

I think of Sonya as a field to plant,
some kind of sweet-dressed Spring, pollinating
guarantees of possibility, or a distant
billboard of mesmerizing advertising,
causing accidents and taking no responsibility.

I prefer not to spice my sexual objects
with clothing. Hunger is the best sauce,
but, Sonya, sweet-dressed, the consumer rejects
all the pleasures of wondering at fascination's cost,
since saliva tastes better than sighs almost every time.

So let us start a business bottling your blood
as a salve for life that makes it more manageable.
We could distill from your sweat pure love
then let it spoil on the racks to make its lack more tangible.
We will not sell your hair; just things that have touched it.

Your available body, most magnificent prop—
always shinny and setting in the sunny motion
picture. And flesh, if only clothing would stop.
You are hot insofar as our hands cause touching friction,
maybe fiction, but to the consumer's eye it's not.

Sonya, you are the golden puddle I want to
sleep in and the hot day doused in dreaming.
A solar alignment in the shrine of the untrue.
What's never questioned is what's keeping
your fans camped out in the parking lot, tailgating.