

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.

