

Poetry Series

**Lorenzo Costigliolo**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2007

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lorenzo Costigliolo()

## !!!! In Memoriam (Sonnet 87)

Like stars that live then die their fiery death,  
you, sister, ripped from me so suddenly  
departed long, too long, no words, no breath  
to say goodbye to loving family.

Your child lives remembering the pain,  
that unexpected moment set by Fate  
to snip your living thread to dust again  
that chance demanded on this summer's date.

We watch in agony you, lifeless, still,  
your body, cold, though memories still warm,  
a soul dispatched too long before its will  
to leave unknown by those who did you harm.

So long as life and hope in me reside,  
not one shall e'er forget this day you died.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# ! ! ! Purple Lake

What do I want? , you ask

Ha!

regurgitated

first syllable of

HAppiness

yours

and mine for being there.

My east coast rolling hills and verdant plains  
have nothing on your western Purple Lakes,  
skies azure dotted with cumulus nimbus  
heavenly cunnilingus with angels and gods  
sucking up their frivolous interests  
on each other –  
and I,  
fishing for your delicate point,  
set the lure,  
your Master Baiter  
feeding you the seeds of what sown by your inspiration  
blossoms in the pit of your viscous vulva  
hoed and hewn,  
harvested in the chambers of my heart –  
(not literally) – for wherein that muscle,  
ruptured bottom,  
lets fly that crimson tide  
to fill your Purple Lake with all of me,  
my cataract of non-sense syllables  
align themselves for your inspection,  
introspection as to my meaning -  
why the YOU I see with blind eyes  
(for you are invisible to me)  
is so clearly obvious  
that only those with eyes looking right at you  
can't see what I do –  
my alter-ego loving you,  
producing poetic progeny  
in the private room of our imaginations.

What MORE do I want?

No more than the HAppiness of having pleased  
you, nay, PLEASURED you to the nth degree.

More to come, dear Muse, till damned – lo! – dammed,  
my rivers cease to flow.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## !!! The Banquet (Sonnet 89)

I tasted just a morsel of your feast  
when tongue and fingers launched their fierce attack  
upon your succulent buffet, released  
at once between your lips, while on your back.

I savor first the blue-cheese-color eyes,  
delight in cherry tips, each melon mound  
responding, squirming, moaning, lows and highs  
as juices leak here, there and all around.

The entree simmers keeping itself warm  
awaiting gentle probe, intruding deep  
into the tender loin, in filet form,  
mignon or strip, a boneless choice to keep.

This feast of you is on another's plate  
thus leaving me to wait another date.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# !!! The Chased Virgin (Spenserian Sonnet 2 Sonnet 70)

How often have your walls, embattlements  
Defended dauntless virtue lest it fall  
To challenges, temptations, let defense  
Against attacks, - hold strong, defeat them all?

Each time my hand approaches, I recall,  
You turn your eyes and lips or breasts away,  
No mass retreat, just subtle, quiet, small  
Withdrawals fending off without delay

My overtures as oft so still we lay  
Ourselves in compromise upon love's bed.  
Sweet promises, faint whispers yesterday,  
Lie dormant, mute, unheard, as if not said.

Refrain from love again, tonight, lie still  
As I defend against your driven will.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! A Reverie (Sonnet 55)

When time and distance dim love's fervent flame  
Like dreams that wane, moist wisps of morning dew,  
Shall lovers keep rekindled just the same  
Such love that raged unchained each day anew?

Perhaps they let fond memories, fading fast,  
Become, as vapors that from petals rise,  
Mute witnesses etched in a silent past,  
A love that without life-blood ceases, dies.

Then, one forgets the touch, peculiar scent,  
The taste of fluids, warm, that freely flow  
From lips to tongue, breathless sighs, content  
To lie in blissful rest that lovers know.

Though senses dormant lie unmoved, restrained,  
Love sleeps in dreams love's passion once attained.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! Awareness (Sonnet 38)

What senses last when passion's heat abates  
laid low to rest beneath sweet lover's quilt?  
Perhaps, the taste of milky river rates  
as well, or more, as tepid semen spilt

on cavern walls between receptive thighs.  
Consider unique breath imbued with scents  
from secret herbs that all too oft disguise  
the wanton wench in garbs of innocence.

The eyes remember well what forms they see  
nor do mute whispers pass attentive ears;  
but feeling you of all seems best to me  
as all of you by touch at once appears.

It's not what each or all the senses do:  
they all perceive as one the perfect you.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! Changing Places (Sonnet 76)

Were I the woman, you the prescient man,  
could you conceive what pleasures touch my ID  
as only woman knows what woman can  
with gentle touch where not some other did?

Were you the woman, I, omniscient one,  
could I perceive what you, my lover, needs  
as oft erotic passion's course is done,  
while you lie still, the thrill of love recedes?

Can lovers match on Lesbos what I feel,  
such lustful urge to let each other reach  
those heights beyond where actions seem surreal  
to one who learns, the other one to teach?

Let us be lovers through the night to see  
if he be you, or she, or be like me.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! Look Back With Ancient Eyes (Sonnet 6)

I cannot look upon your face but weep  
when thoughts of what I might have meant to you  
pervade my spirit long after I keep  
appointments with our empty rendezvous.

The fields and shores that could have been the bed  
upon which both of us could sleep by night  
or play by day the games we love instead  
became the silent grave without the light

your beaming eyes and moistened lips, your breath  
exhaling sighs that whisper secrets, deep  
entrenched within a soul so deep that death  
could not command them all depart from sleep.

So much as I might want you, being bold,  
I cannot do so now: I am too old.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! Love Sight Unseen (Sonnet 33)

Can lovers blind to their beloved's face  
With eyes that cannot see still love as deep  
As those with eyes that see the human race  
Yet close them when they love, as if asleep?

Can lovers blind love those they've never seen  
But voices heard and other senses known  
Yet feel in darkness as in light, serene,  
That passion in their blindness love had grown?

Can lovers blind still see what those with sight  
Too blind to see within their lover's heart  
Refuse to see, that love in dark or light  
Cannot hold lovers true to love apart?

Blind lovers love more so than lovers do  
Who swear seen blindly that their love is true.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! One Knight's Offering (Sonnet 58)

My walls are built with boundaries firmly set -  
My armor cast in iron, virtue - stone,  
Impervious to all, for none I've met  
Are noble, knightly, worth my time alone.

Then comes one spirit from some distant place  
To soothe my ailing soul, my aching heart,  
With words that smile on my hidden face  
And hold my hands in his though miles apart.

He offers just himself, no loose-hung strings  
To bind himself with promises unkept;  
Nor dare he fly to me on broken wings  
Except in dreams he had as oft he slept.

He knows me not except in voiceless verse:  
No face yet seen for better or for worse.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! The Oak (Sonnet 12)

As lifeblood drains and dries in aged veins,  
as breaths become compressed in heaving breasts,  
when racing steps slow down to stumbled strains,  
can aching hearts respond to love's requests?

As sturdy oaks dry up each year in sleep,  
leaves, trampled dead mementos that abound,  
with branches drooping, bark encircling, deep  
distressed, lie caskets strewn upon the ground.

Each Spring the beat of Nature's loving hearts  
awakens lifeless creatures, nectar, sweet,  
recoursing though their souls as death departs  
to let love live and let new lovers meet.

You are the Spring that keeps new life in me  
As I, your love, remain your oaken tree.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! To A Summer Night (Sonnet 94)

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's night,  
thy passion hottest, blossoms in full bloom?  
Like August heat, no sun compares thy light,  
too soon long nights return to certain doom.

Thine ebon flesh hath seen too much the sun  
that pales before the beauty of thy skin -  
thy shield, thy velvet sheen, that glows as one  
possessed in thought of thee in mortal sin.

Sparked by thy gentle touch, thy golden palm,  
which held my willing one, a moment, long,  
awaiting past the storm, two sweating, calm,  
life's sweet refrain from us, two lovers' song.

Though this lives on in verse and vacant dreams,  
the fantasies suffice, for life, it seems.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## ! ! To The Spring (Sonnet 73)

Shall I compare thee to an April's day  
when Spring has burst its bonds with thund'rous storms  
begun with winds of March, bright blooms in May,  
that challenge not thy chaste, thy changing forms?

For oft I watch thee glow with fiery eyes  
that pierce my heart with bonded rings of steel,  
hot flashes thrust through Jove's immortal skies  
engulfing in death's throes what love I feel.

As oft thy gaze be soft as petals are  
from garlands, garden wreaths, bouquets that show  
thy gentle side, so close, yet seems so far  
that I know not to stay or choose to go.

As certain as each year shall Spring return,  
so shall for you my soul in season burn.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# ! These Eyes Are Watching You

...see your words

Verbal manifestation of thoughts

portraits painted with syllables

of sensuous simile and meaningful metaphor

not critic but who assimilates random thoughts

Cast about like chaff in the swirling wind

no object of idolatry

no persecuting executioner

no special one from any special land

no name, no face, no special place

Ubiquitous with comment or without –

just a silent voice that speaks its mind

Shadow of your spirit

wisp of your very breath

exhaled for all to breathe

your vigilant sentinel

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# A Guardian – The Thorn

Amidst all flora's galleries  
displayed hung famous tapestries  
resplendent with the Rose

chatoyant colors like chameleons  
changing day to day  
the reds to pink  
orange epimorphed to coral  
peach and pearly white

the red for love, romantic  
bleeding heart – erotic passion  
paralleled by none

though orange stressing fervor  
waits in the wings

while coral calls for cautiousness  
desire with restraint.

That yellow bud is just for friends  
while peach shows gratitude.

Yet, when love ends  
the rose still sends  
its messenger instead  
expiring love, the empty bed  
the faded rose is dead.

The sentry stands  
undaunted, fast  
inseparable from the stem  
that long appointed sentinel  
the thorn that never dies  
with all the buds interred  
love dies with all of them

It stands erect before the tomb  
its colors, stately, trim

the bayonet remains afixed  
protective of the bloom  
unwavering, from base to tip  
as steadfast at its post  
protective of the crimson heart  
as of the ruby lip.

As buds return from Winter's sleep  
the thorns their watch sustain  
protectors of their queen, the Rose,  
as dauntlessly remain.

When loves live on  
when one is cold,  
another is reborn  
a greater passion,  
eager, bold  
a renaissance – the thorn.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# A Message To My New-Found Friend, Continued...

, , , and I love you  
for what I don't see of you  
your voice through written word  
though not a syllable spoken, heard  
by none, yet sweet as bird  
song ringing through dark silent night  
lark of morning singing light  
refrains of love songs, sterling bright  
as your hidden eyes delight,  
your empty lips, like mine,  
all too alone  
in verse;

and I love you  
for what you see in me  
that those with eyes refused to see  
I standing here before them still, , ,  
they turned away because I do not fit  
their fantastic images  
of all that they pretended me to be  
nor liked my imagery  
my metaphors  
and similes  
of me;

I love you still  
not knowing who you are, really, met,  
the perfect you that lives on printed page,  
no height nor weight, no shape, nor age  
to confuse the issue, so ideally set

is far more vivid than any words describe  
lives on immutably, for today,  
reappears another day, another shape  
another form  
for now,

and I love you now  
the you I see today from words you say  
beshrouded by the clouds of anonymity  
and tomorrow, I'll see you in a different way  
until we meet, no pictures to pervade  
my preconceptions;  
the picture in my mind can change at will  
and does, from light to dark  
to short and round  
from eyes my sapphires in the night  
to brown of earth and emerald green  
from lithe and lean on limber frame  
to supple flesh, it's all the same...  
no image nor an earthly name.

