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No Title

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George Davis

NO TITLE

The only light had its roots outside, and grew one of its grey branches through the window.

Raining light on a wrinkled four-poster. A tall bed with skinny old-man legs, bare and exposed.

Blankets lay like folded sails on a mast, out of the way. Everything else—

Purring cat in the corner, and my own white feet crossed glowing in the darkness.

My legs beginning to stick to sweaty shellac. The bones of my back digging into the brown paper on the wall.

I hear her, slapping her feet on the wet bathroom floor. She's probably watching a prima-dona performance, but its all turned around by glass and good dreams.

She walks off stage and climbs the bed, moving in the darkness, sitting with the slippery mascara stained sheets tucked tightly between her legs

I can remember chewing wax lips with her, but now that's all gone.