

8-1-1999

Hermaphrodite; The Ending

L. L. Harper

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Recommended Citation

Harper, L. L. (1999) "Hermaphrodite; The Ending," *Yalobusha Review*: Vol. 5 , Article 26.
Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol5/iss1/26>

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L.L. Harper
Hermaphrodite

What some call unimaginable,
I call quotidian. Twice blessed

desire transcends the limits,
like intelligence, within which most live.

In those fields I love all comers.
A breast's smooth globe

or pink grenade of scrotum
in flame equally, each torch

burning the air a room holds
if together we lie in dark's pocket.

No confusion twists like a cancer
where my identity flourishes.

Take my hand to your lips.
Is it not warm and open?

L.L. Harper
The ending

will happen just as the hero
kisses the girl he finally gets to,
like Odysseus, one hassle
after another and then just
when you think they'll live
happily ever after,
some fucked up junkie
will off her as
she lifts embellished linen
from the line,
some country craft
she finished just
in time.

YLR