And I to you, what image have you seen?  
The who I am or who I've been? .

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# A Perfect Pair

Birds and Bees  
both fly with ease  
buzzing, flapping  
in the breeze

Never meet  
to copulate –  
with budding seed  
repopulate.

Adam, Eve?  
They took their leave,  
crying, sighing  
as they grieve.

Graceless fall,  
heaven? hell?  
Grinning? Sinning?  
Who can tell?

You and I?  
A perfect pair?  
An ideal Knight,  
A Lady fair.

.

Faithful love  
a perfect hue  
one red, one white: roses, two.

Thorn and Rose  
match perfectly  
you are the Rose  
The thorn? Ah, me.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## A Question To Debate: Did I Or Didn't I?

I just hang around  
letting you look at me  
no objection at your stares  
incessant glares  
constant discussion  
about my eyes,  
my smile,  
wonderment of what I did  
just before  
or was it after?  
No one will ever know  
what made me glow  
except my own true love  
who put it there  
with his delicate strokes  
his feathered touch  
his utter brilliance  
that made my oval face  
of homeliness  
forever memorable  
to all the world  
as I just hang here  
watching you  
gazing upon me  
not with erotic desire  
but wild curiosity  
what would such homely  
lips, drawn lines  
with colors caked with care  
to make this ugly fair  
how much, what willingness  
beneath these garbs to do  
as I smile wanly at you  
not cognizant of my plight  
and you are right  
for you will never know  
if I would ever go astray.

It is too late for Leonardo

nor can I speak  
through muted lips for him.  
I simply watch  
through Mona Lisa eyes  
you guessing all the while  
whatever you surmise  
might mean  
my Mona Lisa smile.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# An Absolutely Perfect Presence

I see,  
in she strides,  
the white-clad love of my life  
sweet lover not my wife,  
the aether air  
too thick to breathe  
as always, eternal,  
she, almost maternal

her final word  
a judgment  
of her will.  
Why stay? Be still?

To clarify peculiarities, solely,  
she comes,  
and certainly she will again,  
no change;  
the same.

All those minutes, hours,  
convolutions of the brain,  
left with the stain  
emitted  
all remembered –  
all the same –  
redone again.

now?  
Why? Satiated  
that depth  
of lustfulness  
engorged with passion.

“You’re still as beautiful,  
to me, ” she states,  
and thoughts of delighting her  
inflicted me through every pore  
as she sprayed Obsession

here, but mostly there...

(there's no elegant way  
of showing this, unforgettable.)

How herculean is the strength  
of emotion,  
of devotion  
knowing one or the other  
can save

lamb from the slaughter  
the drowned from the water

and the "she" and "I" that forms a "we"  
creates an absolutely present perfect entity.

□

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Another Point Of View

The beauty of the Rose  
by any other name  
would be as sweet its scent  
as its redolent essence is  
so scripted ever since.

But, see not just the blossom  
on the wandering vine  
amidst the varied shades:  
primary two, the others, hues  
whose vapors dress the air.

For floral beauty lies  
not just in the bouquet  
nor in historic fame  
but in the poet's mind  
and in the writer's hand.

Let poets be inspired  
Aurora's rainbow band  
arising arching bow  
or passion of the Rose  
from dusk to early morn –  
the Beauty of the Thorn.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# By The Bedside, Weeping

A visitor,  
I sit by night and day  
unmoved to pen a loving word  
no more the Muse its lightning thrusts  
of inspiration cast my woeful way  
while waiting, watching,  
nothing left  
of hope, of comfort –  
nothing right to say  
to ease the anguish,  
relieve the constant pain  
of dying – not a chance to start again  
armed with the choice  
to choose another way.

A visitor,  
I sit by sunny day by dismal night,  
while Mother lies upon her bed  
the only one left living still  
all brothers, sisters, long since dead  
though living still inside her head  
confused –  
where right is left and left is right,  
where here is there  
and never is today – until  
just yesterday refused  
to disappear  
into another year.

For ninety years, she sowed her seeds –  
no dreams fulfilled but hopeful still  
that someday soon – one day they will  
reward her for her loving words and deeds.

They didn't.

Here lies her battered bones, her quaking frame,  
held loosely by the folds of wrinkled shell,  
the purple skin, protruding joints,

the hairless spots as well  
where once flowed glowing locks,  
where rounded nails  
have grown grey jagged points,  
this agony on earth,  
these waning moments left on earth  
not heaven but her hell.

My pen lies dormant  
nothing left to say –  
just sit,  
and watch  
night turn to day  
and back again,  
tranquil, placid vigil  
over weeping eyes  
with empty stare  
tears trickling, tumbling  
through chasms of each bony cheek  
once flushed with vibrance  
now crushed with aged erosion,  
lips cracked thin lines of grey,  
her heaving chest slow moving  
as clear plastic tubes feed air  
and saline fluids – morphine flow  
to make her passing easier to go.

She turned her head  
her reddened eyes unwiped  
by crumbling claws  
and spoke with broken word-like sounds  
that rumbled to my ears  
“You know –  
I love you, Son –  
and always – will –  
no matter –  
if I live – or die?  
Come closer – dear...”  
(forgetting it was she who couldn't hear)  
then stopped, exhaling just a sigh.

I watched her many moments more

awaiting long her words of love,  
as Mothers always know;  
but, she was silent,  
still, asleep –  
as sightless as before,  
and I had hope her soul would keep  
her longer here  
to share the smile that she wore.

For now, her weeping eyes are dry –  
and mine? Still watchful, wet,  
but calm, serene, her sentry, here,  
to watch, to wait, and wonder why  
we all fear what our fate has set  
for now, tomorrow, or another year.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Classified: Personals

Wanted  
Someone  
to share  
four chamber bungalow  
loaded with amenities:

one chamber feeds  
your every need  
your hunger, days of old

one other leads  
where chilling weed  
lies dead, lies still, lies cold.

two chambers shared

the left  
in which to read  
and write

the right  
to love by day  
and night

Interested?

Send particulars  
through your eyes  
to my site.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Dream Scheme

Dawn and defiance  
die a dignified death  
beneath the breath  
of her bedroom delight:

Daring Dawn to become Night  
and defiance to fight  
the battle of wits  
which she wins going away

she pushes him away  
to stay awhile  
tempted by her smile  
and her own winsome ways.

He stays  
unwilling  
to succumb willingly  
too willing to be won  
too easily;

but, he stays, anyway  
warming weakly to her will, still,  
weekly, all through the night.

She cowers beneath his strength  
but presses him firmly  
downward with her daring  
power, losing purposefully the fight  
to be submerged in his  
as he struggles senselessly.

He wants to want her to win,  
the wanton wench, it seems,  
but deathly petrified of her awesome power  
pressing relentlessly against his own  
wretched will,

she wraps herself around him

like fog  
enveloping him entirely,  
sucking from him his resistance-  
baring his taut limbs  
tensely turning from the temptation  
but tempted to look upon her tenderly.

He shall not submit to her  
(he says loudly)

as she drains him  
stains him  
with the blood of her love life-swelling  
restrains him  
with the blood of his life-

life swelling  
with livid lust  
ired by his rejection,

and she sinks her loving fangs  
into the sinews  
of his intact self.

He relents, assents, silently  
reaching for her lascivious libido  
pounding with resonant passion,  
turns with widening eyes  
to see the demon. dashing  
his virtue to shreds  
fully compromised  
(he surmised)  
stretched vainly to set himself free  
from the fiery inferno  
of his own sin-leaking sperm-  
choked in the spume  
gagged on the sputum  
stifling the scream that ended the dream  
that she began.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Eden

Thirty years ago  
many choices  
opportunities  
for Eden

Mine failed;  
sexually:  
push, pull  
stop, pop  
thrice  
no words of love  
by mutual agreement –  
vacuum unfilled –  
a violation of natural law;

Mine field  
sensually,  
wet, dry  
non-stop,  
no words of love  
avoid disagreement –  
desires unfilled –  
a case of unnatural law;  
No choice to leave  
no time to grieve□

The quake shook  
wave took  
my world  
missing words  
refilled my empty heart with hope  
progeny propelled  
their orbits sown  
their choices  
challenging social law;

I look through space  
unseen face  
recaptures what I lost

thirty years ago  
new opportunity  
now for Eden

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# From He To Shining She

All I have are words right now  
but all them really count -  
some modify what thought I had  
about who you truly are -  
but they all aim to please  
the You I hope you are -

some hidden entity  
aura blazing from your plaintive verse  
that struck me mortal blow  
begged mist be moved  
to see the you I know  
not  
at all.

Your scripted voice  
lies distant  
shrouded anonymity  
black on white sheets alone.

Do I want to know you  
more than passing wisps  
electric skies of binary codes?

Could you want to flow  
sweet river on my ancient bed  
through chasms of some vast unknown?

The mystery of who we are  
three thousand miles apart  
is as close to revelation  
as the words of mine  
that kiss the lips  
that swear devoted prayer  
to give the love of who I am  
to all of only you to share.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# From The Bottom Of My Heart

... or thereabouts,  
somewhere above the diaphragm

I ask, "Why do I write? "

A word leaks from the cerebellum  
NW of the medulla oblongata,

"Hope! " It whispered almost inaudibly -

"Hope you find what yer lookin' fer..."  
(sound drifts off into oblivion)

jumbled letters  
hhjkljh  
trying to spell ujpnire  
find some anagramous meaning

existence

in metaphysical universe  
of complications

trophy as reward?

her heart my trophy?  
my words her reward?

Let one syllable  
reach her soul...  
I shall be silent  
say no more to anyone  
if her smile  
can be etched  
on the stone  
of my existence.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Importance Of Pictures 2

Tripod set  
distance  
light measured

timer set  
rush to get in position  
blinking light

flash  
moment captured  
father and daughter  
on  
July 21,2006 7: 24: : 36 pm exactly  
never again

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Metamorphoses: The One And The Other

Tonight's the night!  
My spine tingles with anticipation  
as I sit here awaiting your arrival.

The night,  
so dark and warm,  
is silent, save my soft breathing,  
and the nightingale's peaceful lullaby,  
floats by on a cool, gentle breeze.

The smell of the pine trees behind me  
fills the air,  
surrounding me with their sweet scent.

I sigh and close my eyes,  
hoping I wait not in vain.

Suddenly, I sense your presence and open my eyes.

There you stand in front of me, a smile playing on your lips  
as you hold out your hand.  
I take it, smiling as well,  
and rise to embrace you.

The clouds have parted,  
revealing a bright full moon,  
its silver beams illuminating  
the night in all its glory.

Instantly, I feel the ancient song  
of our ancestors rise in my bosom.

Glancing at each other one last time,  
we close our eyes and give in  
to the blissful pain and pleasure  
of our metamorphosis.

The Other One

The mutual uninterrupted glances  
meld into one mystical mist  
as you unblinking watch  
my ephemeral existences  
take on their variable entities  
enveloping you silently  
agape with disbelief.

You feel my soundless words  
bathe you in their silence:  
I am a soulful, fleshless entity,  
a mindful spirit Muse eternally  
your strength to hold sturdily  
yourself no sapling bending in the breeze  
beneath my strength my self  
your oaken tree.

You deep inhale these wisps of breath  
to make them vital part of you.

I stand - no blood, no bone to break -  
yet leak that syrup, sap, as mortally  
as human blood for Nature's tree,  
a Maple bleeding for your love eternally.

