Hotel Bar: The Beautiful Loneliness

Mardelle Fortier
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You were more subtle than music.
I did not notice how you lulled
my guards, wakened my neediest side,
created fantasies out of soft sleeves
of steam.

You seemed like a mother
with creamy warmth. Slowly, softly
you wakened.

You seemed like a lover
flattering me, telling me:
I'm worth a gourmet treat.
Your foam tickled my mouth,
burning lips explored my throat,
milky fingers caressed my tongue,
lavish amber silk wrapped around my stomach.

You repeated your messages each day.
Coffee, I did not see
how you brainwashed me.

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She plays out of her beautiful loneliness.
Only lady at the piano bar plays
in long ripples of strong loneliness.
She plays and as her fingers drift
Down cool silver yearning bones
She grows older, she's wearing out
Her long white fingers, slim hands
As she plays to each listener's
Loneliness, she plays the clear deep
Chords of the heart, the song
Of travelers, lost in shadows, alone.