

Casual Sex

Love Davis

My heart isn't in it.
I wonder why we do it.
Because it's late—because
it's happened before,
Because someone has thought
to close the door.

I cannot help but wonder
staring into empty space,
If somewhere miles and miles away
you, too, are keeping up this
frantic pace.
Enslaved in physical motion,
I entertain the notion,
That maybe our souls have
managed to escape.

Even while our finite bodies hug
each sad, dark place,
Our souls must somehow meet somewhere
and airily embrace,
They shiver like soft shadows
above our heads,
And laugh at our poor human forms
confined to earthly beds.