

Coffee at Noon by the Window

by XXXX

I looked at your long fingers in the sunlight,
pale and delicate as paper, and I thought:
Those same fingers were in someone's pussy
at one time or another, someone he loved,
someone who is by all means not me—

 I wish I can cut them off, those
 horrible tendril testaments
 to your passionate treachery.

Those fingers, like a key, snug within her,
both of you writhing in savage pleasure.
I want to amputate them, one by one, using
a butcher's knife, each crushing beat
to the cadence of a love song—

 How DEEP is your LOVE
 How DEEP is your LOVE
 I REALLY NEED to KNOW.

I will keep one, of course, to hide
under my pillow. I will preserve it in oil
and wish upon it, confess to it
my desperate and sad love for you.
It will remind me of the beauty of your whole—

 It will rot until it is no more
 but bone and bits of maggots,
 never to touch anyone but me.

