

Beginning

Some men

you give them a little wine, a little sex
a little critique of their most basic
personality flaws and also
of the pornographically photographed sailboat
they currently think would vault them,
if they owned it,
to a whole new level of happiness

(which it wouldn't, not with that
lopsided helm)

and they're done. They bury their head in your midriff
crying,
"I know you! I know what a pain in the neck you are!"

Is there anything not to like about men like that?
Exactly what?
Tell me, because I don't see it.