

Carmen(for Paul)

By : Mistress of Word Play

The story of Carmen and her guitar player.



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The tiny bar was filled with gloom
but here she came to light the room.
She had come to perform.

He watched her as she took her place.
The guitar he strummed set the pace.
She picked and choose her form.

She was as beautiful as a butterfly.
His heart beat fast: he released a sigh.
Oh! How he wanted her for his own.

She went indiscreetly from man to man.
Loving for too long was not part of her plan.
No tenderness was ever shown.

There was a blur of dark, silky, shiny hair.
She wore no sandals on her feet, brown and bare.
She was a vision come to life.

As she danced about the bar magic did occur.
All eyes watched, wanting her and only her.
How he wished she'd be his wife.

There was seduction written on her face
as she twirled and gyrated about that place.
He could scarce contain control.

His love for her had grown over the years

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But now he realized his darkest, deepest fears
He had lost his heart and soul.

On he played and he watched her dance
He was lost entangled in his misplaced romance.
She could do what she chose to do.

The silver of the hoops that dangled and shone
The overbearing hotness as the tempo had grown.
Then silence, the dance was through.

He walked away feeling full and yet empty
and he wiped the tears where no one could see.
Guitar in hand he left the bar.

Carmen stayed behind and had her drink
there in the smoke and the outlaw's stink.
feeling much like a shooting star.

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