
in this only of all possible worlds  
any of us is ever going to inhabit  
where life is short and dying in ignorance  
inevitable no matter how long it lasts  
or how much is learned in the interim  
where bliss in a lover’s embrace is as good as it gets.