

CONSEQUENCES

Reflected off the mirrored ceiling,
you two...
were mine.

Tangled within
we tighten together,
while slithering behind
manicured nails.

There's proof in the
geometry of scratches
under your
stubble.

From
the floor
onto the bed,
revealing
slanted eye
shadow,

staring without intention.

Time pacing lethargically
as you two...
on both ends of me,
cry-delighted songs
and move
with the rhythm of belly dancers.

Only to wake
mid-day
wrapped around
yourselves,
cursing each other
and me.