

J.L. BOND

Believe Me

For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honey-
comb, and her mouth is smoother than oil Her
feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.

—Proverbs 5:3, 5

now believe me it's not just his cash it's
his wit charm and style oh yes his power experience
and intelligence it's him

believe me it's not just the shopping it's
those monthly roses the red silk lingerie that black pearl
necklace the passion-fantasies

it's those deposits to my account it's the Montreal
café that Bahamas resort the spa massage those breathy
voice mails the erotic letters

lately it's his sporadic phone calls i'm needing
too much his home problems being too much to handle his
business trips too infrequent the less time together
lately it's his wife

the sweet aphrodisiac is now bitter aspirin it's
the no bother of me the unreality of us the arrangement
that was and never was

now it's not the loving but the hating
believe me