

Finalist, Poetry

Touching Bill
By Cybonn Ang

Copyright © 2015 Cybonn Ang. All rights reserved.

The soft, white tips of her fingers
insisted to see. A check-mark scar crossed
his face, he could have been handsome
once. She embraced him with her left arm,
tracing his spine: it's as if the gentlest creature
could break him down. He had a fragrance too,
of time. Slowly, she slipped her hand
under his jacket. He trembled. She thought
he would fall apart. In the dark, she found a flap
and without warning, he exploded
into her hands, her heart hammering
to the loud, drumming iambs, swollen
peaks speaking into her dark thoughts:

*Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Wherefore art thou Romeo?*

She moaned at the discovery.
She touched him now with such avarice
as only a virgin adulteress could possess.
Her fingers slid across and up and down.
Richard, Henry, Lear. Every mound
sparking volcanoes in her mind.
She dragged him to a corner, touched
every part of him in the dark.

Yes, she would bring him home to mother.