

ANGER

by Adam Sifre

You gave me everything, delivered with a hungry mouth.

Tease.

All taken away, erased
by a few words.

Lips that poured forth and lips that took in
sharp, electric pleasures.
Now withdrawn, thin, petulant.

Not satisfied,
you crushed my sanctuary.
with so few words;
the work of hands meant for dark caresses.

A touch.
The gentlest of touches every now and again
were all I desired.
And you took them away.

Now it's winter and I am old,
warmed only by memory.
My fingers stiff and numb,
unable to hold onto anything.
Not even anger.

