

even better, doesn't help. It's good to be appreciated, so thank you, John, for appreciating my efforts in the arena of sexual politics (but does it really count if he's a man?).

Desperate Sofas

They are only of momentary importance.
When that goes, when all vital minutes
Have passed on,
They resume the old upholstered order,
Plump blends of colors
In someone else's living room.

Quick minutes are profound
In a time all their own.
A pair of voices, clasped hands
Or apart in bad weather, coaxing fire
Or sealing some fate,
Stealing from one another,
Sitting on cushions.

Desperate sofas become small intimate stages
Where themes are played out, improvised,
Constant with change, turning
Bent on ending.
There is no other way.

Not even if our talk should stop
Long enough to go to the kitchen for tea.
The sofas await our return
Until everything we have ever thought
Has been verbalized,
Has already begun the long weary haul
Across the room, the dark side of memory.

Christopher Woods
