

Hotel

Take me to a hotel, where lips and eyes can meet,
Under the shadow of the lamp and the crisp, white sheets,
Take me there, so I may realign our bodies into their perfect symmetry,
Under the sheets, toss me and turn me, fit my lock to your key.

The curve of a spine, the dimple in your back,
The desperate sensuality that I now lack,
Taste the perfume on my skin,
The fragrant memory I scatter just for you.

In the hotel rooms we used to lie, our bodies curled meeting eye to eye,
In the space between speech, the quietness of I love you is as loud as rain,
The caressing of your fingertips wherever you chose,
What time is left to pass, only God knows.

It was always enough, your love, I wish I'd let you know,
How every touch, every bite, all the highs and the lows,
Always meant more than just the image of a rose,
You are the memory I will take as a daily dose –
To ease the price I must pay for your golden heart,
In the throes of restless longing when we are kept apart.

Life is a game that we all must play; we must all roll the dice.
I would rather lose a thousand times with you by my side,
Than cheat my way or leave this place having never seen your face.
This is what I will say to you when it turns out you were right,
When you said the world will return one day and we would win this fight,
As you kiss my weary head and turn out the hotel room lights.