

Magic

Tina Dickow

I don't do this sort of thing, I said
As he leaned in and ran his fingers through my hair
I could see he didn't believe me
And I could tell from his sweet smile he didn't care

He slipped his hand under my skirt
And for a moment I looked deep into his eyes
I didn't see much in there
Apart from an emptiness I sadly recognized

Let me take you far away from here, he said
I know some magic that is sure to pick you up
I thought of me alone in my cold hotel bed
And I said, yeah, well, why not

He took me back to where he lives
We had a drink and tried to start a friendly chat
But neither of us felt much like talking
About the lives that we were there to forget

And so he laid me on the bed
And we undressed; the street lights sliced us through the blinds
His skin felt warm against my body
But my body couldn't hold on to my mind

I drifted far away above this stranger's room
My thoughts walked down the crowded streets of yesterday
Until he stopped and asked if he had come to soon
I shook my head and turned away

We laid a little while in silence
'Til I got up, got dressed and splashed cold water at my face
I better go, I said politely
I don't usually stay out this late