

The First Incision

David J

Her fatal charm is a beautiful knife
How tempting to caress the blade
Your fingers touch its cutting edge
The first incision is then made

The cruel and unusual punishment
Of her dismissive smile
In her cruelty, her beauty, her indifference
Her gift to beguil

She pulls a poisoned arrow
From her quiver of disdain
She feels no shame as she takes aim
A butterfly pinned to showcase cork
It's just a game
Only a game

She strikes her matchless Garbo
She beckons as she double locks the door
Her sign says "closed" on both sides

But all the lonely boys come back for more

She gives the brush off to invisible dust
Fastidious to a fault, shows dirt the door
She is untouchable within her gilded cage
Alone but for cuttle fish to claw

Laiden with gifts
Her suitors fall in line
To suffer the inevitable "No"
With each rejection and the passing of time
These infatuations grow

The cruel and unusual punishment of her dismissive
Smile
In her cruelty, her beauty, her indifference
Her gift to beguil