

Ultimatum

Mr. Ebony,

You sleep with your back towards mine.
I know not what you think of at night,
nor do I wake you to question your dreams.
Instead I see the tan lines of an absent ring
stashed in a briefcase or deep pocket, out
of view. I know the significance of gold;
marking faith, fidelity, honesty. Know too
the empty space my own hand shows.

She lays alone, cold as I do in realization.
Dammning tears they soak her bleached
pillows. She rips pictures of white days
from the newly plastered egg walls. Glass
litters the plush carpets, carpets so different
than this motels brown. She dreamed
of a future with you at her side. A white
blotted by sins made in red. Now she curses
me. Does she have visions of red, the two of us...red?

She dreamt of a future with you at her side.
I think of this condemned path and wonder,
how was I to resist? Now, in sleep, you pull
the covers from me. You sigh in contentment.
I wear no ring but I am your other half.

So, I give one final offer, dream in white
or red? For either will be the last you see.

- Miss Crimson