

Pleasure (it was) after all...

by Deborah Oster Pannell

I'm gonna write about this after...
It'll either be a tale of pain or pleasure
hopefully the latter
I don't understand how this works
why sometimes I want to hide from myself
other times I
can just give in, fully,
and everything is
oh
so
heightened
I want it to be beautiful
and delicately scented
but it ain't always like that
(if you know what I mean, jelly bean)
I turn over for you
mash my face in the pillows
When is it ever enough?
after, the sound of criss crossing cars
slowly
returns
Food Bazaar, Ridgewood Savings Bank, Metro PCS, Cleaners and the
airport lights beyond
Thick memories coat my tongue,
intrude upon this moment
but only if I let them
I could, instead, choose
the bliss of now
a stubborn devotion to pleasure,

before I begin to wonder about tomorrow

