

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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