

THE QUARRY

Compagnon pour la vie

Alyssa Byrnes

A first date,
suit and tie,
black and white
her name is Adélie.
She stands,
in a beautiful dress,
similar colours across her breast
taking my breath,
we dance.

Pink shoes on her feet,
her laugh so sweet
how fortunate to meet
are we.
Seafood platters,
we waddle, getting fatter
our way back home,
where nothing else matters

but her.

We marry,
the cold winter season,
though no-one was freezing,
we went swimming,
and fishing,
and marched on into living,
together, apart,
we have made our mark,
my lovely wife.

--

"Did you know that penguins mate for life?"

The words flew from parted lips,
as you watched her hips,
the pancakes she flipped,
sizzled softly.

"For life?"

You heard excitement,
but that's not what she meant,
nor how things went.

Wedding bells ring,
you recite loving words,
you hope she's never heard,
overcome by nerves,
you kiss.

Your heart is afloat,
honeymoon on a boat
her 'I do' means 'I don't'.

Years pass, a slow burn,

words leave ugly scars,
from a love written in the stars,
that's now lost on nights spent in bars,
all gone.

You wonder how,
divorce comforts you now,
life made so foul.

--

The trap has been set,
the genetic code brings delight,
never do they fight,
knowing this is right;
the feast.

There is no question,
and nothing quite left in,
the skin.

The laws of nature,
allow the quiet romance,
a passionate dance,
they know at a glance,
it's time.

And so, the night falls,
this time known to all,
for his lover to gorge.

Hungry eyes stare him down,
caressing his face,
rips his head off with great pace,
and devours with haste,
no waste.

The moment was quick,

and with one final lick,
so, on the clock ticks.