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Drowning Duck

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Drowning Duck

S.J. Day

Midnight approaches and the road goes before me slicing
The dense pea soup haze and the patter of rain.
Palms embracing the sleek vinyl wheel, I breathe
Consuming the fragrant remnant of fries and cinnamon
Embedded in the pitch-black air.
The verbose chatter spewing from my radio is quelled.
By one touch, all is quiet and there is peace,
And yet,

I am that feathered, flat-billed friend
Balanced atop still waters, the picture of tranquility
All the while paddling, beneath the surface, for life.
I flail, grasping for a foothold but I have tread too far:
The shore is a memory, no turning back
Driving home augments my labor,
Ill-disposed to tread risky waters,
Yet I must go
Where guilt, denial weigh upon me,
Bring me closer to demise.
It is there I rendezvous
With you, my anchored, cattail chameleon.
You lure with trust, but once close
Camouflage is stripped, truth revealed
And, spider-like, you are far from inviting.
Truth is a web wound tight
With infidelity and sugar saccharine self-reproach.
I become entangled, gasp for breath,
As you spin your silk to bind me near.
Though I escape, you seduce with sincerity
To lure me back for another round.
It has become our daily dance,
And as I reach my destination,
I fear my strength will soon fade
And consumed by your lies, I will go down.