

Noel Conneely

Going For the Prize

The sack of lust I sew with gut;
It leaks into my resolve.
Too long on the pin point of love,
the bubble bursts.

I see rain on the sky's face,
fire in a fallen tree.
At every fence I fail
to jump the mystery.

The first girl I meet
will probably do;
if she can get her foot
into the shoe.

My old man sees petals wilt
in the soft primrose of her eye.
My boy reads the road to heaven
in the sweet gospel of her thigh.