

Two of Wands

Forgive me.

Intemperance has got my tongue.

Words slip from it

raw as moonshine.

I speak what I know

and speak it

slow.

I like the flavor

of my own voice.

I know another

who tells his story well.

He finds a woman

with ears long enough,

some love-struck cluck

who puts her

kids to bed, then lets him in.

She cradles his head

between her breasts and feels

like Florence Nightingale,

waiting for the Word

before his pulse stops

and his eyes bug out.

He just cuddles up

and lets his plot

thicken in her heart,

then staggers out,

leaves the scotch

half-drunk beside her

bed and says

I shall return.

How many times has she

left her

door unlocked?

A gypsy read my cards
last week,
The two of wands
is what you may become,
a man
with rod in hand.
With a turn of phrase
you may perform magic
but instead could well
show restraint.
My voice fills your ears,
or so you think.

John Barton