

the space-time continuum  
of antonio calderon de la loza

in the lobby of baskin engineering  
it ain't rocket science  
the more you resist me  
the more i want you

your declaration of independence  
is the trajectory of my yearning  
your filibusters of freedom  
my confounding invariable  
you need your space and have  
so little time

all that counts in this equation is that a man  
as busy as the pope  
as elusive as christian bale can  
spare a few hours to  
send me to heaven

so baby  
go with gusto  
be busy be absent and above all be  
free  
for such quantification  
is the critical mass  
of my desire