

How can he love her, how can he not

By Emma Ely

Her skin was bathed in honey,
So fragrant and persuasive and the color of caramel candy.
His kiss was illegal, but he did not know why anymore.
Who could deny such a beauty of intellectual grace,
A giggle that tickles the pads of his feet.

Hand to skin, friction, hot embarrassment,
Panic, rough palms scrub supple curves,
Ripping cotton, time slowing ravaging,
Overtaking of mind, body, and spirit.

He watches tears glide the valley of her face,
Unable to split his eyes from the act of violation.
He wants to shout, clobber, end the public humiliation.
Her brown eyes plead, but realize betrayal.
His blank manifestation fleeces thoughts of prior,
Consensual blossoming of tranquil liberating tenderness.

She musters all her vigor,
Elbow thrusts, wrist cracks, spit flies into enemy eyes,
Running, grabbing, the retrieval of a serrated knife.
The teeth grip her flesh, releasing blood, removing limbs.
Her head rolls to rest at his feet.
Her skirt is lifted, undergarments askew.

Angst tucked away, uniform straightened,
He falls back into line with the butcher who split open her honey-glazed hide.