

The police are waiting
when they return from the movies
laughing, gobbling chocolate kisses.

She gives the scandal sheets a treat:
her overactive glands drove her
into his arms. Twenty other women
fell just as hard, but forever.
Some of their bones exhumed, others
vanished. There's proof enough.
They get the chair.

She knows he loves her.
He knows she's been true.
Jerk and blaze
in one last intimacy
all they've been through,
now each lonely
heart shudders and fails.
Witnesses button their overcoats
walk to their cars.
 Rain falling on Sing Sing.

O Lonely Hearts.

