

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 11 | Issue 2

Article 30

January 2012

Love Poem

Michael O. Marberry

Follow this and additional works at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate>

Recommended Citation

Marberry, Michael O. (2012) "Love Poem," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 11: Iss. 2, Article 30.
Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol11/iss2/30>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). It has been accepted for inclusion in Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal by an authorized editor of The Open Repository @ Binghamton (The ORB). For more information, please contact ORB@binghamton.edu.

Marberry: Love Poem

LOVE POEM

**MICHAEL O.
MARBERRY**

To stumble home drunk-drunk stupendous
from a shit-bird bar in Tuscaloosa. To trot
ten sozzled laps around a cruiser, believe
the booze has cured my hoodoo. To grope
myself like a man watching a woman watch
children at a park, recklessly. Darling, I am
a stupor, and my life is missing its Homeric
parallels. Darling, I am writing and revising
you. I write:

*O, tight-tireless and hedonist hoochie! O, girl
of right mind and body and so much hot-hot,
you're one to make the weather sweat bejesus!*

You'll write:

*O, boy! O, pull me apart like a fresh biscuit
my love, my bigbang chronotope!*

I am afraid,
and the world is sad and somewhat terrible,
and I want to come in the cunts of women
who love me, and I do not want to know if
there's no saint to pray for the sin inside us.