

# Losing (Valentine's Day Massacre Poem)

*by xTx!*

He will be happy with clean sheets when he gets home so  
she does that and he thanks her as  
he slides  
in between them and  
the four thighs  
of the two girls as  
she watches from the chaise  
he gave her on their  
Crystal Anniversary

She will admire his finesse  
as his earnestness tears apart  
their young flesh  
with rabid ferocity  
scaring her into four powerful  
orgasms that echo  
his

Paid and laid, they leave.

They fuck in the shower and  
afterwards he helps her  
into that black dress  
because the doorbell should ring soon  
once if the men are punctual  
twice if they are not

The next day  
at the office the

post-Valentine's Day  
competition  
begins.

The ladies parade their new glitterings  
their tales of crystal glasses, champagne  
roses and  
when her turn comes she says,  
*"Oh, you know, the usual..."*  
and with the wisdom they have of  
her heavy burden of  
matrimonial years they  
count  
her out  
of the running

