

The Other Side

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I'm used to women afraid I steal husbands, men afraid I steal
wives pity weary me lonely, financially-ruined, uncoupled

couples cross streets rather than meet me under shop
shadows are afraid to catch what I've got, afraid I'll breathe

too much is what most whisper on the phone after business
plans parallel futures when minds no longer meet over kids, under

sheets are dirty, *fuck*, will you see me? We make emergency
decisions aren't ever easy, don't tell, just curious and so thirsty for

love coffee? something stronger? They buy lunch, dinner, fancy theatre
tickets to paradise for candid conversation, questions seeking to

avoid or join information from the other side comes courtesy of
the wench helps members enjoy sex or money or a met

mind that I don't persuade, certainly would never corrupt but speak
blood-red truths come couched in caffeine, alcohol and

protocol forbids screaming *run like the wind* to caged ladies with crossed
knees groins, then struts in pumps and smiles and mile-long manicured

nails them in place as they defend values, virtues, duty-bound
dirges fill the space between us and idea and whim melts

icy eyes wipe slates clean of resolve fast forged from crumbled ticket
stubs out hope quicker than iron-toed shoes, fresh from kicking