

Ode to the Laughing Orgasm

We have kept you a secret, partly
because you are so rare. Perhaps
known only to one in a thousand
or a million. Secret, partly because
you erupt spontaneously, and shock,
sometimes offending the lover
and sometimes embarrassing the bearer
of these good tidings. You peal like
bells over the whole village,
body and spirit ringing out, pure,
angel joy. How sad that not knowing
can make anger and fear and shame
shadow the lovely light of laughing that
flies free and wide-winged as a condor,
a fleshpink rosy spoonbill playing.
You go way beyond propriety into
sanctity. Your way extends release
into a long melody, rising and lowering
tuneful and endless, spontaneously
upending sorrows and regrets
You are whipped cream
puddle and gleam. You are unwrapped gift,
sweet landing after long lift.

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