

Wednesday, 11:15 A.M.

I am lying on my back,
floating.
My fingers graze the blue and red
imitation down comforter.
I cannot see anything
in the molasses darkness of his room.

I dream of hands when I sleep there,
aristocratic fingers
holding a dragon hilt knife.
The disjointed sensations
of sleep and reality
pull me up
through the wading pool of my subconscious.

The door opens and I shut my eyes
against the oppressive reality it will bring.
I feel those fingers as I lie there,
wrapped around draconian steel,
quivering gently against
the atomic heat of my waking flesh.

'Shh...'

The swell of my lips curves for him,
eyes yet unparted
against the burning glow
of the overhead florescence.

That cold, friendly blade brushes
gently across the curve of my left breast.
The chill traces me from nipple
to navel
and slides along my thighs.
I shake with the effort
of lying perfectly still,
letting him slice through
the heat of my repose
with the flat of his blade.

I know it will not last.
Soon, my legs will open to him,
my heart will try to shake apart
the walls of my chest
and I will lie,
tired once again,
replete at his side.

But now there is only the heavy darkness
that lies behind my closed lids
and the feel of chilled steel
dragging me into this late-morning world.

LG 02.2007