

THE EROS OF THE BABY BOOM ERAS

**Straddling my thigh, her legs
tense, grip my knee, so
truly hard and soft in one,
so like a remembered lover,
I bounce her
to the classical beat, popping
her toe from my mouth on
the down-strokes, she gurgles
with glee, mounted she rides horsey
as I play mad conductor, my head
thrown around, hair over eyes,
great romantic lover, she comes
very near total surrender
to senses. Light rays, like
still life in a classical room,
attach themselves on white sofas,
as her eyes fix on my brow,
settle like dust.**

Michael Rectenwald