

# Four Hours

I look at your hand pointing to the line on the chart

Slender hands with long, tapered fingers

You argue your point, oblivious to my distraction

I pull my thoughts back in time to respond to

Your question...to me. You connect with my eyes

Your eyes – caramel colored – communicating...your point

My eyes instantly glaze over in protective cover

There is no way you could detect...*could you?*

Is it possible you share the same – the insanity?

Do you obsess when I'm not around? A million ways to 'open up'

Accidentally...on purpose...

A bump against you...a joking confession at Happy Hour...

My expression becoming serious as you realize the grain of truth

And then what?

In the movies, it's always better *before* the revelation

When the tension is tight – like a drum.

But even foreplay can go on too long...before you scream for release

Just four hours. That's all I want.

Four...unbridled...abandoned...hours

A million scenes play over and over in my head...

The way you approach...the taste of your lips...

Those long, tapered fingers touching me there...and there

## Four Hours

Would you submit to me? Would I submit to you?

Which do *you* prefer...will I ever know?

We are walking now

I draw deeper inside my walls

So you won't see me...glimpse my thoughts

*My dirty little thoughts.*

You're so young...and I'm so old...and we're both so married

But I've seen flashes – from you – at times

When you thought I wasn't looking

That's what started it, you know

A flash from you

Just four hours...

And then what?

Would you turn me in...ruin my career...my life?

Are you my Monica?

*I'm your boss, for God's sake!*

Can I channel my lust into helping you succeed?

Just four hours...and then forget...go home...to your wife

Could *you* do that?

I could.

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