

BEFORE I CONFESS

MARIA MAVRIG

All my sins, I digress.
Listening to Tchaikovsky,
master in my backdoor.
And such was the mistrust that you
replaced with suspicion.
Six feet under, I bury my addiction
in sleazy white heels
Stomp and Go!

Neon green lights and the promise
of gloss—radiant celebrity
and unwelcome sexual advances that
I store in my own memory box.
"Go", you say, "You're up next!"
Perfect timing for flicker in the night
and waxy tears you provoke.
Stomp and Go!

Dance for me, my darling
Dance for you

It's unfair to be vexed, I suppose
as all is under my control.
Stomp and Go!