

MASTER OF THE GAME

Fourth of July, incredible heat.
The pavement is melting,
My dress is wet, from my own sweat.
But I am in a hurry.
No, I am running-madly in love.

I entered the room, full of my colleagues and friends.
Someone waved to me, pointed to an empty place.
I took a seat. Not next to him, but close.
And with no effort, by eyes only,
and speechless movements of our lips,
we agreed: I left to another room.

But he didn't come after me.
He remained seated at his place.
Smiling all the time.
Our eyes were locked in amazing gaze:
like two leopards hypnotizing their game,
like athletes before making a score.

I was all in rage: my body couldn't stay still,
thunderstorms were flashing from my eyes,
I wanted to leave.
The show was over.
He made some vain excuse to all, and left.
To his sweet home,
to his lover,
or just to watch with buddies an important football game.

I am not a fool: you have seen it all.
My longing, my craving, my willing to surrender,
that I was so tender, ready to be collected
like a letter, or a piece of cake.

Oh, how I wished at that moment a tsunami wave
to sweep you away.
I do not need a Macho man,
I do not need a Fisherman,
and yes, I know there is a plenty of fish in the sea,
but I prefer a woman to be.

I do not need you as one night stand, or just for a day.
If you really care, I would like to be there tomorrow,
the day after tomorrow, and all the mornings to come.
And I do not mind that you are married, and have a mistress too!
I do not need presents from you,
and I am not interested in legal papers,
or your poems, mine are good too!
Is it so hard to understand that I wanted only to be with you!!!

Ok. Yes. You are The Master of The Game.
I got the lesson. And accepted it.
But who is a Winner: You or Me
has no importance now.
You just closed the doors of my heart,
that has been opened only for you.

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