You suck with eager lips immortal flow  
inhaling droplets making them a part of you.

I am your branches reaching out  
to regions far  
as hydras arms stretch out  
to where you are  
unyielding to dire Nature's blasts.

Your shadows intertwine my limbs  
with yours like hungry vines.

You lay your limpid self as Iris colors in her bow  
to make my self as one a part of you.

I am your weeping willow tree  
your tears for joy - for sorrow - shed in empathy,

your fears untold beneath deep umbral shades  
that drape your vulnerabilities  
beneath its drooping sheath, a verdure shell  
protective wreath for lover and beloved as well.

I saw the tears of wonderment well in droplets fall  
to bath you in a warm caress, the we of me and you.

Then, it all happened.

My oaken strength imbued you with firm power to withstand  
my hard attack, my delicate assault upon your soft restraint.

What liquid oozed from languid pores on rugged bark  
lay dormant untouched, moist tongue unwilling to relent.

My branches held you locked embrace by mutual consent  
fingers clasping outstretched tips awaiting song of lark.

My hot vapor exhaled not in exasperation  
upon your drenched existence sweat beads

baptizing even now my spirit's foliage  
exchanges fluids from your willing pores  
fills mine with what you are  
as I fill you with what I once had been  
your tepid lips expecting heat of mine  
to raise your expectation of much more  
were singed ecstatically  
welded thence to mine,  
a swollen surge, Tsunami,  
overwhelming torrent  
my branches, bark becoming you,  
electric thrill with lightning burst  
coursed through the essence of my soul  
as it, in you, became my whole,  
and at the peak of vibrant thrill  
against the weakness of my will  
myself in you, my lifelessness,  
emerged our metamorphosis,  
the I  
now you

awaiting me.  
and you,  
as I,  
wait patiently.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Night In White Satin On A Wicker Bench On The Eve Of Her Betrothal

Ode duh wicker webs we'd weave  
when foist we practice off duh sleeve  
instead o' writin' off duh cuff  
'bout wicker chairs 'n wicker luff  
Ya pounced on pins 'n wicker tips  
'at poke 'er dress while puckered lips  
await romantic moment there  
when luffy duffs fly in de air –  
'n lookin' back at diamon' ring  
which Daddy thought a wond'rous thing  
ah hopin' wid mah fab'lous Miss  
a moment o' such kissy bliss  
yo' open eyes o' blue o' brown  
sneakin' peeks – well, –all aroun'  
'n ah be lookin' fo' a star  
dat shines as purdy as yo' are  
'n yo' be lookin' fo' da moon  
hopin' we be kissin' soon  
beneat' dat big ol' oaken tree  
where sittin' once wuz yo' 'n me  
ah in me tattered shoit 'n pants  
shiftin' like dey filled wit ants  
'til down I dropped upon a knee  
like ah wuz checkin' jus' ta see  
sumpin' lookin' like a mess  
a teenie mud spot on yer dress–  
maybe thought dat 'twas a hole  
to see ya' heart 'n see yer soul –  
but, den ah knew ah could not linger  
an'grabbed a holt o' yo ring finger  
hopin' yo' don' pull yer han'  
'n yank me up n' make me stan'  
in front o' dis here wicka seat  
wher' Daddy 'n me Maw would meet  
'n sit 'n hug wid all 'is might  
til mo'nin turned inta da night;  
but 'ere we is jus' bot' o' us

we bot' be feeli' luff n' lus'  
'n ah be shakin' like a leaf  
askin' `ow ta spell relief  
instead o' will ya' marry me,  
expectin' yo' ta say, "We'll see."  
Blurtin' out da "Will yo'... thing  
ah popped da question, plopped da ring  
'n stammered thro' each `potent word  
hopin' what ah meant yo' heard.

'N when yo' rose to answer me  
ah still down lo' on bended knee,  
a snappin', crackin' poppin', too,  
too quick fo' anyone to do  
dat wicker bench just busted loose  
'n ripped away like herd o' moose  
dat dress o' satin, silk, `n lace  
'n wrapped aroun' yer blushin' face  
'n ah don't wanna sound so rude –  
but, yo be better in da nude –  
like ah had neve' seen befo'  
but in ma dreams `n never mo'.

Thank goodness fo' dis summer's night  
tho' dat don't make it wrong o' right –  
cuz ah still lov' ya none da less  
with o' without dat Satin Dress.

□

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Not All Equalities Are Equal

Hair done up precisely, bouncing timely  
musical metronome four/four time  
to baton wielded by his check card –  
nails hardened, colored, shaped, and sharp  
like music picks playing on his money harp –  
long limbs emerging from her Jaguar  
eyes of dollar green emeralds on demand  
all fingers gem-ringed clenching hands –  
diamonds, rubies, opals, sapphires, too  
on platinum, go(l) d, and silver bands –

But this is she – some other one – not you.

Face lifted more than breasts enhanced  
Dermabrasions, tummy tucked  
buttocks both been liposucked  
to please his macho changing taste  
she plays his adult playpen games –  
a stay at homer, dressed up as figurehead  
queen of his prenuptial-ed fortress wall  
pretending to have earned her way  
not with her mind – but body scars  
tall tales – charming talisman – tell it all.

But this is she – some other one but you.

He frees her from that gilded cage by day  
her chariot a public showcase of her wares  
to all who envy such a life of opulence  
the haves by nature of his name and hers  
a tag-along, not fervent lover from her heart  
but given gifts, her toys, each time he asks –  
demands on cue to play, perform her art –  
the words to say – she spreads her legs apart  
balancing the spread sheets woven spreads  
on wrinkled bed sheets of her borrowed life.

But this is she – some different she – not you.

The other one with simple braids or pony tail  
no music, just cacophony of common voice,  
no German emblems on the hoods, no mags  
reflecting jagged nails on calloused hands  
just rugged stumps astumbling  
from some dented wrecks  
one ring with worthless gem-stone  
imitation no golden bands,  
just empty promises made day to day  
no guarantees, no nuptials made at all.

But, this is she – not anyone – not you.

There is another order of equality:  
though one is strong  
more powerful –  
brilliantly endowed  
the other quick of wit  
each different sight  
both with an equal view  
unequal height  
disparate raiment  
complemented  
compliments,  
they stand hand in hand  
two equal  
different  
ids.

But, which is she – which anyone –  
which you  
exists?

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To A Bottle Of Wine Or A Tequila Sunrise

At ease, I peer upon your narrow neck  
that flows in gentle lines toward tapered waist  
while gently swirling fluids lie within  
your crystal figure waiting for my lips.

But protocol demands a new way to rejoice  
than sucking out or licking from the mass  
that holds within inebriated voice  
to place my hand upon your rounded glass.

Then pour I must yourself to vessel wide  
or narrow raised to waiting moistened lips  
then sip with delicate and balanced urge  
to savor essence of your ruddy flow.  
Only you and I will ever know.

The sweetness lingers long, though brazen, slow  
dulling sense of my reality  
a pall upon my vision cloudy, dim  
reactions harnessed lie dammed up within.

Each time that lofty glass  
I lift up lipwardly  
blurry eyes grow blearier,  
bulge outward more  
a foggy, froggy gibbosity  
that sees more doubles  
than twins see ametropically,

and rolling paradigms  
appear like nickel spheres  
and words slip out without control  
with sounds like no one hears  
who drinks no more  
domestic wines, liquours and foreign beers

The drink I more, the hear I less  
the think I less, the need I more  
the wine you are, must I confess,

most tastefully what I adore.

By now I waver half you gone  
for cheers and toasts are done and said  
while friends and strangers all and one  
have left you drunk in wasted bed.

Now dripping droplets pink and red  
mix bloody content alcohol  
I cannot fathom deeds I said  
to one or more, or none at all.

One by one they fly the coop  
who long have drained their glasses dry  
and you I hold still by the neck  
not knowing how nor even why.

Your cousins stand by nations all  
Courvoisier and cognac too  
in bottles brown or green and blue  
some clear and strong, and others weak,  
some younger new with names untold  
along with Galeano's gold,  
ahh, pardon me before I leak –  
and waddle I to room of rest  
(me thinks me bladder says it best)  
barely seeing Hiss and Hearse  
no matter which, it could be worse  
if I don't open up one door  
and not release upon the floor  
what used to be a drink or two  
romantic break for me and you.  
I came not here to drink nor dine  
eat something not nor taste the wine  
that rested past this bottle neck  
which still I grasp in shaky hand  
a foreign name more distant land,  
an empty flask, and close my eyes  
to dream of better nights and days  
no more the shouts of "Yea, Surprise! "  
when sotally tober were my ways.  
Oh, flask of old, I hold you dear

an honored place of high esteem,  
where eyes can read and ears can hear  
these drunken words in sober dream.

□

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To A Dandelion

Chameleon on green rustic fields ye lie  
unplanted rosette by young hands that pluck  
away thy priestly crown, from orient grown,  
gold tiara gracing thy perennial brow.

Ye bear no mane as dandy lion might  
though name thou hold, ye lion's tooth,  
yet semblance lieth not in all thy form,  
but in the leafy floral dress forsooth.

Ye come untimely sudden as a burst  
of sunshine through grim gathered cumuli  
erupting through tight pores compacted earth  
dotting prairies with thy fairy clocks.

Thy clustered cankerworts permeate  
all mundane meadows luscious leas  
near stately castles, tawdry shacks alike,  
no preference where thine Irish Daisies die.

A child's gentle touch doth stroke thy stem,  
caressing to thy nape where neighbor endives  
white and wild close and ope their mouths  
that silent, scream to let them yet survive.

Beneath their feet, milk gowans sway and flow  
to lusty breezes watching blowballs fly  
like feathers tossed, thy pollen bearers blown  
by blusterous breathing boisterous youth.

Carnation cousins form entwining crowns  
as roses rally with their songs and psalms of love  
while daffodils Narcissus love paint pastel lips  
and dandelion, ye serve a court above.

Thy presence all perpetual and prominent  
proposes panacea resolution from thy roots  
thy stems and leaves, nutritious carte du jour,  
ambrosian nectar fit for the gods and man.

Yet, not all share not the beauty of thy crest,  
thy flowing locks, who see unsightly blight  
thy helion core by day that sleeps by night  
deplume thee of thy gold and verdant dress.  
They smile at thy woeful death, demise  
and watch thee bow and close thine eyes  
thy shattered self snatched from thy mother's womb  
interred thrust reckless back to earthen tomb.

Resurrected art thee blessed by renaissance  
abiding and demotic benediction dance  
performed renewal forebears long had done  
through hardy history, living on and on.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To A Greek, Doctor Testicles [tes Ti Clees]

Doctor, Doctor, How `m I doin?

I have no idea until I check you over  
under all around bottom to the top.  
Strip! I'll send a nurse  
to help you cover!  
I smiled just a moment,  
barely perceptible.  
Perhaps a nurse, potential lover?

The shirt off quickly came,  
shoes as well and socks the same..  
The briefs? Hmmm, they seemed too brief  
too long on me, too tight.  
Perhaps had better been the boxers, light  
but holding still not much from sight...  
then checked the whole engrossing form...  
far grosser than exceeds the norm.

then nurse came in for helping me  
alas, this nurse, no she but he –  
and yanked my briefs down to the floor –  
he helped me, Lawd, please help no more!  
An open gown was left to wear –  
naught else while I was waitin' there.

The wait was longer than I planned  
all posters read once, twice, and then again  
the organs random on the wall  
describin' what they do, and then  
what happens to them all  
from injuries, or age, and accident.

