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Elias

Suzanne Rae

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elias

monet blue walls
and black doorways
erased the tentativeness
of my first visit
"weeping women"
it was called
i wondered why
shards of images
clashing emotion
the gin and tonic helped
fingering the purse
whose strap lay between
my breasts
sexy in cuban heels
he entered the room
searching for me
amidst the lovers and ex-wives
his scent enveloped me
then his hands
sliding around my hips
my body came alive
he pulled me toward him
his hair upon my shoulder
as he kissed me gently
spoon-like
we paused momentarily
before each canvas
i could feel him
urge me
toward the door.