

Sin

It is as ebony her hair
and white as snow her skin.
Spread across the soft rich silk of
pillows passion-red and luscious, sin
beckons me to her with
battering eyes of icy blue.
She hurls invisible threads,
unfurls them from her fingers to
bind me to her, to draw me into her.
Yes, I will, oh, draw me into sin.

My sin is beauty, locked
within a coffin made of glass.
Swollen vein and hammer cocked,
I feel the prick of vice.
Stray in her embrace, gasp for gasp.
Again, again, until we come
up to the wall, trespassers in a
deviant dead end.