

TERI ELLEN CROSS DAVIS

Ode to Orgasms

When the wild abandonment
of pleasure calls, trilling its
glorious song, you surrender,

forget yourself,
respond in kind, moaning
an ecstatic ode

to the rivers of flesh—
the delta,
the well-plowed field.

This back-arching work
results in trembling limbs
shuddering, simpering joy.

Not all is submission.
You sought this rare bird.
Whether in sun-dappled beds,

sudden on a Saturday,
while children frolic a floor below,
or on a sodden tree trunk

in the aftermath of a February's
record-breaking snow.
Be it a quick tryst

in a hotel stairwell, desire
domineering a long drive—
you committed, flung open

the shutters of propriety
to pursue this elusive creature.
Now grasp its golden tail feathers,

leap from mountaintop
to mountaintop, gulp
that sweet, sweet, fleeting air.