

in time

by rayn *Saturday, Oct 9 2010, 10:51am*

international / prose/poetry / literature

saved by a face and a word ...

from myself
or rather from
an old demon-Lover;
the love of my life
like no other before or since
body, mind and soul captured
by a silver spoon, filter
and spike -

your reptile eyes
thorny smile
and twisted lips
u know
i could never resist.

would you tempt me
again
with your warm elixir
after decades
in exile?
how quick u are to present urself
in my time of weakness
and vulnerability.

i flee as before
from ur addictive embrace
into anonymous city streets
hoping to lose myself
in the crowd
hoping to disguise myself
in cloaks of misery and merge
with all those 'happy' people
running circles going nowhere.

but u hone in like a CIA drone
with its hellfire
missile

i feel u over my shoulder
approaching

targeting me for the kill
and just when the order
is about to given
i turn my head
and catch a face,
focused on me
eyes meet
cutting through
turmoil and tribulation
an old code is given,
pure chance;
a single word,
'Canada' - while our eyes remain
transfixed,
saved;
the drone with its deadly cargo
is forced to abandon its target, me!

it was the interest/curiosity
and natural desire
of a warm-blooded woman
that saved me.

ur cool glass frame, icy
veins
and stainless steel attire
find no victim here tonight
though u would take every advantage
and probe every weakness.

Canada, my father's
line - a code long since abandoned
but synchronicity would have it
repeated in a time of need
and susceptibility.

i have never believed in coincidence
or chance encounters --
u were gone as quick as ur
penetrating
soul-saving glance.

it's just a caress away
a kiss away
a hit away
my
demon lover,
my warm-blooded woman.

