

A Kiss

*Is Love a trickster cheating you at cards?
Or a pirate stealing your hard earned stores?
Perhaps he is a saboteur bombing your bridge to blight?
Or worse, a storm trooper come for you in the death of night?
He could be a vampire on a lonely road
Or a cruel ghastly rain of dismembered toads.
Yes, Love is all those terrible, dark things:
Our nightmares and our dire imaginings.
But mostly, his is a Siren's song
That will dash you onto the rocks, where you belong
And such you shrieking into the abyss –
For what? For what?
Oh! Such a lovely, delicious and desperate kiss!!*