

Laurie Calhoun

THE FRIEND'S MYSTERIOUS MISERY

The last time she slept with him
She asked him to kill her,
Citing her misery.
He pointed out the incoherence of
Such a request coming from a sceptic.
This calmly uttered bolt of perspicuity
Melted her back to the mattress.
She was forced to own he was right,
Although he could never have known
Why she felt that way,
Nor why she was so thrilled to see him
Walking down the street in blue-framed sunglasses
On that oppressive sunny day.
Still he saved her by taking her in,
Protecting her for a few short hours
Of an interminably long day.