

Tragic Love

by Larry Strattner

Look out! The weasel finds it feasible to treat your lust with teeth. Kick his little head as he runs about beneath you. Scream and dance, your skirt held high lest he can fly, or if not sail on empty air, at least run up your leg and through your pants and make a nest within your hair.

With these trials of life you are constantly attacked. Lying on your back and talking on the phone while your current lover labors on alone. Reaching to the bedside table for a little snack you are momentarily taken back at your lack of deep fulfillment as even now you circumvent the effort that would represent some interest in the outcome of events.

So lie there like a sodden Brussel Sprout. Leave your paramour to thrash about. In elusive slippery pursuit driven by the memory of you, cute, which of course you now are not. You're in a squirmy suit. Looking like a slimy newt, though that particular metaphor inaccurate regards to size. More like a slimy hippo. Buggy in the eyes.

Now at last he finishes, smelling somewhat like a fish. Not at all surprising as he's Finnish. Possibly a bit diminished as his lust has left him. He clearly sees the remnants of his amorous debris. "Rescue me!" he cries. As he swats away the flies surrounding you and bounding out the door deserts you and the weasel, until he finds it feasible to swallow too much whiskey and return.

