After the Ball

Melissa Morphew
"AFTER THE BALL"
Melissa Morphew
Poetry

The pink satin ribbons would hang from
her hair, like party streamers that had
wilted after the ball.
And you would watch them dance upon the
pillow, as she turned her head with sleep.
They reminded you of all the promises you told
her you'd keep and all the times you broke them.
The lies you told were as even as the rise and
fall of her breasts,
but you never lost any rest over hurting her.
She'd smile at you, and when you were through
eating out her heart, you'd just leave her
lying there, hollow chested, with a strange,
silly grin upon her face.
Finally you gnawed away everything but the
satin and lace.
The woman was gone. She lacked flesh, and
blood, and bone, but she still had a mass of
hair, and pink satin ribbons to place in the
coffin, for the mourners to view,
while they patted your back and said, "Sorry, so
sorry." They all felt so sorry for you.