

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.