At length the Doc arrived equipped  
to probe and pry my every pore  
seemed everything was rubber tipped  
as if I were a common whore

and I looked HIM over

chumpy ol' chap he was  
chubby cheeks'  
stubby fingers  
bubbly smile  
bushy brows  
above eyes a twinkle  
'til he broke my reverie

demanding that I try to tinkle  
handed me a lidded cup  
'n I knew he too had musta knowed it  
I was so full the beer alone  
wit' out a doubt could over flowed it,

an wit' one hand he felt by head  
make sure it stopped at 9 - 8 - 6  
n' stuck a flat end tapered stick  
my opened mouth demanding AAHHHH  
'n rammed that log down way soo faaarrrr  
ah gurgled, splurgled, near went sppplaatttt  
all o'er his close intrusive fat.

Then hand went up to check my nose,  
my ears, and throat while still my clothes  
hung sloppily across the chair  
his one hand went all through my hair  
searching what? for nits and things?  
then soft a gentle voice said, "Cough! "  
one hand STILL grasping ding-a-lings  
as coughing, gasping, choking, gasping  
could not cease to tell 'im, "Stop! "

But he kept on my balls a'clingin'  
holdin' tight my ears were ringin'  
an' I wondered what went wrong,  
why the Doc held on so long.  
till turned I lookin' at 'is eyes  
Lo, behold, to my surprise,  
his face was greying darker, gloomy  
eyeballs bulging, glossy, rheumy,  
thought I he to be too ecstatic  
or some vacant, stiff, rheumatic,

and still he clung without a sound  
not e'en the nurse had stayed around.

I grabbed both hands around his wrist  
my hanging balls still in his fist;  
he would not loosen up his grip  
as tighter, I bit lower lip  
not his, but mine in anguish, pain  
while in his grip my balls remain,  
unmoving he against the gurney  
on this sexless deadly journey  
made I once more my last demand,  
"Doctor, loosen up your hand."

But he could hear nothing I said,  
oblivious to my command,  
he stood there cold, too stiff, erect,  
stone deaf as bust of Pericles, [Per i clees]  
and time I took to re-inspect□  
stone dead this Doctor Testicles [Tes ti clees].

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To A Toothpick

O, Quercus tall thy spreading crown endowed  
thine oaken leaves an aesculean  
tribute to thy Herculean strength  
more powerful than all thy cousins  
packed in arboreal throngs  
thy sturdy lineage hard of heart  
aspiring towards Olympian heights  
ilician branches outstretched  
guarding all, dark shadows  
encircling compass-like  
thy trunk thy fulcrum  
passing through the hours  
hot by day  
too cool by moonlit night.

Thy brother by a different seed  
holds thick its umbral shade  
in layers black to barely light,

'neath Ulmus's aged foliage  
sweet Acer's blood of syrup, sweet,  
untapped too full to burst its mighty heart  
and pour itself to trickle thickly  
down thy motley bark from puncture wounds  
impaled by oaken shafts as Cain  
did Abel  
labors of his fruit in vain.

And Ebenus stands not alone  
a forest black, sinews taut,  
his muscles hard as Saxony  
they dauntless vigils  
watchful, rare,  
reaching for the thinnest air.

But, Pinus stood ubiquitous  
like common folk in flocks they drove  
through fields across all continents  
impervious to imperialists

protruding through ice glacial snow  
amidst where wild westwinds blow  
through heat of equatorial sun  
where others bend it stands as one.

Zeus thunderbolts thy skin hath burned  
thy roots uplifted cast from earth  
from oceanic floods they turned  
their shameful faces once with mirth  
now turned away deep floods sent forth  
Poseidon's trident piercing through  
to the heart of the matter.

Penates gathered in thy shapened forms  
cubiles for cubiculi  
and lecti for the foci flames  
where populi of famous names  
set standard bearers as their norms.

But what of all the shavings, chips,  
the slices slashed  
from pieces clashed  
the chunks they clipped  
who careless, too oblivious  
of herbal life hacked and nipped  
those pointed slivers  
boxed and shipped  
with flattened shapes  
a single point  
and others  
bi-polar sharp at either end  
bi - molar holes intent to mend  
amidst a dental regiment  
led by Colgate or Sir Pepsodent.

The Querci Knight seeks out the beast  
that lurks in mouths of caves at least  
amongst the stalactites and -mites  
where enter meats and gnashing bites  
in rhythm of digestive laws  
grasping lances 'gainst the claws  
that ravage savagely their prey

behind closed lips their death delay.

Enamel shields put forth their dauntless force  
against the pokes and jabs of lances' probes  
a ritual to cleanse recurring moss  
upon the castle walls, to keep the crack  
uncluttered music strings of floss  
through fissures rubbed where lances lack.

Behold, the oaken, maple, elm or pine  
side by side awaiting, line by line,  
by hundreds ranked, together or alone  
attacking plaque that clings like glue to bone.

Although thy strength lacks that of oaken tree  
Thou shalt be sought and praised eternally.

Glossary for the Literati:

Quercus, Ilex, and Aesculus are Latin names for the Oak tree

Ulmus (Elm)

Acer (Maple)

Pinus (Pine)

Ebenus (Ebony tree)

Cubilis (bed)

Cubiculum (bedroom)

Penates (household gods)

lectus (couch)

focus (hearth) □

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To An Eastern Lady

1

Behold! that human angel hovering  
not in bright skies but on far-distant land  
a siren voice, hypnotic, echoing  
desperate singing, sundry songs without demand

Till comes that calming gentle rest.

Unfettered wings whose feather tips remain  
too still until in cauldron stirs the beast  
found'ring gales ablast from vicious East  
near off rip her appendages with his disdain

Till comes that zephyr from the West

resounding with his promises, his prayer  
that joined would be they both in aether air.

2

But, lo! Across that mighty depth of sea  
where stands that noble knight in disarray  
his hand a pen to wield in poetry  
an arm to hold a shield from harm to her delay

Till comes for her he on his steed

The mighty dragon spewing searing flame  
to burn her tender flesh with hateful scorn  
repelled she with her wits not words foresworn  
an oath to not repeat nor say his hated name

Till comes the time they both agreed

resounding with his promises, his prayer  
that joined they may be one eternal pair.

3.

At length their spirits crossed the massive span  
that ocean looming far too wide and deep  
one lady waiting long,

long waiting longing for her patient man  
her promises, the oath she vowed to keep  
for him in loving song.

At last their spirits met in fond embrace  
and bodies twisted as a knotted rope  
in love together found,

though sight unseen, he never saw her face,  
nor did she his except with faith and hope  
their love at last be crowned.

4

The gods looked down upon two distant lands  
upon what kept two loves apart  
and joined the knight's and his fair lady's hands  
into one soul, one beating heart  
exhaling into each as one communal breath  
immortalizing them without eternal death.

Till now, no eyes have seen with certain sight  
these loves that burn in morn and evening light.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To The Senses; A Sense Of Prayer

When first I lost my sight,  
my universe went dark obscure  
blackest pitch of night  
lit by dim memories  
that blazed impressions  
clearer than with lustrous light  
though greater loss  
not seeing you  
than losing sight of all my world  
and all the things you do.

When hearing left me deaf, a stone,  
no worldly sound  
my silent macrocosm locked inside  
tinnitus my companion tone  
quiet footsteps on the ground  
your voice a memory that died  
a quiet death,  
though greater loss  
not hearing you  
the whispered words that say 'It's you.'

When odors, taste conjointly leave  
no clear distinction, sour, sweet,  
methane gas like roasted meat -  
alas, my heart and soul both grieve  
no more your breath, your scent unique  
will capture me within their mist  
no longer tasting savored lips  
though greater loss  
not sharing both for what we are,  
the I of we, the you with me.

When sense of touch is likewise gone,  
when searing flesh and breaking bone  
can feel no pain, nor joy again  
of holding, touching, soft and smooth  
not knowing where your fingers roam,  
your hands upon my anxious face,

your arms in warmest tight embrace,  
the greater loss  
not feeling that ecstatic thrill  
we felt together but no longer will.

Though all these senses still remain,  
how great the loss I shall retain  
if you no longer see  
the loving lass in me  
nor hear my words of dire need,  
nor feel each year the growing seed  
nor taste the juices of my fruit  
and of my flowered scent stay mute -  
then shall you say you saw love die  
from senselessness of you; - And I,

how great the loss that you shall reap  
if I am blind from tears I weep  
and deaf to all your childish pleas  
and please you not on bended knees  
as oft we did in days of yore,  
nor touch you where I did before,  
and use my lips, not kiss, but speak -  
to you too blind, too deaf, too weak  
to feel, too dumb to recognize the sign  
that love has left your heart, and mine.

Let's promise, love, while we have time  
our senses all - while still complete -  
to live by Carpe Diem  
nunc et in hora mortis nostris - Amen!  
now, and in the hour of our death -  
a prayer to God, or any deities above  
who can and will preserve our love.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Ode To The Tower Of Pizza

Cornucopia, undulating dough,  
finger-laden flour power flow  
on flat plate laid, hard-pummeled  
pound `n` ground, ply `n` fly  
spun swirling curls sweet halo  
flying puffs of nebulae  
dusty mist descending  
powder cloak eclipsing starry night  
of spinning saucers arcing flight  
flat splat on silver platter  
beckoning saucy fellow  
coursing dapper dipper  
dripping blood-red lava flow  
Picasso masterpiece: mushy dough  
inviting palate's palette color show  
bake for here or make to go.

Comes now chop chop the flailing chef  
hurling endives hacked to shreds  
hickory chicory leafy threads  
onion bits with bites of beef  
bacon bits, some chives (relief  
is just two pills away)  
peppers green and red hold sway  
far better than small bales of - hey,  
that won't work—instead a root,  
pineapple pieces, tasty fruit  
as olives, garlic's garnishing,  
sausage, too, salami, pork -  
(but never add an Orcan dork) .  
Voila! spit from the oven, sliced  
full blessed by Savior Cheezus Christ.

Three days from hence will rise anew  
rewarmed a pizza dead and cold  
for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, too,  
resurrected, hot, and steaming, bold -

These praises herald from on high

the glory of the pizza pie.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# One Step At A Time

Two stranger meet  
intentions both unknown  
to each no name no dates  
of age nor place of birth  
just passing bodies  
like raindrops from dark clouds  
on unsuspecting leaves  
left nestled on the ground

Two strangers meet  
like leaves in heedless fall  
both swaying on each way  
untrod by any other one  
unmoved by gentle breeze  
their steps on different paths  
One step, one step with ease  
through leaves upon the ground.

Two strangers meet  
somewhere in local time  
on different avenues  
two continents apart  
one soul in search for love  
the other for a mended heart  
one planned step at a time

Two strangers meet  
walking slowly hand in hand  
one step by each in concert  
one slow step at a time

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Portrait

Music

painted notes  
on canvas  
of lined parchment

Poetry

music played  
with colors  
on blank pages

Artistry

hues hewn from  
rainbow palette  
hungry canvas

All symphonic  
portrait painting  
rhythmic sculpture  
soul and body

perfect portrait  
played,  
penned,  
painted,  
perfect hue  
perfect you

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Renaissance

You left wordlessly  
anonymous cloak  
absorbing you  
into its silent creases  
and wished as commanded  
by Word Processor of the Gods  
your existence to be obliterated  
into nothingness as if  
a daughter of Nihility and Lethe.  
You succeeded  
but shadows,  
vestiges of your wonderful self  
remained  
reminders of the instability  
that spun you out of my sphere  
and into your own universe  
of a different galaxy  
to invert properties of existence  
for my galaxy in your universe  
got sucked into a black hole  
of non-existence,  
a non-being where being  
is important to another with whom  
one on one is still a unified one –  
not done and gone!

