

Foreplay For Pacifists

by Jennifer Donnell

For foreplay we talk about whether troops will be sent to Iraq and take off our pacifist clothes, our white tennis shoes and our baby blue shirts, my mini skirt and your pants on the floor by the door, my legs drumming over your shoulders, your scratchy beard and my blonde hair submissive to gravity, sandals clunky as summer is coming even without Paul Revere as MC. I name the yoga poses your muscles twist and morph me into, but it reminds you of some guy who asked me to do naked yoga with him last week. I tell you that wasn't even on my mind, but move out of an inverted tree pose and wrap both my legs around you, girlfriend style. Afterwards, we look for the car keys in the bed-sheets and near the kitchen sink. We look everywhere until we realize I left them in the car. It's parked on the street, the keys in the ignition, the passenger door still open. I couldn't have you fast enough.

