

My Mistress

by Paul de Denus

I've fallen for Cleo
like a clown through a trap door.
She's everything I ever wanted
but like a bag of snakes,
she's full of surprises.

Her moods can change
like hours in a day,
her tastes as dangerous as
my ex-wife's cooking.

Yes, my marriage,
a once 'out-of-this-world' experience is over,
the ex now alien,
distant and cold as the moon above.

My thoughts for Cleo run crazy wild,
scatter like hunted deer.
Her love potion runs through my veins,
intoxicates my being
as if bitten by a witch.

