This morning we’re having a rollicking good time in bed, doing things we haven’t done in years. My goodness! You’d think we’d want to keep this hidden from public view, to keep what happens in the house in the house; we’d want to be discreet. But no, here we are unveiling lips and tongue and teeth until nothing that we could possibly do is left to anyone’s imagination. Come on in and join us. You there! Yes, you! Who says the old aren’t sexual beings, too? Is your mouth filled with laughter? We’re laughing, too, but it’s a beatific laughter, laughter so feel-good it becomes us. We are the laughter, and, with luck, will be the laughter, no matter what abounds.

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*The author calls the poems on these pages “golden shovel haiku sonnets” and notes that “the last words of each line of each poem, read vertically top to bottom, form a haiku by Japanese poets Basho, Issa, Buson, or Onitsura.”*