Bathroom Songs: Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick as a Poet

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No More Dusk (1969–1971)

No more dusk, on the porch,
where girlfriends in sleeping bags try to tell secrets
and cry over Walt Whitman

and no more nights, in bed where I
turn away under him, breathing calmly
and trying to cry —

the future has stopped sweating.
It lies pink and unwilling
since months ago I acquiesced to

do what I could
and shut up like a dormouse, so to write now
is a choice I won’t make until —

Sleepy, unwilling, I always turn
to lie on him lightly, but
enough;

Renoir says, “I paint with my penis;” it must
be gorgeous, limp, taken day by day
as I’ll go now, through a world of colors.