Snake, Rope

by Ajay Nair

It was a snake, was a rope, was a snake. When it slipped off the roof, unable to grip the smooth surface, she knew that it'd come to her in its nervous helplessness. She was lying naked on the ancient bed in the ancient house, waiting for her lover, seduction on her mind. The snake was fang-less and so had to choke her, making the kill bloodless and drawn out, just the way she liked it. As her breath - scented assiduously with the right flavor of spice - left her, she tried to hold a smile for her soon-to-arrive lover. It would not do to depart without grace.

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