No Deposit No Return

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by John Graham
Sociology, Senior

Like most of them
She doesn't have much upstairs,
(In the smarts department)
Got most of her education
    Between
    the
    Sheets
And there she's a professional
(Wonder Woman thighs of gold).

First time we met
(On the beach)
And she loved it—
(Began to giggle)
So that now we undress
    Under
    the
    Covers
Each night, like clockwork,
Like tonight,
We finished and I'm thinking . . .

This is okay for now
But in fifty years . . .
(Time the uglifier, qualifier)
Her breasts will sag,
Down to her navel
And shoulders slump, bent walk—slow—
Following the normal course of deterioration—
And I’lI lie against her naked rump
(All that matters turned to flab)
And feel blue veins along her legs,
Her hair wearing thin
And teeth stained gray . . .
Perfumed by the everpresent haze
Of kitchen grease and fried potatoes,
Hands a washed out faded color
Of old laundry too long on the line
And flesh—winkled prune dried‘purple,
Jesus! What a sight for sore eyes!

But everybody grows old
(I tell myself)
In the natural process,
(But they fall apart at a faster pace)
And must I be around to watch the decay?
(Pack my bags)
And she empty headed whispers,
‘Will you love me forever? For eternity?’
GOOD LORD, WOMAN! Do you know what you ask?
But why argue at this late date
So I answer, “sure”
And roll over to
Get
Some
Sleep.