

## Sign Here

I'm in love  
with the UPS man  
in brown shorts,  
firm thighs.

Study his movements  
through the blinds, flex  
of flesh under his shirt,  
clipboard pressed  
to a trim waist,  
package in capable hands.

"Sign here," he tells me  
as I take his pen, trade  
smiles. Watch his lips move  
up and down, soft smooth  
surface of skin.

Secretly wishing  
I had shaved my legs,  
put on lipstick,  
could film the whole scene again  
and again.

Where he approaches my door  
naked,  
and he isn't in a hurry.