

Water, Not Fire

by Jennifer Donnell

When we are so old
that I no longer talk about sex
as fire but water,
forgetting our once ferocious midnight appetites
and settling solidly on morning or afternoon delights-
When I suggest we roll about in the expansive sea
of a bathtub tide
and surf naked only in the warmth
of candlelight or summer-
When that time comes and we come,
I'll still want the blinds open
and the lights on,
to see the papier-mache of our flesh
fighting death away to the century mark,
even if you only want to live until
a ripe eighty-two.
Looking into your eyes I'll still see you, all of thirty seven,
and remember the lovers we each had to
beat away with a look or a stick.

