



Infatuation

Infatuation--temporary,
not a love, but lust and greed,
came stepping 'cross his floor--her
ceiling,
pounding down the stairs with speed.

His smile was darkened by his laughter:
calculated, sure and cold;
he spoke the lines that she expected,
always measured and controlled.

But past the door and in her chamber
he was hungry in her bed;
his private void was drawing, calling,
growing louder as it fed,

retreating as the night grew heavy
up the stairs to rooms unknown;
and leaving her to solve the mystery,
forced--that night--to sleep alone.

Downstairs once more, his second visit:
he's aloof and insincere,
while playing cool to hide the burning
that consumes him when she's near.

It's skillful how he keeps his distance,
careful to avoid her glance;
he reaches for the door and safety,
fleeing so he won't advance.

His final trip will never happen:
he no longer lives alone:
upstairs, a wife with no suspicions
works her charms and keeps him home.