Then I was in the shadow of your darkness  
while you renaissanced into a greater  
metamorphosis of you  
all the good parts having become perfected  
all the weak slashed off  
regrowing stronger limbs to hold your newest love,  
extremities that race their way towards love  
much rather than before when “turn away”  
was the war-chant of your battle lines.

And just as the Word Processor undeleted you  
and all you were before in newer form  
a flawless entity

I only watch you, hear you,  
see your words of prayer  
praise some new love that wasn't there  
or was, but unaware,  
that it was he who made you disappear.

Two nebulae burned once with single flame,  
one spark extinguishing itself,  
the other left till your return  
and he, with love still left to burn,  
waited, poet, pen in hand  
awaiting, Blossom, your demand,  
that I shall wait with flightless wing  
with empty page and vacant heart  
my voice too aged, too late to sing,  
no youth to wish, too old to start.

But loving does not die, it seems.  
so long as poets love in dreams.

.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Response To Excuse 1 (Need To Make Money)

Oh, yes, I see, and understand, my dearest one,  
your need to make for us that monied stash  
and your just screwing not for love bust cash -  
it is so sensible - not rash - how I agree -  
and stand behind you all the way  
and let you do all that you say  
for me  
and I have just the gift for you:

I shall remain prepared for you  
(I know you like me wet)  
and I shall call the plumber in  
to keep my pipes aligned -  
but, it's okay;  
he's deaf and dumb, not blind;  
so, as he pokes his shaft within,  
he will not say a word:  
no sounds of love from tongue or lips  
not mine nor his while grinding hips  
keep me in moistened shape for you  
wide open mind and lower, too;  
and to be sure, I will not love as I do you;  
it is a service, no love - a screw  
that's meant to keep me soft and wet  
so when you are home, we'll both be set.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Response To Excuse 2 (Have To Work Late)

Now, dearly beloved,  
when you within my furrow sowed  
your loving, fertile, squirming seed,  
and it became an entity -  
the better parts of you and me -  
I did not then neglect your need:  
to bounce your uglies on my flesh  
and baby felt your every ounce  
as home from pounding on your job  
that birdie, soft so oft you pounce -  
in my name -  
Ha! Do I laugh or do I sob?

Ahh, fool, you thought I didn't know?  
- what used to be a stiffened mast  
hung now too soft, drooped, flaccid, low -  
for me too slow, for her too fast?

The plumber came without a sound  
(He's deaf and dumb you know)  
and now he's gone - but friend's around -  
the blind one with the cane in hand -  
he'd rather lie with me than stand  
along the begging path - demand  
attention with his sign:

'Blind Love can't see the faults in you,  
surpasses what those sighted claim;  
My other senses better do  
to touch, feel, smell, hear all the same.'

And I thought about you, my dear,  
and took him to our shallow bed  
to feel the Love is Blind again,  
to know he loved me as I am -  
and not for just the words you said;  
his gently fingers prodding me  
his tongue and lips, distinctive reach -  
not him, but you, his entity -

Oh, Lordy, Lord! The Blind can teach...

But, have no fear, my darling dear,  
I loved the blind and deaf and dumb,  
it's all for you, while waiting here -

now baby's gone and I am numb  
with greater need for lover's face  
(as you have said, it's no disgrace)  
to keep a love at work and home  
while I bereft, you need to roam?

Ahh, sweetness, keep your  
two or three or four;  
and I with...  
well, who's keeping score?

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Response To Excuse 3 (I Need Practice To Do It Right)

Alas, dear heart, your shooting from the hip  
has cost us dearly,  
and I agree that we need time  
for YOU to grow  
but that case of acute penicitis vaginosis  
(that's my personal observation, diagnosis)  
that what you don't need is two cars to drive  
leaving one in my driveway to let all others know  
that I am occupied and not with others free to go  
while you expect that I should lie here dead  
while you remain afluttering afield instead -  
and pregnancy -? that takes two to decide  
if you want to - yes, pop your gun inside  
before you hit the trigger of that writhing worm  
and leave them swimming uphill, little sperm  
and do you dare to state that I should have to wait  
and do I dare to intimate that I would want to wait  
while you sow all the fields all your smiling seeds  
and think - to dare to think - all that will fill my needs?

And I know you say I am your moon and stars,  
I am your earth and sun,  
I am your only one  
(except for Gertie, Mildred, and some broad from Mars)  
and I know you want to love me best  
after practicing with the rest,  
and you do this for the love of me -  
they will not last eternally -  
and I will? Because you say so?

Then I remember that disease you have,  
you remember: Aacute penicitisvaginosis,  
or something like that,  
and your preferred car is a Swedish Vulva,  
and your idea of oral sex is talking about  
Gertie, Mildred, or what's her name from Mars,  
and you speak tongue in cheek,  
not either one of mine,  
and for sport, you think of sex as golf

in which you hold your club  
and try to poke a hole in one,  
anyone willing to listen to your fabled tales of love  
and yes, I miss your warm affection  
that you 'gave at the office'

and your tender arms  
that wreak of someone else's sweat,  
and your eyes into which  
I often look to see myself  
and see the panorama  
of your circus life  
just clowning around,  
your high wire act  
without a net below  
and I can only watch  
you play your games  
a one-act play of female names.

Yet, dear love of mine,  
you ask me be patient, wait  
for you to finally decide  
if it's really me you love  
or me you really hate.

□

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Response To Excuse 4 (We Need Time Apart)

'Time Out! ' called in basketball,  
Football (American Style) , and Volleyball  
to discuss new strategies, or take a breath  
from some exciting play, say the coaches  
and the players deeply, so involved.

But, time out from LOVE?  
That means to take a freakin' break  
because some one or other has no clue  
of what he must or wants to do  
about his ideologies  
or idiotic idiosyncracies.

Yet, you admit that I am yours and you are mine  
(a sense of possessiveness which I don't underwrite)  
and you are still the same bright, witty, loving entity  
which I have loved near all my life, it seems, eternity,  
and I agree we need some time,  
but not apart,  
since all alone, it leaves me vacant, sad, and dry  
for which your absence makes me cry  
and do you care  
that I am bare  
with no one here to share  
why?  
Or do you still adhere  
to pulling out your loaded gun  
and plugging all those maidenheads  
and saying naught to piece of tail  
who think they are your Holy Grail!  
Perhaps, while giving them your ounce of flesh  
you might consider  
do they really know  
do you really know  
what you really want  
from them (those empty burlaps bags)  
or me  
your purse of silk?

I don't believe I'm not enough!  
I am not easy! Nor am I rough!

When lights are out prone in the dark,  
can you still tell bluebird from lark,  
my legs pressed tight to leave their mark,  
my skin like satin, hers like bark?

I use no scents, no greasy base,  
no funny ribbons, frilly lace,  
when I spread out to lick your face  
from breathless where you put your face.

And since, dear love, let's make a date -  
you still have time to love or hate

we naked both, I'll hold you straight  
and while you writhe a while: WAIT!

Was there something else to do?  
Is it me?  
Or was it you?

You said you needed time to think!  
Go ahead.  
I'll get my glass of milk to drink.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Resurrection Of My Dead Captain

The tears of friends  
spilled on the ashes  
of your burned and crumpled self  
have permeated all the woes  
that laid you low  
gave rise to a new and stronger you  
to combat as long  
as you shall live  
all those who do ye wrong.  
Look not back in the raging anger  
nor in depths of dire despair –  
NOT all in love and war is fair –

Do not give in to their demands  
before in strength you take our hands –  
before you take that mighty leap  
again, become that ashen heap.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Shall I Compare Thee, , , No! !

Your erotica  
so succinct  
reaching apex  
fingers clawing  
voice screeching  
in its brevity  
like a sledge  
slamming needle  
through cotton candy.

Mine,  
of epic proportions  
overwhelming details  
time for you to do your nails  
as I fumble  
and tumble my way  
ocean liner  
on your pond of needs  
finally  
enter  
deep  
with you  
asleep.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Sir Lady Rose

Behold! the fiery Dragon's dead,  
by Knight upon a royal steed,  
blood staining shining armor's steel –  
sharp trusted sword, a spear and shield

dead dragon's steamy breath of life  
sucked out by strength of golden Knight  
its soul-less body left adrift  
not hell nor heaven's succor bound

to stain the earth return to dust  
as all that live and die must do.  
The Knight returns in full array  
to yonder king and castle walls

where court awaits in regal dress  
to hear about the knightly quest  
to rid the kingdom of the beast  
triumphantly dispensed to death

a tale of wondrous knightly deeds  
performed with strength and wily wit  
a night of fear put to the test  
re-echoing this knightly name.

Disarmed dis-armored knight approached  
recounting tale of bravery  
so each proud knight of kingdoms knows  
of dragons slain by Lady Rose.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Sonnet To A Beloved In The Spring

In danceless steps you twirl with angel's wings,  
my eager self still reaching for your hand,  
your arms, your anxious self, concentric rings,  
your stepless dance with me, without demand

while vertigo spins out of my control;  
you touch me gently, spark my inner drive,  
wreak senseless havoc with my aching soul  
that strives to keep strange loving goals alive.

So rich you feel the depth within your heart,  
I waiting till you break through dauntless walls  
that bind your passion, hold ourselves apart  
from perfect bliss we had, my mind recalls.

Like burning stars, we shine by darkest night  
by day unseen, though glowing just as bright.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Sonnet: On Sharing Flowers

The bud precocious struggles through the earth  
hard bound from Winter's lengthy deadly frost  
its renaissance erupting as a virgin birth  
miraculous, its shackles loosed, then lost.

The lengthy stems like sturdy oaks stand tall;  
their outstretched branches all embracing wings  
take care, their blossoms kissing zephyrs, all  
that pass from pauper to unbending kings.

These gifts from mother find a way to please  
not one but all to whom as gifts they pass  
from one to each as balm the pains they ease  
from ailing souls near death to youngest lass.

Yet, early plucked they still fulfill the needs  
for those who love the thought, the rose or weeds.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Sonnet: On Sharing Wine

How intimate can strangers be at first  
Their voices yet unheard, blank faces, still  
Eyes eagerly awaiting, lips with thirst  
Desirous to impart what words they will?

Imaginations flow through river banks  
As flooding streams of words o'erflow the bounds  
That hold them, checked, as soldiers do in ranks  
Controlled by masters, sentries on their rounds.

So do I seek thy wondrous self too soon  
As dewy dawn seeks dusk and moonlight, dry  
With hunger, passion bringing both to ruin  
Without love's moisture, strength, to make it fly.

My silent lips apart a bit seek thine  
As lovers would one glass in sharing wine.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Spontaneous Message From Me To You

... and I love you  
for what I see of you,  
unseeing you,  
in my dreams,  
and I feel the closeness  
within the bounds  
that they are allowed  
by your limitations and mine  
and I could not say to you  
what I would want to  
if you were receptive  
to the enrapturing  
erotic thoughts  
that besiege me  
in my lonely moments  
of weakness  
when I let imagination flow  
enveloping you  
in their delicate folds  
as a child  
in the arms of a loving mother  
or a poem  
in the mind of its creator...

