

Riverside

by Johnny Dantonio

Talking to Shakespeare by the riverside,
I am saddened by my lust for women,
how my eyes fixate on the spit that passes from top to bottom lip
as they talk to me.

They tell me how they grew up without fathers,
about the boys who broke their hearts,
and I sit patiently, planning to suck their sweetness.

Jealously, I watch a hummingbird in the distance dwindling in the
yellows of daffodils,
his heart beating as fast as his wings.

