

Do You Want to Do Bad Things to Me?

KEITH KOPKA

is less a question than a ritual.

You toss your head back, letting your tongue skim
the crest of your cupid's bow,
and we're sexy.

But only in the indefinite way
people in shampoo commercials are sexy.

You discard your clothes
in one quick tug like the foil top
from a pack of cigarettes. And because I've watched
so many music videos that I've boiled
courtship down to its essence: the industrial fan-blasted
dance routine; I pick up your dress,
slip my naked body into it, and dance for you the dance
of the Curlew or the Peacock Spider.

I dance my acknowledgement
that you and I are unfastened shutters
in a biological hurricane. I dance not because I think
you like it, but because you are laughing at me.