

rendez-vous

there is a tall stranger
who drives a bugatti
dawn by the tranquil sea

a date with manson
a man from boston
overnight a deserted motel

in bluebeard's closet
at mr. goodbar's
underground parking lot

like dickinson's coachman
death's dark disciples
lovers who know us too well . . .

did you dream of the swoon
and swirl of black cape
silk throat insatiable thirst

did you part your thighs
and wait the night
to seize and to be seized

did you see a face
did he have a name
who came to your hospital room

—*Linda Pyke*