

M.D. FABER

Daybreak

No, no, I do not want the fucking anymore:
 The split collapses on itself,
 The cock is down that disallows the heart,
 Limp, limp
 Like a deserted pimp:
 I do not want the fucking anymore.

My god, I feasted for my part,
 Twisted on the tits,
 Fits of grand confusion at the trough,
 The hard, the pushy penetrating bluff,
 All the whispered, sweaty, phony stuff;
 The sand has trickled through—it is enough:
 I do not want the fucking anymore.

Would be some sort of Buddha,
 Don't know what,
 Hunkered by some narrow, half-lit, door;
 Probing for the center,
 Probing for the big self at the core;
 Some speckled, salty shell
 Tumbling on some breezy tidal shore.

Wash me, wash me, waves:
 I do not want the fucking anymore.

M.D. FABER, a former professor of literature, is a writer specialising in the study of modern religion. Among his books are *The Magic of Prayer: An Introduction to the Psychology of Faith* (2002), *The Psychological Roots of Religious Belief: Searching for Angels and the Parent-God* (2004), and *Becoming God's Children: Religion's Infantilizing Process* (2010).