At the End of the Pier

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At the End of the Pier

Sandals in hand bare feet carried us to the water's edge
Lit cigarettes we held like they were lovers
Dead fish and seaweed washed in by our toes didn't matter
We talked about boys and sex and smoked our hot slim cloves
Thought Wow How cool am I
We were dangerous
happy
calm
laughing
kissing honey licking it from our lips
In the thick yellowness of the streetlight at the end of the pier

-- Monica J. Bradbury

Dinner Conversations

Oh! This dripping sound is so annoying.
It could perhaps be some leaking faucet.
Take medication to stop the pounding.
Useless, for I have already lost it.

Drops rolling to the edge of the table,
growing as together they now huddle.
Resist falling, still they are unable,
and come splashing down into a puddle.

My leather shoes are starting to get soaked,
by a puddle that looks more like a flood.
My expensive pants have also been stained.
Everything is a mess, covered in blood.

Over dinner, why did I stab her dead?
Next time, I will try strangling instead

-- Mohammed Khan