Addiction

Lauri Jensen*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©2001 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
addiction
by Lauri Jensen

a rose
sits on the table
red
white vase
i wonder
is it real?
when she nods
her head
her hair flows
black and caressing
she wears a tiny
red dress
a shade sweeter
than the flower
her laughter
is full and throaty
i can hear

from across the room
his smile is mine
but he gives it to her
like she is
the rose
and he is the sun
I see his lips
full and dancing
his voice is clear
in my mind
though i do not know
his words
the same voice
once muffled by my
lips neck breasts belly
he leans over
whispers something she blushes
at his fingers
they leave arm in arm
and i wonder if her skin
is soft like red red roses

i walk over
steal the rose
bright crimson
very real
the petals fall
velvet coins
on the pavement
i rip them out
wishing it was his heart

instead of mine

**Lines**

by Lauri Jensen

Winding around
like hair tangled by morning
her voice is the rasp of branches
grazing clear locked windows.

I lean forward
hear her heart aching
she never thought
such a little thing
like cheating

He was nobody
could slash
her life
faster than scissors
cutting her hotel receipts

*He must have been somebody*
Who knows?
He made her feel
desirable,
he filled
a few voids,
a couple nights
although he forgot
to ask about her day
or call back.

The one who did