

Star Trek

She works like clockwork
of a broken clock: bleeds
on a six-week schedule
(more or less), obedient
to moon of another planet,
another galaxy, not ours.

(By ours, she made a baby
seven-tenths as slow.)

And so, in bed she's lunatic
of take & take away,
of give & grudge. Which
is possession by a far-off
force? Which freely she?
I fly her blind, & carefully.

JOHN DITSKY