

Lilith: The Unforgiven

by Robert Salley

Supine...on the kitchen floor.

I saw life and beauty choking-
tongue exposed from behind blistered lips-
where cold tiles stung my naked back.

The ceiling fan spun slow,

dizzy with remorse,

until it finally stopped

and alone I wept

single tears,

with the sharp taste of her skin

slipping past the back of my throat.

