

## Open Sores

All the women-girls I could have had  
but didn't  
the nines and tens that intimidated me  
while I slipped right in  
the sevens and eights

The lost chances  
the blown opportunities  
the choke and freeze  
the unmet carpe diems  
the grist of oft repeated fantasies  
the would have beens  
that haunt, torment and arouse me  
revisited again and again  
digging ruts so deep  
in my erogenous psyche  
they swallow and drown me  
and render me lost

The better part of me froze  
said no  
eschewed the carnal dalliance  
that pulls so grippingly  
but whose taint disallows  
the highest  
most pristine  
fulfillment

And still the forces of darkness  
repeatedly drag me  
through the titillating  
alternate scenarios  
to weaken me  
feed off my lust  
suck and lick  
the open sores  
of all my retro wannabes  
compounding the stupid cowardice  
that keeps me  
fulfilling their demands  
in which still  
I am complicit