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Creature Comfort

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Creature Comfort

—after Hopkins

No. I won't despair this not-feast, not-you
not here, lazy lank and scruffed in my bed again
love-rub and slick-slide and just to feel
that mouth, to test-taste again your cock-plum—
no, lips, shifting beneath my lips, to hear
your growls and urgings and half-laugh, half-pant
when you're tingle-tipped and—*easy, easy*—
beg for me to stop. Remember, do you, how it looked?
Every man loves to see what blogs dub pleading eye contact.
I pled, I sought a service focal point—yes—yours,
every cell a-thrum with love, love, love the beat
and dying. What's to regret? That fought you sought
can suck a coupling dry with super-giving
your whole body, every cell, each molecule and then,
need-numbed, you cannot stop, for stop it never will,
now done, darkness, our wrestling wrenched (*you're God!*) your god.