

Why Men Compete

by Mathew Paust

It starts on the Fallopian Speedway:

To finish first a matter of life
When wiring that gains the winner's flag
Flaunts its triumphant attributes
On the victory lap.

Wait, there's more,
Perhaps.
Does the host participate?
Do her linkages search beyond mere pace
Or strength or seminal cunning
Or any narcissistic edge
As sperm duels sperm?
Mayhap her secretions ministrate,
Slicking one o'er the other
In their frantic dash to a new being,
And the final arbiter's she?
Then it all comes down to chemistry,
Congruence of fluid with membrane, genetic winks.
Is this where life begins?

If so, 'tis here comes the primal taste, the commingled musk:
Conjoined designs, connubial mesh where spark appears
And anoints.

