

On Being Chaste

A poem by Rolf Auer

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Being chaste is nearly
an ineffable feeling.
It is like being in
a new, different kind of love
but not with anybody and certainly not with oneself.
It is a form of meditation,
a kind of fasting,
a sort of out-of-body experience
which is impossible to explain
to someone who has never experienced it.

How do we know
that it won't someday be
the norm?
That might surprise
a lot of people.

What would you do
if you woke up
in a different place
where it was the norm?
Would you be prepared?

Would you be prepared
to adopt a new form
of morality?

If you could have
something in exchange
for doing so,
what would it be?

A lack of fear, perhaps?
No concern for the passage of time?
Sunny blue skies for ever?

A place which you
are always happy to call home?

In return for being chaste
would these things please you?