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SO TEMPTING SHE CANNOT STOP

Peter Munro

"Somebody might think they are dancing."

—answer to an ancient Calvinist riddle

Why do Presbyterians never fuck
standing up? To where does the other sock
hie off? In the Maker's infinitude,
could She stew a pot of porridge so huge
He could not consume it, every single bit?
Why-come the avocado bears a pit
bigger than the digestive tracts embowled
by most herbivores? Did that put the howl
in howler monkeys? Expressing passage
of a seed, replete with squinched-up visage?
By what means am I able to tell,
at 100 meters, if a gal quells
the jouncing of her breasts with a brassiere
or if she goes unbound, jostling this here
sad world with blessings only a woman
newly minted from a girl can mammon?
(Hell, at 200 meters I'm exact
mostly, somehow knowing if she's stacked
freely or if a soft-wired undergarment
boosts her high. Why did the Maker of varmints
and bubonic plague stick me with such talents?)
How do Presbyterians keep their balance?
How does them Calvinists bespeak their Psalms
upright? How is it they manage to embalm
God's Word in human talk yet not topple
awestruck, remaining as erect as nipples
in the soprano section of the choir?
(I'd have thought that the Holy Spirit's fire,
ruptured from their tongues, would have blasted
'em to the deck, all to hell and busted

under an exaltation of God's wonders
as weighty as a Conquistador's plunder.
That one's harder to answer than the sound
of one hand slapping.) If Grace abounds
and Jesus invites each least Child to feast,
wantonly, lavishly, at the greased-
pig-barbecue, why-for does my hunger
spit me through like some steely skewer,
piercing the distance of me till foretold
appetite drives me to that table extolled
unBiblical and I ravish what God
spreads before me, praying neither grace nor lauds,
unmarveling at the way my belly
growls on, gracelessly, as if the jellies
and condiments of Heaven could not sate?
How much must I suffer to lose weight?
In *whose* room do those women come and go
conversating of Michelangelo?
If the beast in me ogles females
on a sunny summer day, impaled
upon his own ancient, animal
knowledge, glaring at those gals' carnival
struts in colorful, sheer blouses, his anger
best expressed through liturgy lest dangerous
lust contort hymnals to such deformed
phrases of worship that the new abnorms
thusly defined are enough to render
Presbyters too destitute to tender
offers in the terrifying commerce
conducted by lovers, can I coerce
praise from my beast sufficient to exalt
that Womb wherein Creation defaults
me as if tectonic drift decrees muscle
along slippages of salt and corpuscle?
What kind of God imagined flatulence,
erectile function in luminous tumescence,

and conceptions fretted by boys seeking girls
and girls seeking boys while crimson unfurls
wars and spurs magnificent tribal
movements laxated as gory as the Bible?
Is She laughing His ass off at me and you
speaking so beautifully distant from what is True?
Will I still be lonely in Heaven?
At night, when the constellations leaven
the dark a billion times told lovelier
than I am lonely, or lonelier,
does one of God's eyes I-spy through each star-hole
pricked in that black mantle? How many shoals
of eyes does it take the Increate
to bleed light through like to osculate
offspring swirled alive in that cauldron
which is His womb, staring, fixed, the Children
of Creation so tempting She can't stop
Himself from watching while we bebop
our affairs, you know, fucking upright,
drinking, dancing, and whatnot? If upright
congregants practice their rituals
adequately to come unto spiritual
purity, such that Presbyterians
chorus like a choir of accordions
wheezing decorum's deepest precepts,
why should the choreography of mis-stepped
praises, danced off-key to a hymn-tune, burden
the flock with such terror and a hard-on?
Why is there evil? Why is sex fun?
Do Presbyterians often get done
by each other in such public places
that they could be caught coming where Grace is,
(and be taken for dancing)? And, at the dance,
that time you took my hand and circumstance
placed touch at odds with nobility of soul;
I mean, that time my want of touch left a hole

into which I could not cram God and remain
present and unbroken—why then did you arraign
me to my body and afflict me with terror
that at any moment you might see your error?