

To a Cherrystone Clam



Bob Foster

Facilitator for the Saturday Poetry Workshop at Beyond Baroque, Bob has been published in eleven journals, is completing his first manuscript, and has been Featured Reader forty-one times in L.A., Boston and New York.

Rounded blade firmly inserted,
gently I pry your shell open, salivate
at you're small innocent body, so moist
and slippery.

Lips to edge, I suck you in whole and alive,
tongue you in circles for a whirl of ambrosia.

A soft squeeze of Adam's apple
and you're swallowed whole, unchewed:
Nude Descending Esophagus.

What is left for us now?

My wish is to lick to a polished gleam
your inner shell

that I was the first to open.

