

Eternal Flame

The night the house of love burnt
down. The night the eminent shrink
informed us: Sometimes, a cigar is
just a cigar, but his erection more than
obvious, the Bluestockings in hushed
awe, some of them quietly reaching for
their tissues. “What *do* women want?”
the world-renowned psycho-analyst asks
as he fumbles for his matches on the dais,
an elderly matron first crossing and then
uncrossing her legs. A poem in which alarm
bells are going off all over town, firemen
throwing their trousers on, fire engines
entering the first of the long dark tunnels.

Bruce McRae