The company of women

I love the company of women,
their mild flirtations, sometimes daring
their fragrances, scents, and sense,
subtle as a raised eyebrow, or a skeptical grunt
I enjoy watching them move an arm, a foot
their clever ways, while often gracious
occasionally as crude as a teenage boy

I love the company of women
something about their wisdom
their curiosity fills me with joy
the ways they'll hide the truth
or say out loud what I wouldn't dare
as if they haven't a care in the world
nor would anyone else dare possibly care.

I love the company of women
cranky or raunchy,
sophisticated or intimate
but I'm not so vain as to fancy
they feel the same as I do,
that's why I'm often just as happy
in the company of men.

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Fred Dodsworth

An ink-stained wretch, Fred Dodsworth spent most of the last 30 plus years in newsrooms picking fights. The truth is a slippery bastard and he lost most of those fights. Now he w*rites poetry and fiction because there's more truth to be found in fiction than in any news story ever printed. His stories and poems have been published in Poets Reading the News, Red Light Lit, Rag Mag, Troop, Oakland Review #3, riverbabble, Transfer, Milvia Street, Bay Area Generations, Writing Without Walls, Saturday Night Special, Something Worth Revising, US Represented, 11-9 the Fall of Democracy, RISE!, Colossus:Home, Colossus:Freedom, Colossus:Body* and others. He's now publishing (print) other poets' work under DodsworthBooks.com and Loki ChapShop imprints

Photo by Bart Nagel