

1

Shall I Be Coffeed By my Friends

4 November, 1963

Shall I be coffeed by my friends
Submerged in unsolicited prattle
Pinned against the wall by a narrow gesture
Which so easily could have gone unmade?
I wish to flee this funeral rite
To make a dance of my own with her.

Yet empasioned choice amid a reasoned moral order
Takes special cheek. Only
Well-bred ego-strength can sustain
The hoary frowns of conscience-ridden men.
To break loose requires the right temperature,
A proper sense of impropriety,
A thumbed nose for established piety,
Otherwise it is poorly conceived.

I know, whichever I may choose, I am pardoned
Yet each time I stand
With coffee cup in hand
And look into their faces, I realize
I care what they think.
I am a moral man
Accountable to enduring covenants
Even when I break them.

2 sp

(~~4 November, 1963~~)

↓
Continues

238 >

God today the lake is finely adorned.
Cosmic time enfolds our heres and nows
Its mystery reflected
On the silent surface of the waiting depths.

The strolling lovers orbit near
I wait for them to pass
For I am deciding
What kind of lover I shall be.
I listen for a clear-cut claim
But only insects answer with their coded signals.
Shall I throw myself into a flimsy act of bodily eros
To be enjoyed less than merely contemplated?
~~Shall I incur the ^{agony} pain of conscience.~~
~~For a fleeting joy which nurtures only dread?~~
The price seems high.

no mp

God it is good to be alive
To touch dry grass, survey the water's calm
The lovers clocking round the edge
Embracing in cars almost at high noon.

For what do I hunger?
Surely not a mere instant of orgasmic liberation
But moreso for inner reconciliation
Peace with my body
Here I am already found by it.

2 sp 7

criminality

Amid my latent ~~lechery~~ I remain a moral man
Accountable to enduring covenants
Even when I break them.

Besides, a more welcome time will come
Less out of harmony with the stars
More intuned to the rhythms of my body.
And yet she waits, high above the street
For anyone who has the price.
The price for me is much too dear.

These fragments I cannot share with them
Just with me and you
God the wind is fresh.

(4 November, 1963)

