

The Silent Type

"The Silent Type - Jus Primae Noctis"

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He began speaking apologies before she had opened her door. It was safer that way, to have had something to say at the moment when Fate chose its course. Both of them stood there expectantly, betrayed by an innocent gift. He had cornered himself with the roses he held and he cursed her hands hung so sweetly by their thorns. But it made him feel real, like the present was meant to be lived and the past could stay hidden for now, while the moment tastes good.

The carpet was begging for alibis and the bed was just wishing for sleep, but the longer he stayed, the more motives she claimed, like possession had always been hers. Before he could speak she had toppled him, forcing his mouth onto hers. Then the guilt it did spill 'til her mouth it was filled and she choked on the blame that came forth as it poured. But his venom was curative and it made her awake from her dream just as he fell asleep again. How else could it end? Shaking hands? Staying friends? Parting ways leaves our sins covered up and uncleansed.

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