

Love Lost

by Robert Crisman

She came to my house late that last night and shucked off her things and we slow-danced to *Cruisin'* as beaded rainwater slid off her black hair to the floor. She smiled an almost quizzical smile as she drank me there with her eyes, as if I was some guilty pleasure, perhaps a painting of doubtful origin she couldn't afford that she'd just decided to buy.

Was she beautiful then? Not on paper perhaps--but she cut my breath short and made my sex *dance*, and this was a woman I knew had come here to kill me.

I buried myself in her warmth, this little assassin who offered herself with tears in her eyes as I came to climax. I wanted to ask her how much the contract was worth and where would she go and what would she do with the money when this was all done, yet the questions seemed crude and unworthy somehow, and I *loved* her that last night we lay there, and when morning came and she lay there unmoving, I sobbed for lost love like a baby.

