

Struck

Isaac Tan

If only he didn't remove his wet lips
and slick tongue, to look at me
like I was all there is to look at, and
asked in the gentlest voice, *enough?*

enough? I said I don't know,
and he held me, and placed them
on me, again, this time
all over, like time was wound
back, like it was his.
To shape, and stop, and saunter on,
before he asked again, *enough?*

Does he know time is a weapon
I'm not familiar with?
A currency I'm terrified of,
and which I must be?
And when I said,
are you asking yourself, or me, he gave an answer
one of us finds meaningful.
Then the lights disappeared.
The organs within me, suddenly awake, ready,
to be pierced.

A kiss blown for me,
as I step away from the car.
A mask I'd forgotten, left in his car.
A souvenir now, ready for disposal.

Like a stray dog, I need to think.

About home, now.

And not getting struck.

By lightning.

By Anything.