"For the Love of These Oranges" (Mary Pratt)

Maybe women are turned on by objects, the things around them. The stuff that women collect speaks to women and women give it to men. 

Mary Pratt

Something as simple as an orange exposed

one curlcicue strip
 tease of peel

voluptuous fruit, flamboyant on foil
 chrome light soaked with this disrobing

Even the crystal goblet sweats
dazzled with citrus

Your mouth juices up

You try to calm yourself
 nestle into the placid background
 maroon infused with phantoms
 a radiant passage
 Your eyes drink deeply of
 this warm afterglow to the passion
 of oranges

As if they know communion cannot hold
 the tingle, the ache
 these apparitions laugh and dance and clap
 when you dash back
 to the bright fandangle

on the display in a public gallery

grasp again for the one undressing
 greedily drain the glass and beg
 for more

Sandy Shreve