

Seven Days After the Sunset

Tucked in tight, stewing, brewing from her smile
The man did not breathe that night in slumber –
He lay toppled, conquered, a shambles in his sheets.
A lovely nightmare tortured him.
Thoughts of her abundance, her voice still resonating
 in his gut, her breath still lingering on his shirt.
He remembers the summer sun falling just over her left shoulder and then her eyes.
It is one day after that sunset.

A happening, a dice roll, a copper tossed in cold water, a lewd chance for goose and gander.
Roethke and Wink made his brain itch.
He opened books to read, study, rip words off the page, sought hobby and escape.
He remembers her voice in his ear. He thinks a phone rang.
It is two days after that sunset.

What a shame, what a laugh, a modest yearning poised inches from him – Was that the metallic taste adrenaline or
had he snapped his spine from the anticipation? This man blushed, flushed, became a cigar store statue, his hands
heavy, embarrassed by his inability to muster a macho stand.
He remembers feeling his heart crack his ribs, her scent.
It is three days after that sunset.

That clock mocks and lies. It was eight minutes, not eight hours.
He remembers the sunset not the sunrise.
She heard birds and saw the venetians glow.
The man hated the daylight, he didn't need it.
He feared he needed her warmth more.
"It's easy being crazy. Try being me."
The man laughed as he drove away.
He doesn't remember eating butterflies for breakfast. It must be the wine.
It is four days after that sunset.

Some people count their stars.
Some people kneel and pray.
This resolute monk, as superstitious and spiritual as the next guy,
 found revelation supplicated to a set of hips and hands, listening to folk guitar riffs and howling, haunting
 crooners.
It is five days after that sunset.

Something exotic, something erotic,
Something natural, something new –
This writer stumbled into cheap limericks, thrown off his game.
It is six days after that sunset.

Maybe she didn't noticed the clumsiness of his hands.
He wanted to fight, wrestle the silky Amazon.
This man was beaten down like screaming dry wheat.
She clubbed him silly with one soft spearing syllable
And a whisper that would shatter glass.
The man felt like thrown clay.
He suffocated from too much breathing.
And that day he swore off women.
There were none. This was a soul he chose to love, embrace.
 Yes, she felt like a woman.
 She spoke like a woman.
 She made him feel like a man, a caveman, a scholar, a two-bit gimmick.
 But she kissed like a conqueror.
It is seven days after that sunset...and his skin bubbled for that dusky, curvy, smiling, blue-eyed conquistador.