Nothing to Hold but the Seat of Your...

Timothy Powell
Nothing to hold to but the seat of your . . .

Jeans.
slip'ed warm inside
   of
flesh caressed by denim's blue tubing
—something to hold to
when the rain falls,
and no car will stop;
due to a (some) shell-watcher
   who
hates unshaven shells
   —well . . .
If a man in the possession of
two young daughters saw:
a huddled figure, (in the drizzle
resembling some stray dog)
leaned against a stop sign
in a quite vain attempt
to avoid rain;
He, (since men be possessive),
would only stop to lock the doors,
(preservation of one's own flesh,
procreation result,
would be the utmost thought.)

And as the sad figure shrank
to but a silhouette blocked from view
by cascades of tormenting torrents,
he'd dust the uncreased dashboard bible,
and mutter: "Bastard!" under tainted breath.

Jeans.
with hand warmer pockets
   of
soft white cotton,
worn till they're rotten,
helpmeet, lover, mother, friend
   world without end
   Amen.

Timothy Powell