

Sex and Politics

Achille Formis

Dear Margaret,

perhaps I am a pervert
But I would like to buy a share of your body
As I did with
British Gas
British Telecom
British Airways and BP

What gas indeed is more potent,
Than the one erupting from your mouth?
Ah your phosphoric burning kisses!
But out of your worldwide-business-lines
As the hair of a Fury
Which one can I dial
to get through to
Some charity, care, prophecy?
And how can I dream of flying
On the wings of your lead-padded conscience?
— Dreams are not pragmatical visions anyway
They won't raise your interest
Interest only sounds pounds —

Where, tell me, will I ever find
A pleasant place
To dig
Along your Victorian sealed physique
In order to extract black B.P. Oison

I think —
I abandon this one-sided love affair
Selfish monster out of earshot out of sight
Exploiting dimension of the world
On the whole I by now suppose
Dear Margaret,
perhaps I am not that pervert at all