

DAYDREAMS
By
Carol L. Bluestein

If you had served a bowl of fruit --
 I would have peeled a grape
 So your tongue could envelope
 The moist, smooth oval of sweetness.
If you had served a spaghetti dinner --
 I would have held each strand
 For your lips to suck-in
 While I lick the sauce from your chin.
Or roasted chicken --
 I would have used the drumstick
 To outline the features
 Of your jaw and muscled neck.
If you had served steamed clams --
 I would have finger fed
 The tender bits of flesh
 To you on savory French bread
 -- if you had served French bread.
Or even, if you had served Jello --
 We would have, spoon free, eaten
 whipped cream covered formations
 with child-like fun and grown-up energy.

We are confidants and buddies,
 Watching TV, silent, focused,
 Buttered popcorn between us.
My daydreams come unbidden,
 Stimulated by your sexuality and
 My overactive imagination.
In fact, I know you far too well
 To want or expect more
 Than what we have.
Acting out of character,
 As if reading my mind,
 You make seductive moves.
Unnerved, hence unresponsive,
 I realize I am unprepared
 To forever change our friendship
 For a one-night stand.
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It changed anyway.