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

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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