[to be continued]

P.S. See: *Essence of Love: A Series of Questions*

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Stark Reality

Our love ceased to be  
                  When you seemed to me  
Mere biology.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Strangers In Love

Can strangers fall in lust at first  
to rise in love  
too soon, unknown, unseen too late  
to reminisce on possibilities,  
or do they strain to pleasure take  
defying laws of gravity  
to fall upon the higher plane  
to lie where lovers lie in vain?

I have been fateful touched  
not by some wispy angels' wings  
nor halos of dear saints long-dead,  
nor by strange spirits – ghosts gone by,  
soft whispers breathing promises  
with voice resplendent, sonorous, unique  
replete with honey-petalled syllables  
suggesting sweet encounters, joie de vivre  
where wild winsome bodies wanton seek  
elation – fond anticipation of euphoric ecstasy.

Alas, my eyes have not yet set themselves  
upon her velvet flesh nor flaxen hair  
nor touched her waxen lips with silent kisses  
except by words that touch her proverbial heart  
to bring our disparate worlds apart  
before they conflagrate as one  
in an unending sphere of flaming passion  
singeing first the outer shell  
then deep within to the heart of the matter,  
her own erotic soul.

Long vacant gaps fill hours deep with consternation,  
lo, fully filled with folly, doubt  
that what deeply still alive within  
can burst its seams to fly without  
tight bonds to chain one dearly loved  
from hence becoming lost  
lone one without desire,  
one flame erupting from a single spark,

one flicker of her willingness  
to burn within the hearth  
of his unharnessed love afire.

"That love again, " he wonders  
at this tsunami flood of urgency  
crunching in his aching loins  
while she awaits expectantly for nothing new.

"That love again." she mutters  
at his avalanche of overtures  
that craved her mind and soul  
while he awaits the nod: "What shall I do? "

Her body? Was it available to him?  
His body? Would she debase it on a whim?

For neither was this paramount at all,  
for minds must mesh with all their differences  
with laughter, tears of joy, and sadness, too,  
to see how much they care  
before their want becomes they do.

The morning call of dulcimer to Dolce meet  
refrains as morning birds and turtle doves  
chirp lovingly like sunburst's heat  
to make two strangers into eternal loves.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Tangled Webs

The hunter looking for his prey  
took refuge on his tree  
waiting - waiting - she on the way?  
(The prey was you, the hunter me.)

The huntress looking for her prey  
took refuge in her bush  
waiting - waiting - night and day!  
(The prey was I, you in no rush.)

Two victims crossed that single road  
directions: East and West -  
Hunter, Huntress, waiting to unload!  
(Each waiting for the one: the best.)

The Hunter's arrow found the heart  
prey's blood between the hips  
bleeding, bleeding - poisoned dart!  
(The prey still prayed - from dying lips,)

The Huntress flung her snagging net -  
confused her helpless mark  
spinning, twisting - the trap was set.  
(Quiet, he lay waiting for the dark.)

By black of night, you bled to death  
the arrow piercing through,  
and I, the Hunter, lie still, no breath.  
(Entangled in the web of you.)

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Breakthrough Science Of The Glycemic Advantage (A Rant Against A Ubiquitous Infomercial)

The trophy wife says,  
'I love it,  
I love it,  
I love it! '

Each syllable of each one  
more pronounced than the previous,  
nor do I believe her at all  
even with her artificial  
superficial  
fist-pounding the air attitude  
trying to convince this fat world  
that her contribution  
having been removed  
can and will make a difference;  
so, she addresses a USA network  
forty times a day, every day and night  
that losing weight her way is right  
for ten bucks a day  
and two weeks, count 'em, fourteen free  
when two phuchs a day  
would do as well, count on it, for me

nor can I easily remember without acronyms  
what in hell a glycemic advantage is  
except that one word has to do  
with sugar-coating the problem  
and it all has to do with intaking of fodder  
or some other slop gotten for less  
than their three hundred bucks a month  
and the competition scowls at their ads  
promoting their own make-yer-own-ass  
skinny like mine, she says, the trophy wife,  
to the planet Obesus as it grinds its orbit  
with all its inhabitants clinging on  
with fat talons to their bowflex  
rubber maids searching for any advantage

when all they had to do, really,  
is keep the fridge closed  
and their yapping mouths shut  
and hunt their own advantage  
away from omnipresent and ubiquitous  
USA and TBS ads.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Change

The visions behind closed lids  
kaleidoscope of colors  
blending hues of me into  
vibrant hues of you  
leave me swooning in a swirl  
of rainbows arching flying buttresses  
angelic halos echoing lingering mist  
as your warm breath mingled with mine  
leads me into the aether regions  
rising slowly, ever so much so –  
the frisson – tingle of your rougher lips  
on mine intermixing salivary fluids  
as nectarous liquor lifts by being  
up to your overwhelming massive self,  
your arms like oaken branches  
enveloping my more fragile self  
a sprig amidst the flurry of protective limbs  
grasping me in tenacious grip  
mine tenuous, tentative, slight doubt  
spurred on by rising fear of your unknown.

Your ample essence to which my self was pressed  
absorbed me willingly – with hesitance,  
the pounding of just my heart grown weaker  
as it entered you, the lifelessness  
of your spirit inhaling myself  
into your vacuous cavity  
now filled with all my hopes and fears,  
unblinking eyes of mine streamed with your tears  
of dewy moisture evaporated  
between your cheeks and mine.  
My limp limbs loosely hung  
drape by reluctant sides;  
they feel your rhythmic flow  
new enter my now heaving self  
a metronome of contrapuntal beats  
my heart now yours,  
I breathless, lifeless,  
immortal, having now become the entity

that once was I, you taking over me,  
no witness to the miracle of this,  
our loving metamorphosis.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Eagle, The Rattler, And The Hare

Cloud cover pinhole view  
instant  
nanosecond shutter speed  
two victims on trial for their lives

a thousand feet below on desert sand  
rolling tumbleweeds through cactus witnesses  
no jury of their peers  
a rare visitor, weary hare lost, wandering,  
wondering if he would get rattled  
when that wriggling rascal struck  
his lethal injection  
head already reared in judgment posture:

hare guilty as charged for being there  
trespassing  
standoff, eye to hare-y eye,  
one hare-line blink death sentence for one  
drum roll rattler clacking its maracas  
OK CORRAL confrontation -

trigger finger twitch  
rattler snapping arched neck  
wide mouth fanged probes  
whipping forked tongue  
lashing air  
sinking tines into nothingness  
on that sky ride Eagle Talon Show  
above the rocky ridge on mesa face  
where rattles dashed themselves to pieces  
head crushed on craggy rocks  
the eagle set afternoon delight  
while hare hopped out of sight  
reprieved for but another night..

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Essence Of Love: A Series Of Questions #1

When you say I love you  
what exactly do you mean?

You see, love CAN be verb that's transitive  
which means it MUST take a direct object.

Am I your direct object of a transitory verb  
or is your transitory love meant for someone else?

It can also be INTRANSITIVE,  
which means it is an act unto itself

Does that mean when you love, I am not there  
that who or what you love is at some other where?

Or is it that no one is your object of affection  
and autoeroticism and narcissism is your predilection.

But, it is definitely not a verb of SOB,  
at least not so between you and me.

Since SOB is state of being and not some bitch,  
for me to fit that acronym will mean a clearer pitch

than ever you have ever made before.

So, when you love, is it me that you adore,

or just to be the perfect me (I say this with a sigh.)  
when you claim to be in love with me, is it I?

You think I'm done?  
That's question one!

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## The Essence Of Love: A Series Of Questions #3

I still don't know  
what you could possibly mean  
when you say that you love me.  
It isn't clear.

We could not, first, define the term,  
not then, not now.  
Then, I asked if it were sex:  
that struck a nerve, I fear.

I think 'bout love and loving –  
you don't have a clue  
though when erect – these words come first:  
Oh, oh, OH! I DO love you.

Could you conceive of simple solicitude?  
[That means you CARE! ]  
You know, four syllables –  
to care for someone ELSE!

Does care mean food and shelter,  
clothes and funds to spend  
on mere frivolities?  
Do they as gifts require me extend

myself prostrate to do your bidding,  
supine, you do your will  
by expectations, great or small,  
and I must stay until

your satisfaction is complete,  
to which I have no vote –  
demands of yours one sided made  
without a thank you note?

Suppose a barren island  
were left to us our home –  
would you still care for only me  
just two of us, none else,

just we two all alone?  
and treat me as your cherished queen  
without a crown, food, clothing, walls

to shelter from the storm?

and would you still try touching me  
as often you do now  
when all you have to touch  
is what you've touched before?

Would we together equals be  
against all forces fight  
to shelter both against  
all foes in day or night?

The insect, spiders, snakes, and slugs  
we find in rotting piles  
are all we find to eat –  
would you still share them equally?

I stand before you nakedly,  
just fronds to hide beneath.  
Would you still try to stare at me  
as I at you – without a fig or leaf?

And if I felt so ghastly sick  
with vomit, puking blood,  
and frantic bowels, belching stools,  
would caring be your mood?

□

Or if my skin were filled with scales  
no longer smooth, too rough,  
would you still hold me close,  
or say, "Enough's enough! "

You see, dear love, what loving is  
much more than words to me.  
It's more of what you say and do  
that shows what love should be.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Greatest Gift Of All

He said to me  
I have the Greatest Gift of All for you  
and when I asked for it  
he said  
I already gave it to you  
when I loved you  
and I replied  
that is not the Greatest Gift of All for me  
to which surprisedly  
he said  
then what if not my truest love  
to which quite quickly  
I mentioned  
that He was the recipient those  
two too quickly passing minutes  
spent with me  
with Elena maybe three  
and Eleanor – then was it four?

He looked perplexed  
and asked  
with just his dumb expression  
what Gift he gave was truly Greatest  
if indeed it wasn't love  
by him the truest form  
in his mind he thought the norm  
to give to each with whom he lay  
and dared to each one different say  
I have the Greatest Gift of All for you  
not gems nor jewels nor stately crown  
no robes, nor spices, rich of scent  
how oft the odors came and went  
and gave from me to you the seed  
the Greatest Gift of All to you  
to satisfy your every need  
my giving all of me your due.

Alas, dear fool, if know you must  
The greatest Gift of All is trust.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Importance Of Pictures I

Albums – black and whites  
glossy finish  
molded hard covers  
tiny corner triangles  
to hold them  
precariously in place

The polaroid age  
clouded plastic  
stiff  
cannot protect  
glimpses of life  
from dying  
yellow death

SLR age  
high speed motion  
super macros  
to see eye's center  
to the heart and soul  
of some matter

Now, digital  
converting zeroes and ones  
into  
irreplaceable  
pieces of life

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Infidel

Twins

born near thirteen years apart  
on different continents  
lived separate lives  
for half a century

love

brought them to  
a woman's heart

simultaneously  
drawn to her by each  
uniqueness, quality –

despite a generation past  
since sins of one  
joined hers  
and sins of one joined his –

the passion didn't last.

Thirty years – late –  
flame eternal lit  
the candle of their  
youthful fires burning  
their love did not abate.

Distraction  
some malfunction  
invaded one again

no reason understood  
no reason one could  
understand

till death do they part

The twin arrived on site

the woman left  
in no man's land  
bereft  
when loved one sinned again  
The image, word, and will  
were all the same,  
one woman swept away  
by ideal dream  
until, no matter what the lover's name,  
the one she couldn't – wouldn't say –  
would wait, perhaps IS waiting – still.

