

Greg Larson

Back Dimples

There is a line of back skin showing
between her tight pink tank top
and her black leggings
as she climbs the Stairmaster.
I can see the dimples on her lower back
undulating with each step
and envision my thumbs in each indentation
grabbing for dear life
grabbing for something that can't be caught
in her exposed slit of skin.

You old bagel fucker, you

There is an unopened, light blue wrapped condom on the ground
Between Einstein's Bagels and the bathroom
on the first floor of the library.
"What are you doing there, little guy?"
I ask of it.
Everyone pretends it's not there
As they step over it
On their way between bagels and bathroom.

Who left this condom here?
Maybe he was a skinny white freshman boy
With glasses and a sparse mustache.
Perhaps he stood in a 25 person line at Einstein's,
His heart thumping against his ribcage
With the condom in his hand,
Eyes glued to the baked goods in the display case,
Wondering which one he will fuck.
"Blueberry bagel," he says with a shiver.
"Extra butter, please."
His penis stiffens when
He reaches over the counter and grabs the bagel,
Condom in the other hand.
And on his way to the bathroom, in his frantic excitement,
He grabs the bagel with both hands
And accidentally drops his condom.
When he realizes this he proceeds
Undeterred, sure that he can go raw without repercussions;
He trusts the bagel.

As he stands in the handicap stall,
pumping his penis through the bagel hole,
The boy imagines the Einstein's logo:
Those two dapper men holding bagels to their eyes like monocles
He imagines himself thrusting through those monocle bagels
Jabbing their eyes with his dick,
Alternating bagels and brothers with each thrust.
"Charge me two dollars for a bagel now, you greedy fucks."

Beauty in the Garden

A girl with snaky golden locks
Flows through the garden;
She is the effortless wave of an ocean.
Every move predestined
By cosmic force
Granting her movement as a gift
Through the marble Labyrinth
Weaving the garden path.
She knows I'm watching.
She yearns for me
To lay eyes on her
And write these words.

She is the energy
That inclined ancient men
To carve the bare bronze beauties that pepper
The garden she walks;
Mere mortals reflecting
Her stellar radiance
For generations to come.
As she disappears from sight
I can still feel her
With the power
Of my open heart.
In the rushing fountains,
The soft summer breeze,
Even in the tiny lizards
Scooting in her wake
On the marble path,
I feel her.

As she leaves my sights forever,
I know I will see her again.
She will be with me
For the same reasons
The statues in this garden
Stand hot in the summer sun:
She is the endless feminine radiance
That will inspire the gifts of men
For all time.