

Beginning, Middle, and End

Natural selection

Claws locked apart in a taut embrace
The scorpions kiss.

Both stings aloft,
One stays rolled tight but one unfurls.
Its arc extending, upward, forward.

Hunger, anger, or delight?
The ecstasy of Darwinian fulfilment;
Mute irritation at a claw pinched just too tight;
Or a reflex strike at the afternoon's prey?

One unwise flicker of an arachnid eyebrow
And the game is over.
A mutual suppression of self-defence and gluttony
And the game begins again.

Heads or tails?
Fancy your luck?

Untouched by moonlight

In your embrace I find myself complete,
Although I know that here neither one wins.
For how much yearning can we tolerate
Before the yearning's done and end begins?
But started, part of this euphoric doom
Can never stop. Your eyes must draw me in.
And in return I pause to give you room
That maybe you don't wish, or feel akin
To coldness you have suffered far too much.
This indecision binds me hand and tongue,
Reliving every light and gentle touch
To guess at the intent your play has sung.
 What demons of delight play with my mind?
 Your radiance shines so bright my head is blind.

Because we are not perfect

Do lovers love the love they should have loved
If they had had a second chance before?

A morsel from a late-night pizza slice
Is all that's left when she has shut the door.

When loveless, helpless, at the darkest hour,
The smallest torment swells to metaphor.

Inspired by longing, gorged on solitude,
The sated night grows much too cold to thaw.

Each trinket, ring, and pebble from the beach
Lies dark in an ex-lover's bottom drawer.

What's gone is lost; again a day too late;
Clowns see their teardrops glisten on the floor.