

Throes

In the throes of passion, in
those final, yearning seconds,
you groan and call me sexy.

Though those days are
far behind us, and I remind you
you are on Medicare and need to
shut up, you are kind and say we
were meant to be together.

You think we are cutting through
life like two sharp blades.

You are so sincere, deep inside,
that you don't realize I am distracted.
I am thinking about the night
I rode with a cop, and he pulled over
a rough-looking guy, slicked back
hair with a red cross tattooed on his
neck and next to it, the word Junebug.

I watched the cop get out, think a bit,
then motion for the driver to come to him.
He sat in the backseat and got written up.
I forgot the charge, but I asked the cop
why he made the guy come to us, and
the cop said - I felt like he was going to

shoot me if I went to him, then rape you.

I am tacky with sweat, and you are finished.

Our bodies are no longer connected, the
heartbeats return to normal. I am still only
thinking of my ride with the cop. I am pretty
sure we went out for breakfast around 4 a.m.,
to a 24-hour diner, then rode around until dawn.

I think you know about him, but I don't bring him
up, and we both know that when you mention his
name, and I say I don't remember him, I am lying.