

Married Men, or Daddy Issues

by July Westhale

O, how tired, the poetry
of bathroom sex — aroma
to zygote, and pulling up
feverishly in hot mouths
of underground subways,
alert underneath a heavy coat.
A wife is a wife is a wife, and a daughter.
It is luck's fault, for our work
in stale darkness, the wool wet
and blinding. I took no vows
with the stop start of our backseat —
some mariners call this a sure thing,
shipwreck, and are done with it.