1988

Pleasantly Tired, Relaxed

Mary Oettinger

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1988/iss1/4

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.
PLEASANTLY TIRED, RELAXED

pleasantly tired, relaxed,
and yet alive--every sense awake
and stretching after slumber.
the moon so bright
that I can see the world--
but differently--
as faerie,
where enchantments could be real.
the clouds drift by so fast
it seems Diana rides
through gently lapping waves,
and a small star follows.
the trees are sharply etched
against that bright, bright moon
and shadows sway gently
across my path.
cool--
not crisp,
but halfway between there and warm
it’s lazy, lovely,
and that’s the way I feel
so sharply, languidly aware of myself.
I wish you were here.
I’m a virgin,
but I don’t feel like one,
not tonight--
tonight it’s as meaningless a state
as death
as the time before we enter the womb.
I can feel your chest
as I lean against it
tucked under your shoulder
my arms roped loosely about your waist
the murmer of your deep voice
and my reply.
I look again at the moon’s bright disciple
and think of the wish I made
on the evening star
does Venus, the lovers’ patron,
look more kindly on a lover’s wish?
I slide into my car
start the engine,
from the tapedeck
David Bowie’s voice reaches down
to caress my belly.

Mary Oettinger