

Eva's Song

Twice at my hand it was nearly over,
and countless times my thoughts have let me die.
To have loved such a one as that: The world stares
fascinated, asking only to be properly appalled.

What was it like, Eva, tell, to share
your bed at his twisted whim?
Were the blood-drenched lips smooth
against your awkward body? Did he beat you down,
burn holes with cigarettes, and shave your pubis bare?

The feckless would know; they beg to know
what gives this man his power over them.
The conqueror's robe, shining,
and dropped by night at my bedroom door,
rises of its own to haunt their dreams.

These hounds of death prattle unaware;
frightened by the answer locked in the eyes
of their own silent wives.

For when, at last, the sheets have fallen free,
leaving the master of this house
prickle-pocked with cold and drained of will,
I alone am left to feel the course of history
as beads of sweat that run across my breast.

—*Tony Marconi*