

Dreaming in Noir

Chapter One hundred eighty-nine

A quick hello
A curt goodbye
She's out the door

Skinny jeans
Stiletto shoes
Tank top

Checked my cool
Lost my drive
Turned into a full-blown fool

Dressed to literally kill
I wasn't up for passionate crime
Though I loved the thrill

Where you headed to I say
Late for class she weighs
Her choices as she mused

& disappeared for twenty years or so
I was running with the masters then
Mad with the fevers of literary fame

Fancied me bohemian in those days
Lived on a dime without time
Trading meals for books

They were a truer deal
Closer than any friend
Sharper than any foe

I made my bones among those pages
Working like a scribe in solitude
I clenched my rage to see it through

Shredded lives
Cast lots for love
Dispensed belief for feeling

I terrorized life to fashion discontent
To prove that pain is pleasure worth spent

