

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Thomas R. Thomas: Three Poems

Thomas R. Thomas · Wednesday, February 21st, 2018

### First Date

the taste of blood  
burning the blade  
lingered  
on her tongue

she looked down on him  
the glint in her eye  
pulled up the  
corners of her mouth

as if this were love

his eyes stared up  
at her unblinking

she turned, leaving  
the blade point down  
in the asphalt

and under him a  
darkness grew

drifting a river  
down the white line

\*

### Second Date

she sat on  
the bar stool  
nodded to  
the bartender

the beer mug

slid to her  
open palm

a red line  
drifted down  
the wet glass

she sucked  
her palm  
unconsciously

a slight smile  
crossed her lips  
as she tasted  
the sweet blood

she scanned  
the bar, her eyes  
fell on him —  
a wolf on the prowl

as he closed the  
door to his Ferrari  
she slid her finger  
down the blade  
strapped to her leg

now exposed in  
the slit of her  
slinky black dress

shivering in  
pleasure from  
the pain

\*

## **Blood Sister**

hanging from  
the rafters  
he had just

stopped fighting  
the hemp is strapped  
around his chest

his eyes follow  
her as she  
circles him

twisting his  
hips he then  
spins back

his hands raised  
tied high on the rope  
clasped in prayer

she holds the blade  
to his torso  
as he spins

scoring a groove  
with the razor  
sharp point

he groans  
lets out a  
quiet cry

painting a  
swirling circle  
below

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