The twin looked to his brother's heart  
and saw himself as once he was –  
the one too blind he could not see –  
"... as it was in the beginning  
is now, and ever shall be –  
yes,  
forever, and ever will be.  
Amen"

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Love Song Of Lorenzo To His Beloved

Let us go, love, you and I,  
when daylight sleeps beneath the darkened sky  
dead like cadavers awaiting trenchers spades;

let us travel those long untrodden paths  
where fearless dare we go  
where fouler winds still blow  
the stench of death and carrion,  
the lifeless corpses of all gone before,  
these treacherous trails to nowhere known.

Nor shall we ask, 'What lies ahead? '

Let us just go in peace instead  
as foggy mists dance on our sleeves,  
as gentle zephyrs toss dead leaves  
across our path as flower children do  
and prancing shadows follow, too -  
mimicking our plodded course  
to nowhere that we know for sure  
what lies beyond our farthest reach,  
what dangers lurk  
what mysteries smirk  
at both our ignorance and bliss.

There comes a time, there will be time  
for us to wield the weaponry  
combating dragons fierce,  
to prick the bubbles, pierce  
the gossamer webs we cannot see  
that tie us up both you and me  
upon this path to our eternity -  
a time for you and time for me  
to see ourselves for what we want to be.

There will be time to cautiously decide  
how to respond to what we want to know  
about each one, the faces that we meet,  
and how they look at us with words replete:

'How odd they seem, those two who walk as one, '  
and do I dare presume that they are right,  
those blind that see less than  
those see without their sight?

And are they finished when it seems they're done  
commiserating with their own diminished kind  
with nothing worth the telling in their mind?

For I have seen them all and know them well,  
and you know, too; you say, 'Do tell.'

I have spent my life with them through dell and vale,  
though mountains high and by the shore,  
their voices screeching epitaphs that trail  
away in echoes that are heard no more.

So now shall I pretend?  
Shall I contend that they have worth  
when I have seen so long they see not me  
nor see the you I do, my partner by my side?

Shall I now deign decide to let them pass  
unrecognized, or bid them fair adieu  
for they do not exist  
in just this world of me and you?

I have seen you by the light of day  
and know (you never had to say)  
how soft your arms, how light your hair,  
how strong your fingers grip  
my hand in yours, your curling lips  
placed moistly where I dare not say  
somewhere below my aching hips  
that yearn for your volcanic flair.

So now shall I dare suck your breath,  
absorb the radiance from every pore,  
our intermingled sweat, dried up in death,  
but living now and evermore  
while we as one embark on this dark night,

tomorrow's day, until eternal light?

And shall I lie with you in still repose  
unhindered by the aches and pains  
I feel in creaking joints and weakened bones  
and still acknowledge you, my rose,  
your thorns still pricking what remains  
of my once sturdy self? (We hear the groans  
of anguish emanating from my limbs apart  
though loving still with all my pounding heart.)

I am no treasure more than what I am -  
no greater nor no less than what you see  
and lived a life the fullest that I could  
and often saw Fate's fingers beckon me -  
and indeed I feared as e'en I know you would  
had you that light I saw burned through the night.

Therefore, dear love, I hold you, aged, tight  
to my own ancient body, near,  
and treasure you, my darling, dear,  
my love, my troth, my life's delight.

And if at my life's end I dare to say,  
AI have not lived - not lived at all, -  
could you say, - Yes, my dear, - and lay  
your hand on mine, and wrap a shawl  
around us both in quiet, peaceful sleep,  
and whisper prayers my soul shall keep  
its love for you intact?  
Can you in truth react  
to my demise and comfort me  
with love still deep?

Will you assure that's not at all  
what words I meant as you recall?

Will you in our rheumatic state  
still call me Prince, or King,  
some kind of royalty  
though we both know that I am none  
but just a pawn whose heart you've won?

My hair is thin, teeth sparse, and wrinkled skin  
hangs loosely from once sturdy bone;  
yet you still shine as bright, your glow within  
still radiant, as light from stars or sun alone.

We both have trod this path to doom  
yet lived to love each one along the way  
watching sunsets, dawns, and nights between  
with me your king and you my queen  
and none to predispose to pave our way  
or give us shelter in an empty room.

Then at the end by life's abiding shore,  
we see the worth and wrath of God about  
and smile at the birds and trees,  
the ceaseless waves of endless seas,  
and Siren's songs and eagles' screams  
and waken from eruptive dreams  
and turn in peaceful death  
to live this life no more.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Secret Room - Part I: The Need

Dear husband, spouse  
(I do not use My or Your  
because there is no possession  
stated or implied) What for?

two equal parts of one equation  
X and Y  
U and I  
(too often known as ex and why)  
and we were wed as one  
and on that day  
the WE was Done!

I became Your Tax Deduction  
a dependent on your own return  
nothing mattered that I earn  
the me became your HON  
like Honey, I'm home, too bad,  
I'm late, dear, Gotta run!  
leaving me alone and sad  
to phuck myself as oft you said  
when you found reason to be mad.  
I did not give it that much thought  
or not as much as I had ought.  
Now, dear love, my loving groom,  
I have more needs: the secret room.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## The Secret Room Part II: The Reason For Going There

Oh, Husband, dear –

(I still cannot, will not,  
call you mine  
because I've got  
my own identity –  
nor shall you stake your claim  
on me – I have my name  
my own equality.)

Have you forgot your sacred vow  
to love (alas, too far abstract a term)  
beyond the sex you often crave;  
to honor (not just leave your sperm)  
with respect,  
a way one should behave,  
and cherish someone more than you.  
Alas, what did you mean by your I DO!

We walked the aisle two as one  
and bound with rings when we were done  
so many years ago.

I lay me down upon demand  
to serve your pleasures hand in hand  
when oft I needed time to rest  
three children having left the nest  
but you stood staunchly strong and tall  
demanding that I take it all.

And I did – ad nauseam for you  
and swallowed hard too many times  
to fill me with your fantasies  
you hid so well but not so long  
until you said a name:  
The wrong one.  
Then I knew when loving me  
You really loved your fantasy.  
Rather than condemn you, dear,

(I could not live without you, Sir,  
my sicknesses, my desperate fear  
of loneliness, lost years a blur)  
rather than consign to doom,  
I hide within my secret room.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## The Secret Room Part Iii: Playing Around

My room is open wide  
any time the needs arise  
for me to get away  
from stark reality.

My raiment falls as fallen leaves  
uplifted by Fall's zephyr's gentle breeze  
and naked my reflection shows  
what living beauty lies within  
beyond the thunder thighs now thin  
and sagging breasts once riding high  
again are filled as firm with youth;  
my eyes have twinkles lost in space  
and wrinkles left my crinkled face.

My agéd limbs regained their strength,  
shoulders, wrists and bony hands  
now smooth and rich with iv'ry skin  
pulled tight again, unmarred, renewed  
as if reborn, a child again.  
The mirrors all around  
on every wall,  
reflections reminiscing days of old,  
don't lie but let me see my Id,  
the self beyond what Ego shows,  
not who I am but what I did.

With joyful leap upon the bed  
I lie upon once aching back  
no covers clothing o'er the flesh  
that supple, taut, stretched to its length  
I tremble with erotic thoughts  
that free to play with untold joy  
I am again that virgin queen  
or, I can play a princess, coy,  
in this my magic room unseen.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## The Secret Room Part Iv: My Alter Ego

No windows cast their light within  
nor let what happens in without  
one door that opens open mind  
and candles flicker with their light  
the dark within this rheumy sight  
the music plays inside my head  
and body dances on the bed  
my own in writhing rhythmic flow  
like restless legs, a syndrome, go.

The bedding, blankets, all unfold  
their cov'ring pulled upon the sheets  
of satin, silky, soft, unstained  
and here, for hours I remained  
still, contemplative, as a dream  
recurrent, vast collage of scenes  
and I explore the outer shell  
with heated oils, melted creams  
spread evenly, s l o w l y  
on all surfaces, no rings or bracelets  
chains or charms  
encumbering, raising false alarms  
that this, my respite, was unreal  
to all but me. It isn't as it seems,  
not fantasy nor midday dreams.

My hands upon my flesh like yours  
were delicate as once yours were  
but are no more too rushed to touch  
where you no longer care to roam.

The warming cream froths into foam  
where spread apart I fill my gap  
that yawned for you (tried only once)  
till you rebelled against my will  
that satisfied just me– repelling you.

Now, here I lie my other self  
re-loving me as is my need

without the fear your demon seed  
will spill itself upon my skin  
defiling this my dream within  
cathedral of my secret room.  
□

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Secret Room Part V: A Symphony Of One

Manipulating breasts erect  
with nipples elongated, tall –  
my fingers rolled as if a ball  
exciting me, both tips as eager  
as they often were  
now sensuously satisfied.

Both lips surrendered to my loving tongue  
an oral organ moist and stiff  
pressing on each lip as if  
preparing to make daring plunge  
between both lips below, above,  
where oft they once enjoyed the love,  
the lust, the passion, languid rims  
resisting nothing, there they play  
a gentle fugue, conductor less.

My open eyes saw dancing shadows  
flickers frolicking with the flames  
which formed such fearless faceless shapes  
that lay upon my open shell.

My open hand with molten gel  
spreads wide with gentle fingertips  
two labia walls two lips too dried  
til liquid oozing wet each side  
and entered they with slathered mound  
spreading ointment all around  
the hallowed entrance, opened door  
while heart beat off the notes by four  
in pacing rhythm, sequence, heat  
a largo first, andante dance  
too slow at first as did Bizet  
Bolero building ageless theme  
crescendo rising from the ash  
a soundless suite of sweetness wrung  
from soundless songs in mem'ry sung  
increasing, faster, presto beat  
each finger playing instrument

a harp, a cello, viola string,  
trombone and trumpet,  
French horny thing,  
and many reeds for many reads,  
non-stop  
the strings of violins  
high pitched clarinets  
coercing oboes  
to cadenza of the night  
the music of my own delight;

at last, the solo  
takes the stage  
in this interlude  
where all the music stops  
orchestral intermission  
suspension of disbelief  
collage of images flow by  
fingers find that neuron mass  
that stands erect upon its podium  
my self conductor  
an Aldo Ciccolini  
piano virtuosity,  
a two two time  
whole rest  
then minuet  
a waltz time through  
erectile state  
fingers pressing, plucking, rubbing  
gentle thrusts  
each downbeat harsh staccato  
upbeat terse vibrato  
my clitoral choral fantasy  
rushing through plush fields of play  
blushing through blood fields where stay  
a quartet of my solo artistry  
no sweet suite, my fickle flight  
my opened gap a voiceless aria  
arpeggio of total scale  
no note untouched  
not flat nor sharp nor key  
au natural

so fast a beat, so strong the will  
the hummingbird's wings seem silent, still  
till final coda mounts the hill  
and plants the flag of victory  
of this my own idolatry.

The pace is brisk, crescendo strong,  
music's notes no rests for long,  
once, twice, then thrice, a fourth, and more  
then silence, clapping blasts, applause  
awaiting more "Encore! Encore! "  
and fingers played non-stop, no pause  
to rest until the end that neural tip  
can take no more, grows limply number  
and breath grows weak and loosens grip  
relaxing all en masse in slumber.  
Beyond the lids, my curtain closed,  
repose as my musicians leave, slowly  
and all to beat of tympani  
in this my self-made symphony.

The rhythm slowed            adagio  
as liquidly I came inside  
and went as far as I could go  
in this my own romantic ride  
my lips now closed, await anew  
my new concerto played with you.  
where I can go at any time  
no matter where, no matter when  
returning to erotic prime  
where I have more no need of men

to pluck my flowers still in bloom  
that flourish in my secret room.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Seduction (A Sonnet On Frustration Personified)

With diligence betook I loathsome deeds  
when you abruptly stayed my urgent hand  
to cease a moment, turn to other needs,  
to bed my love, performance on command.

