

Opportunity Cost

by tommy klehr

What else could I be doing right now,
 Besides lying on the couch and staring at the ceiling,
 Looking for patterns in the colors and lines on the tiles?
 Looking for you,
 Immobilized,
 Succumbed to the siren song you sing.
 Lured to slavery,
 Yet you are free,
 Wild,
 Unable to be tamed.

 So far away, yet virtually near.
 Anytime I want,
 I can look at your face,
 Your sultry eyes,
 Luscious lower lip, longing for the sweet embrace of another,
 A fresh victim every day.

You want followers,
 Worshipers,
 Drowners in your wake,
 Unable to breathe,
 Choking,
 Sputtering your name
 With their very last breaths.

Not I, however.
 I will not choke, sputter, or drown.
 I will not follow or worship.

I will not bother;
 I am a realist.

Have grown wise to the charms of your sex.

And yet I continue to think,
Daydreaming all the while, I know,
Of your sultry eyes,
And luscious lower lip that longs for my embrace.

