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Portrait of John by James Shelton

Origami Poetry Project

An Old Guy's Love Poems -  
Part 2

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## An Old Guy's Love Poems - Part 2

John Kotula



These poems were begun in Marty Giovan's  
erotic poetry workshop at *All That Matters*.

If you ever have the chance  
to work with Marty, don't pass it up.

### Beyond the Reach of Science

Seismologists in white suits  
Take core samples of the earth.  
Drill down a million years  
To predict the potential for rumbles and quakes.  
Naked in our bed,  
We undermine their work.  
We slip below the surface into cracks and crevices,  
We flow like water, like lava, deep down  
Where science can't reach.  
With our tectonic slip and slide,  
Our subterranean liquid jiggle,  
With the amplitude of our shaking and  
The magnitude of our thrashing and  
The oscillation of our body wave moaning,  
We are the log-a-rhythm of the earth's holy vibration;  
The epicenter of its transcendental throbbing.  
Without us for lubrication,  
The earth would seize up, become static.  
It couldn't hum and buzz as God intended.  
Its hard work, somebody's got to do it.  
I'm glad it's us.

### Snow When it's Falling

I like the snow when it's falling.  
It's alive. It wants to get to know me.  
It touches my hair,  
Lingers on my eyelashes  
Blurs my vision  
Until I blink it away,  
Looks for the skin of my neck  
Between collar and scarf.  
Between walking in the snow,  
I warm up  
Providing all the heat either of us needs.  
Falling snow dances.  
It wants to be my partner  
For a blizzard tango of blowing and stinging,  
Very formal,  
Intimate glances while holding hands  
Under a blanket.  
For a Doo Wop slow dance  
Big flakes, heavy and wet  
Swift all around,  
Press close  
Like teenagers in a basement.

Later, underfoot, snow forgets my name,  
Turns hostile, bitter.  
"Get the fuck off of me.  
I'll break your hip.  
Give you a heart attack.  
Put you in a god damn nursing home."  
But, oh, the snow  
When it's falling.

### Swanee River

Here's the way it is:  
I'm often on the shore  
Watching you splash and play  
In ocean, river or lake.  
Way down upon the Swanee River  
On a steamy summer day.  
There's you  
In silvery white light  
Like a photo taken from underneath a black cloth  
Blurry edges with you at the center  
Glowing.  
That's where my heart is yearning ever.  
Like Popeye, the river swims between your knees.  
The pebbles tickle your feet.  
Minnows nibble your toes.  
Trout delight in their fish eye view of your  
Banjo-shaped ass.  
The lazy 'gator thinks,  
"Hum... probably tastes like chicken."  
The lazy husband thinks,  
"Enough poetry. Enough lying on the bank  
While Deb's far, far away.  
I'm going in."  
This is too important for a poem.  
I popped head first  
From non-existence to existence.  
I wasn't, then I was.  
This is too important for a poem.  
All my life  
I've felt most alive  
When trying feebly to run  
The non-existence/existence tape in reverse.  
This is too important for a poem  
What if I could pop through to the other side  
Experience the summation of all those little deaths  
Look out God,  
Here I come.