

I CONFESS
By E. J. Wade

what is it that makes you think that just because
you trace the outline of my brow and run your fingers
along my cheek and down my nose that I will melt
in the palm of your hand?

I tell myself I'm a good girl and good girls
don't rip aside the veils picking and plucking
unleashing doubt and suspicion
unhinging passion fueled by deception

but here I am juggling the time continuum
in a place where good girls only go when they need to
shed their goodness in exchange for just a little bit of mischief

the conversion from good girl to mischief-maker
is easier than I thought. It's as simple as accepting
the kindness of friends who are willing to keep quiet
silence has never brought us anything of worth

playing hide and seek, keep your secrets safe and close
to quench your desire during times of drought
hold tight and prepare for the reckoning

He, Me, and Him
triangulate the meaning of loyalty,
allegiance, and the sanctity of trust

I tell myself I'm a good girl and good girls
don't give strangers dominion over those sacred
places meant to be preserved for the one who swore
to keep our vows holy and steadfast

good girls don't crave the touch/stroke of strange
hands upon their bodies, and wetted lips and tongue
that seek salvation submerged between the holler
fertile and bountiful

memories haunt and corrupt all that is good and sacred
betrayal is tattooed deep and invisible to the naked eye
trust and infidelity stretch like a tightrope thin and sharp
there is nothing more incriminating than hindsight

I tell myself I'm a good girl and good girls aren't bad for
surrendering to the smoldering gaze that sends a shiver
down the spine. I confess in a whisper under my breath,
that I am still a good girl and yet . . . ?