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Running Out of Steam

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Something about a fight

and the way words park in a narrow vein
and fill fill fill
stopping beats on the way to a date.
Rowdy, high, pulsing expectant,
pushed-up bra, pulled-down pants.
Stopped, beats wander aimlessly away.

Something about a fight

shadowing the day like a weepy weeping willow
long vine-y hair (whiny)
covering the only lit paths to the sun.
Sunlight tries to catch her breath in our slivers, shards.
No luck.
Dying to the night, she tosses and turns away.

Something about a fight

and the cool slam of a door
the crisp break in a voice
the blinding words blinding eyes that no longer see
her
me
you

Something about a fight

and the dark dark bed, her virginal white sheets,
feathers plucked in layer after layer of down
and layer after layer of love
making
and carefully folded, just so. The way she likes.

It’s a long way to the other side of a king bed.
Even a leg can’t land
sullen, yawning in a grope.

Long, long way to heat
and sorrys.

Something about a fight