



Spent

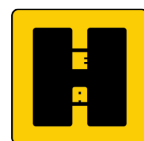
By Elayne Harrington

These eyes
Never sleep like trees.
A clean breeze through evil instincts weave.
Wise all trampled in the clay.
No evidence left in the hand but a knowingness of an empty fist —
A useless clench,
With neither weight nor intent.
Hell bent. Heaven sent. Unrepentant, never meant to be.

Bound to
Sedentary.
Bedroom eyes at the dinner table.
The psychic grind for my catcher in the rye.
The apple of my far-sighted eye.
The longing in my frantic fingers,
Fire in my head now nought but cinders.

To ensnare you when you are not aware,
So that your guard is so down it feels almost fair.
To blow you a kiss when your face is turned away —
So that presumption, redemption, nor gumption
Will not will me to stay.

How frantically I type.
How upset I am.
How angry I feel.





What love I felt.
What tears I embraced.
What smiles I yearned.

You turned a thousand tears to an undertow —
Sneak attack.
An embolism. A sucker punch. One-upmanship. Double Dutch.
Wound licking.
Welcome to self-administration of thine own medicine.

My wild one, all spent with rifts fresh-frayed.
You were warned — steal away and pay the dues.
A heart is full of his voice, not mine.
My tongue weighs heavy.
An easy surrender.
My sentiments cast by the wayside.
A bouquet toss.
A real feeling.
A flame that can only inflict pain — not provide warmth.

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