

To Seduce

The limelight dims to disappear, a stage,
the creation of an inner monologue, faceless smiles,
apologies, eye and nose-less, men, women,
two pigtailed of the five year old girl dangling in the airtight room

Outside it's an event, thirty thirty-five people,
suits and sarees, kurtas and crop tops,
an irony of amalgamated fashion
and I betwixt all of them, a little up, beyond, and even separate of them

She had a green shawl draped around her, one side at a time,
the well manicured hands, pink in color, and eyes sideways
a dance off, perhaps, let the careful sync-phony of my smile and brows prevail,
she chuckles, no sound, after all I'm across the room

Walk past the pot bellied (but the air running scared of his buttons)
the middle aged lady, a president perhaps? the burns from the oil -
the 2 a.m. kind on everyone's eyes, but not hers,
not mine either, I walk past and towards

The hand swipes, slightly above the shoulder, a fifteen to thirty degree swipe,
slow, casual, careful as not to exhibit my inner frenzies,
she reaches out, the pink glazes off receiving the chandelier to my blue-tinted
glasses, I feel the conjoined warmth, oh... the warmth

Baby, my cords travel faster than light, across 3 months-
6 months, maybe a year,
but I'm smarter than my cords, after all,
a rasp leaves out my mouth, (wash), strawberries and mint

inching closer to the clock, high pitched cicadas of late night,

a slow trail of fingernails, nose to neck,
sharp, my veins left to bleed open, and I fall,
my feet still on the ground, she pushed me over

tongues and, her red lips on my neck,
the short hair, bangs I'm holding on for dear life,
air frizzles up and above my shoulders, a feverish high lower neck-
to my chest, a seduction, a nauseous warmth, like no other.