ELBOW ODE *(for Sara)*

I.

We're guys.

We fetishize

bare flesh. A shoulder,

exposed, can make us smolder.

I knew

a lovely woman who

surmised, were she to wear

a burqa, and leave bare

the elbows,

since men were toads,

male poets would write them odes.

I said, "Who the hell knows,

but I once wrote one to knees."

"Oh, yeuch," she said. "Oh please."

II.

Flesh needn't, of course, be bare

to draw the requisite stare.

A lacy sleeve or two

would very likely do.

"Do you think," snicker the cads,

"she's wearing elbow pads?

Those puppies can't be real."

They need to cop a feel.

So one says, "I call dibs."

She elbows him in the ribs.

"Pure bone!" he sighs. No kiss

has ever brought quite such bliss.

"Oh yeuch," my sweet friend squalls.

"Elbow him in the balls."

III.

We're on a plane. Not much

elbow room. Ours touch.

She's cute. There may be sparks.

"There aren't," my friend remarks.

April 7, 2022, a daily poem for National Poetry Month. Prompt word: *elbows*.