

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

George Korolog: Two Poems

George Korolog · Wednesday, July 8th, 2015

George Korolog is a San Francisco Bay Area poet and writer whose work has been widely published in journals such as *Southern Indiana Review*, *The Los Angeles Review*, *Word Riot*, *The Monarch Review*, *The Journal of Modern Poetry*, *Connotation Press*, *The Chaffey Review*, *Thin Air Magazine*, *Grey Sparrow Journal* and many others. He has twice been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. His first book of poetry, *Collapsing Outside the Box*, was published by Aldrich Press in November 2012 and is available on Amazon. His second book of poems, *Raw String*, was published in October, 2013 by Finishing Line Press. He is working on his third book of poetry, *The Little Truth*.

A Response to the Woman who Played with Herself (and God)

You had me from the moment
 you dared to enlighten me,
 with that sweet smile hanging
 over the edge of your bright
 pink Cosmopolitan,
 your face teetering at the wrong angle,
 but not the words,
 which were never slanted,
 nor the slightest
 bit out of position.
 You mentioned it almost as an aside,
 in the simplest way,
 said that you masturbated
 in the dark
 as part of your spiritual practice.
 Said it in an effortless small sentence,
 with a straight face,
 as if you were announcing publicly that
 you were a Lutheran or a Catholic and then
 moving on to the feta and pear appetizer.
 Your straightforwardness, wanting
 to merge with God through orgasm

gave the world a legitimacy
 that I would normally assign
 to the certainty of natural processes
 such as sunrises and sunsets.
 You didn't elaborate any further,
 so I imagined you with your hands
 between your legs, signing with God,
 one finger at a time,
 asking for forgiveness
 and demanding satisfaction simultaneously.
 I thought it was sweet revenge to think
 that you were teasing Him
 in the same way that He teased us every day,
 not quite getting us there,
 but promising more to come
 if we only kept going. I saw it right away.
 Talking with God was a slow and delicate process,
 with its own lessons.
 One should never trust the outcome of too much,
 too fast,
 even when it feels good
 and we think of it as Holy.

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Height of Love

Nothing between
 us but eager sky,
 coaxing belladonna,
 fairy trumpet,
 glacier lily,
 your hairy moraine
 furious with fireweed,
 lingering in brazen tufts.
 Dare to top me,
 you say,
 kiss me, resting
 only after you
 have satisfied me.
 I plant my
 measured steps,
 throbbing devotion
 into your back,
 your face dripping
 winter rime,
 parching August brooks,

the spring of daring,
you will take my life
if I love you less.

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