Orgasm I

Mike Wirkus

*Iowa State University

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Abstract

A kindled flame adds strength to its length at each gentle stroke...
“It was excellent,” Olivia Bernard said.
“I will have to go there with Mother sometime. Well, dear, I really must be going.” Margorie reached under the table for her bag and then straightened up. “It is so kind of you to listen to me. Harry says I’m cute, but mouthy, which isn’t necessarily kind, but somewhat true.”
Margorie reached across the table and clasped Olivia’s hand. “Bless you, really, Olivia.” Olivia squeezed Margorie’s hand back and winked. Margorie smiled and left.
Olivia collected the tab and went up to the cashier and handed her a crisp bill. She pocketed the change and went outside. The sky was slightly misty, and Olivia shivered. She hailed a taxi and waited patiently for the Yellow Cab to reach her.
“Where to, Sister?”
“2900 Hoover,” Olivia Bernard replied.
“Now that is a lovely church, Sister. Yes indeed. Watch those black robes of yours when you get in the cab, now,” the man said.
“Yes. Thank you, sir.”
Olivia shut the door carefully and the taxi nosed its way through the traffic. She leaned back on the frayed upholstery and gazed serenely out the window.

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**Orgasm I**

*by Mike Wirkus*

*Social Work 4*

A kindled flame
adds strength

to its length
at each gentle stroke.

Am I to blame
the piston broke?