

The Fetishist

by Philip F. Clark

You unbuttoned your shirt,
and in that one small act,
you unbuttoned my mind.
The things we reveal or take off,
show love more than skin.
Sex is a fetish war --
a battle of trinkets of desire,
leather, silk, cotton and sweat.
Belts whisper as they come
undone; zippers slide knees
into kneeling.
Each gesture a prayer or
purpose. The one who disrobes
and the one who covers up,
both in the same church of
'Come here.'

