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Public Bathhouse

Paul Durica Denison University

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Public Bathhouse

Amid bars of roll-on deodorant pH balanced, of course, and crimson speckled cotton, she watches her.

watches her emerge from sheets of steam, Aphrodite enveloped in the coarse whiteness of an issued towel, one foot upon milky bench, the other on the moist floor.

watches her massage red calves, aroused by athleticism, shaved and sleek to breasts ripe with heat rounded by creation.

watches her back bend
wet, black hair
slipping past her shoulders
as she wipes away
beads of azure
clutching peach fuzz
about the navel
where the scent of
soap and lavender

hangs heavy

she turns from her quickly to button her blouse.

-Paul Genesius Durica