

A Week in Heat

FIRST DAY

The heat of the sun devours
consciousness,
invites us to sin.

Instincts, hormones, the coming of the spring
Liquid heat coursing through our veins,
bare flesh brushing impotent conscience
judgment numbed

Something was bound to happen.

2ND DAY

In dreams, I flee fire
licking at my dancing feet

Damnation.

Waking, alone, betrayed.
He is ashamed, secretive, bitter.
Too late,
I see that it is her.
For him, as for me, always her.

I am someone's picked-at dinner remains
eaten only as the most convenient choice.
And is he anything more
to me?

DAY THREE

An experiment
groping blindly in the dark,
hands meet, fingers brush
without eyes, we feel
without sight, we touch.

DAY IV

To Her:
Yearning for solitude,
fearing
loneliness. I need you
to leave me alone. I need you
to shield me from myself.

THE FIFTH

We moved into a pack of cigarettes,
a bottle of Jose Cuervo,
a hallucinogenic dream,
slipping on peels of laughter,
splashing through our fishbowl of tears,
words expelled become
unintelligible gaseous exhalations,
blowing bubbles, we are infants
suckling agave from Bloody Maria's teats

DAY 6

To Him:

Your eyes

of crystal blue, so like

her eyes who holds my heart,

still, and yours,

strapped tight inside her ice-cold stare.

We used each other

to escape our perpetual isolation,

to purge the darkness.

to hold on.

to let go.

SEVEN

Cool breezes blow relief

passion cools with the winds

and we find that there are more important things:

the bonds of our friendship,

like silken threads laid over our hearts

easily broken, leaving scars

Every day is one day closer to the end,

one more moment together, gone.

And all of it melting into memory,

growing dimmer by the day.