You turned my face to yours and kissed my lips,  
my tongue, my inner self, wild passion blazed  
my breath sucked out, a tingle `tween my hips  
aroused again, at last. I was amazed.

With joy I quit my lowly task, with glee  
imbibed a bit and bathed my naked flesh  
to lie like lilacs, sweet serenity,  
awaiting you, this novel moment, fresh.

You came prepared, a smile carved your face;  
potatoes and a movie took my place.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Sounds Of Silence: Words On Deaf Ears

You are deaf  
but you can hear me  
with your lips that tell me just by their touch  
what words you cannot hear  
can say far better than I can hear me say.

You are deaf  
but you can hear me  
with your eyes that tell me with far clearer sight  
what words you cannot hear  
but say far better with your eyes that see through my soul.

You are deaf  
but you can hear me  
with just your touch that tells me with fingertips  
that write far better words than I have heard  
in all emotions expressed by voice  
by those who speak and say nothing.

You are deaf  
but you can hear me  
through the silence of what we haven't said  
those messages that speak so loudly:  
love, hate, happiness, sad moments dragging into hours, days, and years those  
words that scream through flowing tears.

You are deaf  
but you can hear me  
through the ramming of my ever-speaking heart  
that speaks in monosyllables far greater words than orators,  
hearing, cite for sighted though unhearing ones  
too deaf to hear what those like you can hear.

You are deaf  
but you can see me, feel me, hold me close enough  
to feel the beat, the heat that burns those words  
you cannot hear but know unspoken,  
what words I say that only you can hear,  
cool night or heated day, through rain, or wind, or darling buds of May.

You are deaf  
but you can feel the silent sounds that scream from me:

'Just listen to the beat and you will hear my every unsaid thought through eyes,  
my soundless lips, my arms' embrace that hold in yours whatever words we  
mean but have no need to say.'

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Tides

Love has qualities of the tide  
neap at low and ebb at high  
and all the measurements  
in between.

But like the tides, your love  
it seems at high or low  
defies all kinds of measurement  
beginning to the end.

Each time you say: I love you –  
I do not really know  
that like each splashing wave of tide  
if Love to Go, or Love, come in.

I watch each wave splash on the shore  
and wonder, watching, more and more  
if love has ebbed its measured height  
or neaped by night in measured flight.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The Trophy Wife

Statuesque

quaint roses, daily calls  
love notes, sly looks  
bright eyes, flashing lashes  
wet lips, tasty balm  
soft kisses, twinkling stars  
moon light, knight's charm  
falling rain, colored bows,  
rainbows, oh, promises  
pretty things, diamond rings  
thin fingers, long arms  
bulging breasts, thin waist,  
taut sinews, firm lines,  
baubles and bangles  
dangling bracelets  
wrists and ankles  
decorated

Trophy

Anus (f) Latin for old woman, old hag; anus (m) ring; anus (m) fundament  
Wife

Until day by day

dead roses, no calls,  
business notes, dry looks  
dulled eyes, drooping lashes,  
cracked lips, tasteless balm,  
hard kisses, fallen stars,  
ignored moon, knight's gone,  
drenching rain, wrinkled bows,  
rainbows with no golden ends,  
ugly things, tarnished rings,  
fat fingers, flabby arms,  
sagging breasts, folded waist,  
snapped sinews, wavy lines,  
bubbles and dangles,  
tarnished bracelets  
wrists and ankles  
bone bare

Trophy

less

Life

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# The We In Me

Love  
in EVOLVE  
alpha E  
Omega E  
extra V  
for Victory

as we evolve  
from me to we  
take lust and us  
remove the T  
keep us  
and we  
though  
rust may be  
without the tea  
with Trust  
the us  
with you and me  
makes both of us  
the we in me

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## To Jm: Can I See With Your Eyes?

Why, surely,  
let our minds fly off  
where oft they do, too oft alone  
to soar beyond mere words  
through aether regions  
long untried by wings  
mine strongly tied to strength of winds  
where often fled I clouds to hide within.

I will to wing on wing,  
with hand in hand –  
write and fly WITH YOU  
to explore all those – ahh,  
wonderful places  
where words have taken me  
where words have taken you  
exploring...  
adventures...

What do you think?  
What airforce wings  
full powered by your lust or love  
for nature's gifts by Muses left  
do you wear, in skies above  
earth's maiden fare, too far below  
upon your brazen chest, I know.

Let us Jetstream on Eagles wings  
Aurora's northern rainbow flow  
through blinding lights of open eyes  
to darkness of those winter skies  
a stream of consciousness where lies  
a breath of fresh poetic air –

or take a Helicopter ride  
that hovers still by mountain side  
to feel the awesome ridges rise  
and swirl through vertigo's vortex  
sucked into theme's erratic ride

grasping words like Seize the Day  
and take me with you all the way.

Alas, too fast you are for me  
my weakened wings can fly no more –

maybe a Concorde SST  
might have created less a chore  
until you reached out wings aloft  
like fingers touching mine, too soft,  
and gave me strength renewed your gift  
that kept aloft my hopes to fly  
to see with keener poet's eye  
so flight alone with my own lift  
by air streaming  
by just dreaming  
in perfect symmetry  
the poet and his shadow dark  
I filled with faith and pride  
the eagle and the morning lark  
in flight here by your side.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# To My Beloved Stranger

as if it were the first meeting –  
the possibilities

Hello, dear one –  
I do not play –  
but I do get cryptic and 'playful' with words,  
but not with feelings –  
do NOT fall in love with the words  
but with the person behind the words:  
it's all part of the experiences,  
we, you and I,  
as veterans of love wars have endured.

We have known both ends of the spectrum –  
the agony and the ecstasy.

I know what a tootsie roll blow pop looks like,  
tastes like, feels like, smells like, and sounds like  
with its hard shell and soft, sticky-when-wet, chewy inner core.  
When I have one, I do not need to review and rehash  
all these senses to enjoy it.  
I just DO it!  
So is it with us, I think.  
We are, metaphorically –  
tootsie roll blow pops  
to each other.  
We have heard the words,  
seen the looks,  
know the taste,  
remember the feel,  
and await the distinctive smell  
that makes each individual different from the other.  
I have seen your words and heard them in my heart;  
I feel the passion of your tender love  
and remember how the sense of touch  
so enkindles me to burn with the heat of unbridled energy.

Now I yearn to taste with eager lips and tongue  
those crevices that ooze liquid secretions

with the odoriferous pungency of unmatched orgasmic explosiveness  
leaving us in dizzying swirls of blurred vertigo.  
I have lived and loved with you in my imagination  
and vivid day dreams  
and wet night dreams –  
and I awaken  
languishing in a pool of sweet sweat –  
drowning in unfulfilled desire  
to be possessed by your own uninhibited  
and relentless  
pursuit of the ultimate moment –  
the crowning surge of breath-taking gasps  
that leave us speechless, motionless –  
paralyzed for the moment in that one instant  
of near-death but heavenly experience.

When we first meet –  
face to face –  
flesh to flesh–  
there will be no need for introductory drive–  
we will know if the chemistry is right  
and the circumstances permitting –  
that our eyes will meet  
and either affirm or negate  
all that we have said –  
we will then either remain immobile  
and transfixed with hesitation and doubt –  
or reach out and touch  
what we have for long yearned –  
enraptured, embrace in encircling grip,  
let gentle, wet, eager lips touch –  
then press hard, each wordless tongue reaching deep within –  
stroking the inner chambers, dark and voiceless –  
yet screaming for more –  
deeper, more penetrating –  
and both bodies melt into each other's total euphoria,  
collapsing – in ultra-slow-motion  
onto each other's waiting self –  
stripped bare of all encumbrances –  
hot sweat dripping onto sizzling flesh  
steaming with erotic anticipation –  
pulsing with rhythmic throbs

pounding in musical syncopation –  
riding the waves like the rising and falling of ships at sea  
whose hulls bash themselves against the foamy surf–  
spreading itself apart and letting the eager prow  
of the massive hulk enter into it –  
the sides enveloping all of it  
with welcome ripples of titillating excitement  
until it silently sinks itself  
buried in the endless sands of time –  
forever –  
or. until it starts all over again, and again, and again –  
until one cries out,  
'Enough! I can take no more for now....'  
and then, we wait –  
and do it all again  
as fingers on gentle hands delicately touch,  
like a feather,  
erect nipples on blossoming breasts,  
through the plains of writhing abdominal twists,  
to the sensitive mound below,  
through the moistened sides of pubic lips  
that strain to clasp and tightly grip  
whatever tries to enter to its hallowed halls;  
and you take your hands and guide mine more deeply into you  
and thrust with gentle moves  
until the muscles spasm with the moment,  
and you take myself waiting at attention, erectly soldier-like  
on guard, well-armed, prepared to fire at will –  
or on command – and you place the sentry at your door –  
occasionally kissing, manipulating,  
teasing with chattering lips and flailing tongue,  
stroking, twisting, turning, joking –  
and letting him explore with all of himself  
all your eager parts  
and inundate him with aromatic fluids  
and the odors that are distinctly you  
and let him lap them up and lick them dry  
until you are ready to re-unite both throbbing parts as one,  
the ultimate union that leaves each one exhausted and satisfied.

Or,  
we will be timid and say,

'Hi, - er, -  
would you like - ah,  
to come in - um -  
for coffee or  
tea? '

and small talk leads  
to nothing  
but a journey  
to nowhere.

The future hold so many possibilities.  
Tell me what YOU think, my dearest love.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

# Tonight, Without You

When you are there  
and I am here,  
deep sadness overwhelms me,  
crushing blanket of despair.

While I am here,  
and you are there,  
I look for you  
not knowing why  
deep sadness overwhelms me  
across vast caverns, empty air,  
dreadful, wide expanse of space  
it seems a lightyear to your face.

When we are neither here nor there,  
two bodies in one soul we share;  
your light in dark by day grows dim  
as stars do when bright dawn ascends  
with morning dew and heated sun  
absorbing every pore of you  
into itself as ice and snow  
with waters from high glaciers do.

When both our paths do intersect,  
that point they cross becomes as one  
in body, soul, nor be undone  
by any force that Nature gives,  
while in ourselves, where feelings run  
too deep, alas, sweet Eros lives.

Lorenzo Costigliolo

## Two Perfect Roses

Center bud widens  
petals spreading panoptically  
sucking in Spring warmth  
hot Summer's heat  
sun rays of Autumn's  
dying coolness  
Winter's frigidity

steadfastly clinging  
to her winding vine  
heart of Rose  
invites sweet halcyon  
breath hot Helios breathes  
from age unknown  
until he kisses earth  
one final time to bid his Rose  
farewell

La Luna's Rose  
her perfect counterpart  
stands perfectly erect  
in azure arms full-wrapping him  
in all her balmy rapture  
of bright night  
her shades and shadows  
dancing in wet fields of dew

Both Rose's on one vibrant  
verdure bed  
amidst unseeing  
sexless denizens  
remained as one entwined  
protective thorns their sentries  
every step full-armed  
against intrusive arms  
whose plucking fingers  
still, remain at large

By night, one stately Rose

embraces with his petals, wet,  
one lovely Rose upon her  
floral bed to sounds of Epithalmion  
uttered sweetly by mute minstrels  
echoed in the night  
two Roses: red  
the other, white.

Lorenzo Costigliolo