

# The Fetishist

*by Philip F. Clark*

You unbuttoned your shirt,  
and in that one small act,  
you unbuttoned my mind.  
The things we reveal or take off,  
show love more than skin.  
Sex is a fetish war --  
a battle of trinkets of desire,  
leather, silk, cotton and sweat.  
Belts whisper as they come  
undone; zippers slide knees  
into kneeling.  
Each gesture a prayer or  
purpose. The one who disrobes  
and the one who covers up,  
both in the same church of  
'Come here.'

