

Quicksand

by Robert James Russell

God damn you women get me all
twisted up thinking oohrahhah and lala
about us about our night together you
beg me to hang out you say you want
to get to know me you want to come over
and watch movies with me and meet my dog
you say you've never met anyone like me
that I could be the greatest the best
make your eyes melt mama yet
when it comes down to it you're scared
you don't know what you want you don't
want to get all used up and you
leave me you leave this imprint on me
but it's okay I'll love you anyway
take you back into my arms and
we'll celebrate into the night
skin touching eyes dodging bodies
dancing while I fall into you —
can't ever find my way out.

