

Empty Bed

there would be no more
chocolates and candlelight,
no more late night feasts
of flesh (and sometimes blood) still
filled my head with idle dreams
of quietly playing house; with her
I sat and watched the water gleam
as we floated off the shore
into unfamiliar territory.
And as quickly as it formed,
our unlikely foreign alliance
had officially been dissolved.
And as quickly as it moved,
I haven't been able to escape
the dreams -sporadic, uncontrollable,
confusing dreams which bled out
of my sleep, ripping me awake
through my memories. It was,
after all, nothing more than a memory
that bound me to that empty bed.
An intangible fear held me - and
still was the darkness around my head.

I get angry sometimes,
and I raise my voice.
"I'm a man,
and I'm proud of it",

I said,
as my fist came down
hard onto the table.