

Let the Others Drool

by Nonnie Augustine

They are all sleeping, but I know better. I will keep watch and if he comes tonight I will be alert and ready. When he arrives he'll see the slack mouths, the graceless sprawls, hear the grunts, snorts and snores of the other women and then he'll sense me. My eyes will shine, my lips will entice, my neck will gleam white in the darkness of this hateful, locked space. He will find me in my prison and release me with a long, painful, luxurious bite. We will fly to his nighttime oasis far from this desert drained of lush life, swept barren by the rational minds of keepers, where I've been hopeful and free from terrors only during the hours of the wolf.

