

Making Love

From Different Shades of Desire and Suffering
by Bradford W. Tilden

There are a few perversions in my dresser drawer
Next to all my socks
And jockeys, and they say
Put them on, they say put them
On they say on the bed...

Is it making love
With tubes of creams and squeaky things?

There are a few perversions in my dresser drawer
Below my vanity mirror
With hot wax and Nair
Always to prepare for a show
They say, for a show of my affections...

Is it making love
With tubes of creams and squeaky things?

There are a few perversions in my dresser drawer
Not unlike the ones you keep between your mattress
Or those on the top shelf of your closet...

Let me look at you
 When you step out of the shower
 Before you comb your hair
 With that towel wrapped tightly around your waist
 Water drips down your shoulders
 Like opalescent cascades

Let me look at you
 When you discard the towel on the floor
 Before you reach into my dresser drawer
 Let me look at you without
 Without touching upon paints or perversions
And let us make love in its simplest, purest form