

History of My Sexual Encounters

All penises in this poem are fictitious, any resemblance to real penises, dying or dead, is purely coincidental.

The Donegal man who I'm convinced was gay
Penis like a prize winning sausage dog
Didn't want to struggle with my stubble
For fear of taking the shine off his coat.

A Bristol boy, ripped my hymen
Penis like a Twister ice lolly
Always melted too quickly
And never quite filled me.

The Aussie Naval Officer,
Penis as long & bent as the steel arches
Of Sydney Harbour Bridge
I jumped before he stood to salute.

The bushman in Kakadu
Penis tasted like a burnt kangaroo steak
Said he hates when the Sheila's don't come.
Takes a bit longer than five minutes, bucko.

The Dub I met in Singapore
Penis, slick as Tiger Beer easing down a parched
throat
He wanted me to go down - south on a boat to
Darwin
I flew north to Kathmandu.

Finally the Wexford Wanker
Held his penis as if it were a fishing rod
Caught my clitoris, reeled me in
Took me seven years, to escape his hook.

To My Fifty-year-old Self

Unclasp your bra
let
it
fall.

Ease your comfy cotton knickers down your legs.

Look at your naked self
untouched
by another for seven years.

Hold your breasts.
Watch them spill out of your hands.

Run your thumbs along the curved waterslide of
your spine.

Massage the hollow between your hips
smooth as a leaf in late summer.

Cradle your belly.

Admire the way it protrudes over greying hair
framed by the Y of your thighs.

Play a sonata on your skin
stiffen your nipples
close your eyes.

Dive into

The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife
