

# PANACEA

*C.B. Anderson*

No balm restores the heart as well as sex  
Does, leastwise if a man's not conscience-cursed.  
More helpful for a soul to be immersed  
In sweaty flesh than ever to perplex  
Itself with questions best unasked. To flex  
The fitting muscle is the very first  
Imperative, for fucking at its worst  
Is better than the state old monks annex.

Embrangled in the skin's lubricious glister,  
A woman's prime directive is the same:  
To stir a fine erection once he kissed her,  
Thus conquering the victor ere he came.  
No longer cast to play the coy resister,  
The women are as men in all but name.

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