

Dinner for Two

My imaginary cock and I prepare blue cheese pasta.
I slice the mushrooms, herbs, and green onions.
My cock nibbles the cheese. The doorbell rings,
uninvited knuckles tap. We sprint to the door.

I fling the door, fist garlic bulbs, and listen for flimflam:
*Hi, I'm selling Boy Scout buttered popcorn... A free
lawn service estimate... May I test your home carpet...
A trial subscription... I'm running for office... We're...*

I snarl, bare my teeth, unlock the screen door.
My cock roars and charges across the threshold.
My cock's head shakes. Fluid dribbles in strands.
Foam launches in thick blobs. My cock reaches out.

The solicitors back up, trip over flower pots,
fall down the stairs. They dash towards cars,
blanched faces over shoulders, flyers jettison.
My imaginary cock returns, grins. O love!