

Fallen

Written by Abbie Mason

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She'd had a rye life,
whisky eyes
seen through ice cube charms,
propped up on a bar stool pedestal
accepting only liquid worship -

no chasers for her,

and I caught her eye
as she swept the bump 'n' grind persona
of Friday night whores,
draped Dali like across wide-boys arms.

Her half moon smile
tainted by nicotine clouds
as they fought to escape
the confines of an inhale,
and me the rabbit in headlights glare,
tongue tied to this table,
nursing a misplaced conception.

She was slick as she oozed
through the waves of melded bodies,
caught in a chimera of sex and music;
a deep throb within.

Another notch to be nicked
in her playground stick,
a passing phase
in her latest craze,

she was warm in my lap
like a pile of bones before the pyre,
waiting .. just waiting,

and I found I could climb
the ladder of her spine, though her heart
had escaped that cage long ago,
all I could see was my dignity
lying discarded on an unmade bed,

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and her proclaiming
"I used to be a lady."