



## Necrophilia II

At the June Hoot, Kimberly Green and Jennifer Belkus drew the hushed listeners into their quiet rooms of reflection—rooms lit with that certain slant of light. This set the tone for the open mike readers, many of whom referred to the passing of Joann Lipshires, a Hoot regular. Joann was a gifted seacoast writer who constantly kept her eye on the flip side of tragedy. If during her life she suffered any of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, she didn't say. However, she did observe that even death has its humorous side—as evidenced by several of her insect poems in her 1994 chapbook: *Forgiving the Black Widow Spider*. Perhaps you will sense a note of quiet mirth in the speaker who watches Eros merge with Thanatos in the following poem. That sensation will not be mis-felt.

--JP

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Female praying mantises  
Must have awfully funny fantasies  
For they seem to love dismembering  
Their dear mates.

Somehow female dedication  
To real male liberation  
In this case has a  
Hollow sort of ring.

As for him,

He may lose his left front tarsus  
But reacts like that's catharsis  
For a really macho male  
Intent on love.

Despite this decimation  
He's so intent on consummation  
He'll persist until he's  
Nothing left but wings.

--Joann Lipshires 1921-  
2004

“Necrophilia II” copyright 1994 by Joann Lipshires. Joann’s beloved “Cottage” stands at 442 Islington St. in Portsmouth. Rider, don’t pass by without a nod.

**Note:** Poems from The Poetry Hoot should not exceed nineteen lines.