

A TOUCH OF INCEST / *Rosa Maria DelVecchio*

I know I'm only eight years older
but I can not touch him,
my brother's friend, my brother's age.

He and I are friends and talk
about his 21-year-old sex drive
about the woman he's dating

—the one he says he doesn't like
but can't get rid of, the ugly one,
the one who's younger than me—

about how she entwines him
with her bacchic legs and arms
then gorges on his strong, delicate limbs,

about how she forces apart his thin, potent lips
his blonde locks drooping with sweat
his spine arched to the limit,

about the violent surges
of youthful, masculine energy
he wastes on her

—the woman he's dating
whom he doesn't like but can't shake
who is ugly and younger than me.

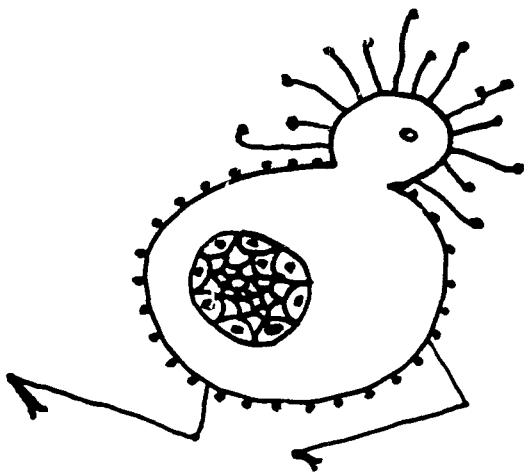
On the same side of the booth with him
I caress his hair and tell him
he can do better than her

he agrees.
I pretend he's a boy
with terms like cute, little, adorable, sweet

he frowns.
I tell him he's the sexiest
of my brother's friends
he blushes.

I know he's a man
but pretend he's a boy

I think him too young
so that I do not touch him
my brother's friend, my brother's age



*Richard
Shake '89*