

The Feast of the Temptress

“Come here baby,”
she whispered
soft as a breath
and eyes full of
promise and hunger.
Sexy in satins,
the devil in her red lips,
and just as dangerous,
as she crawled into
all reason and
melted away
my pathetic armor.
If I touch her skin,
I’ll fall into the past
of all the darkness
we once navigated together
and crashed without remorse;
Consequences splattered all
over our eyeballs.
But there was lace,
and perfume,
intoxication and
those eyes,
eyes that gripped me
right in my thought box,
where all my secrets hide
and where I thought
my desires were dead.
As she runs her tongue
down the curve of my ear
and my hands can’t
keep to themselves,
I wonder what tomorrow will bring,
once she devours
what I have left and
leaves my bones
for the lesser ones.

Out of Misery

When I was hit by a car
my last thoughts
were of the headlights
flashing by in the dark.
The fucker left me here.
Crumpled up like paper,
thrown into the pile.
Left to a memory
of riches and robes.
But now on the street,
poor and played.
An illusion, a memory,
is that really what happened?
Fuzzy ground, draped in tape
the outline
of the body. Death is true.
Stunned into submission.
And now taken out with the trash.
Gone.
Smash, crash, bang
rip it apart, no more quiet
See the terror?
Finally broken open from its
safe place
Agony tearing at the madness
what makes this any better?
The same hasn't changed.
No more hidden agenda
watching it bleed, suffer,
gasp for air. No help needed.
It suffers, it cries, it begs
and no one lifts a finger.
Die, you fuck, die.
You weren't worth anything anyway
But a road of pain
Time you're out of your misery
and out of mine.

Synesthesia

The pain was the red of rubies
in the jeweled crown of the King,
it was one he was familiar with,
“bloody heart broken”,
the color of sexy girls’ nails.
He sighed, red hues signaled
another dent in the already fragile.
The cherry visit wasn’t defined,
sometimes blush for a day,
sometimes crimson for an era.
The fire through his vision
was poured all over the cars,
the porch, the tv, the train,
like blood spilling from his pores,
into the crevices of his dreams and wake,
it was a curse, his mother told him,
but he considered it a blessing.
How often can one tell
when a heart actually heals?

It Was a Smash Hit

He smashed me down and
my heart hit the ground
flying all over the sidewalk
and shattered pieces were
run over and lodged into
wheels and grills
as I lay there,
his piercing eyes burning
holes into my skin,
pressing his hate into my flesh,
All hope was gone -
that compassion I thought
he once had dissolved
in his anger pulsing
in my blood as the bricks
of his words crashed
through my fragile emotions.
Beaten down, brought to the edge,
he left me there to die.
Once I knew it was safe,
I got up and went to stand
on the corner, a bloody victim.
And I smiled through my broken heart.
His mission for my demise failed.
Wait 'til he sees what's up my sleeve.

Sing to her, Johnny

Sitting in the Kitchen
Writing a letter,
listening to Johnny Cash

hearing the grit his voice
washing over those wounds
and planting the gravel deeper

The phone doesn't ring
she checks every once in a while
for those words to stay silent

He sings of Angels
but she doesn't believe in them
the wings are just a fad

for those who wanted salvation
the Angel stared at her
"Be gone, be gone now"

There is nothing else to do
just wait for a sign
or a breath or a noise

crisp, clear evidence of what's there
but it's thrown in the trash
with all other logic and reason and pills

because joy is fleeting
and love ain't what it seems
but it's all we have right now

And she sits, writing her letter
while Johnny tells her it all sucks
and she agrees
because how can Johnny be wrong?