

Adultery

I could beg but I don't have to. What it is
I couldn't say. A chronic incidence

Of cringing from the light in elevators,
Night trains, doorwells, if this heart, it clatters

Into the bin like a handful of change, if this tatty
Muzzle, it fits the crime, if strapless

Were to "having it" as bang-up is to done that,
Would my position be worth a flutter?

Darkness, debt, a peep, the thrill: possession
Is theft from, proof is knowing where, love

Is blind they say, but I'm having none of it.
I've an eye for the main chance.

I look better in the dark.
Even if the phone rings now I won't stop.