Two of Wands

Forgive me.

Intemperance has got my tongue.
Words slip from it
raw as moonshine.
I speak what I know
and speak it
slow.
I like the flavor
of my own voice.
I know another
who tells his story well.
He finds a woman
with ears long enough,
some love-struck cluck
who puts her
kids to bed, then lets him in.

She cradles his head
between her breasts and feels
like Florence Nightingale,
waiting for the Word
before his pulse stops
and his eyes bug out.
He just cuddles up
and lets his plot
thicken in her heart,
then staggers out,
leaves the scotch
half-drunk beside her
bed and says

I shall return.
How many times has she
left her
doors unlocked?
A gypsy read my cards
last week,
The two of wands

is what you may become,
a man

with rod in hand.
With a turn of phrase

you may perform magic

but instead could well
show restraint.

My voice fills your ears,
or so you think.

John Barton