

Dracula

finally a moment
a l o n e
with my girl

(that's right,
you're still *my girl*
even if I'm not
your man)

driving in the car
together

she's hardly looked
my direction
in fear of feeling
that tingle in her pants
or even more frightening
in her heart

we sat in the Jacuzzi
the water playfully bubbling
her body instead of getting soggy
getting hard and taut
her love-handles
begging to get squeezed

"come over here." I say
wanting her close
waving her to me
with fingers that seem
sinister in nature

like I am Dracula
trying to coax the love
out of her

the pinky finger first
followed by the others
as if I am a rhythm guitarist
moving along the frets

"No!" she says
and she turns away

"Come on!" I say

she looks back over her shoulder
and gives me a devilish grin,
"No!" she says again

it was then
that I realized
how terrified of me
she was

she could not even
get close

so many times before
she had cast me to the darkest
corner of her heart
and tried to forget me
but now the feeling was
getting unbearable

her pussy lips
hardened at the sound
of my voice

like my prick
hardened at the sound
of hers

now we
were in the
car
a l o n e

the song on the radio
containing lyrics
I had sung to her
many times
before

and I say,
“I’ve noticed something
about you.”

“Oh, great.” she says,
the dread in her voice
as clear as a bullhorn

“You’re scared to death of me.”

she smiles bashfully and says,
“Yes, I am.”

I take one hand off the wheel
and place it on her thigh
just a few inches away
from her flower

I can feel its heat

“Why?” I ask

“Because we go too far.” she says

“We don’t go far *enough*.” I say

then I move my hand down deep
between her thighs
and run my fingers
along the crease of her
pants
making out her
peddles

she bends my finger
backwards until
I draw my hand away

I again put it
on her thigh

“Tell me you’ll miss me when you go.” I say

“No, because I won’t.”

“Bullshit. Tell me you’ll miss me.”

“No.” she says

“I know you will, so why don’t you
just tell me?”

“Why do you want me to say it?”

“Because you’ve made quite
a habit of lying to me
and I want to hear the truth
from you.”

a new seriousness
comes over her voice

“I’ll miss you.” she says

and I can tell she means it

I take my eyes completely
off the road and fix them
on hers

the wanting that’s behind them
is almost too much
for me to handle

I unbutton
her pants
and slip
my hand in

she looks out the window

the streetlights
coming fast
all in a row
one after another
while I work

I part the hair
with my fingers
and burry one in

it is warm and inviting
like it had been out
in the sun all day-

soon
we are at
our destination

I take a moment
to say a goodbye to her
for I know
when the time
came for her to leave

all her friends would
be crawling over her
like cockroaches

and I wouldn't
be able to hold her,
feel her arms
around my body,
her breasts against my chest,
the nipples working
like miniature drills
into my heart

"I'm going to say goodbye to you now,
because I know I won't be able
to say it the way I want later."

"How do you want,
sticking your hand down my pants?"

"No." I say

I want to tell her
I love her

but I can't

I don't know why,
I am able to say it
with ease and confidence
over the telephone
and in letters

but here we are
face to face
and I choke

she understands
the way I knew
she would

I tell her I love her
without saying
it

there is a bang
on the door
from one of her friends

*"Come on!
I'm hungry!"*

we exit
the car
and walk
inside