

## 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.

