

**Yes . . . or No?**

Relationships  
Between affection and respect;  
Climate change and Benjamin Franklin—  
[His stacked and banded images unfolded]  
Between those sated or found hungry:  
Saddened by loss or  
Buoyant and exhilarated.

What we eat reveals  
Our attitude toward animals  
Men's or women's make no difference.  
We form our habits early  
Our armature constructed by others,  
As wandering plants with roots deep  
In the biology of want,  
Of desire wanting no control—  
Its silent development grown unaided  
Until its confronting insistence speaks—  
Not to be ignored.

Morality is a sucker for losing its voice  
Itself then not reflected in mirrors  
Not standing up to seminal's sudden urge—  
Its small-font book singed in desire's fire,  
Art and sexuality not needing reason to  
Fascinate, for uncommon sense to prevail.

Extraordinary is *Discovery*—the reality of  
The self, unclothed of defense's fencing masks,  
Naked as any genius seafarer looking at stars  
Leading the avant-garde looker to find the  
Terror and brutality of the real thing, that  
Thing astringently not allowed to speak,  
And so, within an intimate space  
Committed to trust, to loyalty, to truth?

What are the measurements of, "Why not?"  
"This thing 'll do a hundred-twenty, easy,  
F'crisake! Now! Not when I'm eighty-five,  
Damnit!"—on into undressing the "No-No!"  
Deft denial arm-wrestles the "Better-not!"  
The substance of self captured in foreplay  
As form and the poetry of reason bail out.  
Present moment, secure in the driver's seat,

2.

Sexual pressure high [without a pilot's ticket]  
Speed provokes an erection behind the wheel.

The self, ritually loving the same old self  
Grounded long in deep, restless intersections  
Of home-grown human behavior isolated  
With myths so arousingly attractive, so lovely  
In their innocence, promising pure betterment,  
Their friendship and fascination looking warm—  
Oh yes,  
Their invitations accepted will cost—well, we'll  
Talk about that part later . . . no, not right now,  
*Please!*—the un-acknowledged begging begins.

Is it only Monarch butterflies or buffaloes, herds  
Of gnu, or flocks of geese and robins—beasts  
Dumb as gazelles or zebras . . . that seem clear  
About the path, about the way they must go?

—EAGLE AIR  
Brookline