



Poems About Women

The Dinner Date

Outwardly
To the media
[It is one of their habits]
Females certainly do decry
Us men as
Worthless davits.
In life
I've found most women
Sensitive enough to cry,
But – I have always noted –
That at dinner,
The one who pays
Is I.
Rarely do they offer,
Seldom do they ask,
[Let alone insist
before they will be kissed]
“May I pay to
verify
that in equality
I bask?”
No, that never happens,
Or if it does, they imply
With some not too
Subtle leer
That a real man is not quite
Adept, they fear, if he
Their dinner gift accept.
I sit here making

Banter

[They do love to talk,
you know]

Sensing all the while

They're waiting icy cold

Behind their smile

to see my billfold, bulging,
jump out of my pants.

I'm always hoping,

While on they rants,

Otherwise: that from my

Britches, they're seeking

My ability to

Scratch another of

Their itches.

It's a conundrum,

Don't you see?

The way both sides

Are miles apart

And may always be.

For equality's not

What they want,

They just want its fond

Illusion.

They want us around

To pay.

At least, that's my

Conclusion.

The Nature Lady

A pretty blond once

Fell upon me with

Her claw,

Saying "You are a

Genius."

And I,

Vain as Cain and

lost in awe, fell for

Her line, of course,

And – since she loved

My writing,
Or said she did
At least, I
My vanity released.
“Let me help you” I
suggested, having
heard her sadly tale,
[She’d lost a boyfriend
recently, and
wished him to derail]
and I – it seems – was
to be her ear, as
her emotions she did flail.
Decently, I played
The fool
[thought I’d be helping
her]
and she re-paid me
by bringing me a cur –
a fat and stinky bog
who many years before
had been a charming dog.
“He needs a friend,” she said
and handing him to me
smiled and wished me well.
For nigh on a month
this dog made my life
a living Hell.
At first, he only shat,
Thereafter, began to whine,
Later killed my cat
And howled outright
Enticing other hounds
In kind.
The Female
eventually
Forgot about my genius
And forgot about me too.
She said, when once I asked her,
“With you my friend I’m through.”

I have a career that's calling,
And it includes not one
Of you."

"What?" I said
in my bewildered
fog.

"It was really
fun," she said.

And
You know,
Let alone my heart,
She never even
Asked
About
The dog.

The Ill-Defined Quest

I lived for
That which we,
In all our
Questing, name
As Love.

She sought after
Many different
Ways to speak,
And sings of all
Above.

He yearned for
Her in her turn
Instead of
Leaving him
To-
Return.

His Love held
His hand and,
Pausing in her
Way, was heard
To say: go
Go far away.