Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Diana Raab: Four Poems

Diana Raab · Wednesday, October 15th, 2014

Diana Raab is an award-winning memoirist, poet, and blogger, and author of eight books, including four poetry collections. Her work has appeared in over 500 publications. She teaches writing for healing around the country and is widely published in national trade and literary magazines. Her latest poetry collection is *Lust*. She is regular blogger for Huff50 and for BrainSpeak.

*****

Pick Up

it wasn't your offer
or the way you said it.
it wasn't the way you did it
or how it made me feel.
it wasn't the time of day
or the month or the year
or the shape of the moon caressing us
or how the sun rose when you smiled.
it wasn't how the traffic zipped on the freeway
or how you said good-bye
it was just about the way you loved me
and cared enough to ask.

***

Leashed

She has put you,
my master, on a short leash
but it really should be

the other way around
me on the leash as you
hold me between

the space in your two front teeth

beside your rapidly rotating tongue
bringing euphoric bliss

to each female part of me.
If you were on my leash
it would look like you ordering me

where to go and what to do
who to kiss and who to miss.
By now, you should know,

how much I prefer when
you are the one in charge.

***

Coping

People ask
how does one cope
when your loved one clicks their heels
and decides to walk out the door
for some old fashioned sex
with a stranger yet to be met,
and what I tell them is
I create my own
affair between me and my computer
composing descriptive erotic words
of my last time with someone
who wanted me
in every sense
of the six-letter word.

***

Younger Man and Older Woman

My mind is busy touching you
in places you've never been touched
as you are too young to understand
the desires of an older woman who
yearns for young flesh, responsive
parts wanting every part of her
during every breathing moment—
I cannot be patient glancing
at your muscles, the ones sculpted
from the waves which engulf you—
tell me you want me and I promise
to give you everything you need
whenever you want and even

if I need to be on the moon
to pick up a dozen eggs
or the pharmacy to fetch protection
plastic sheaths which will only
bring us that much closer.

This entry was posted on Wednesday, October 15th, 2014 at 2:31 pm and is filed under Poetry
You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.