

Naima Rashid

No-hassle deal

I only wanted my money's worth
and peace of mind, no questions asked,
no pick and drop,
just a hassle-free deal
clean
crisp
no 'he loves me, he loves me not'
no pools of lovey dovey eyes
no time wasted on silly, girly stuff
no trouble of flowers and ribbons
hit and run, done, forgotten, sealed
business-like twenty-first century style

I picked her up from Liberty
and took her to Ali Shah's place (that house
like a wedding cake
where everyone went)
We drove in steely silence,
It was my first time doing it this way,
transaction-like
come to think of it, the silence was no more
awkward than the dumb meaningless chatter on a regular
date
She was sultry and aloof
Scarlett Johansen like

She gave me her body, but
underneath her skin, her soul
steeled like a metal shield
one pair of lips she opened,
the other she locked out of reach
I tried to kiss her, she
jerked her face away
with a panther's flair
She was stone-lipped the entire time
I asked her name,
no answer

Those beautiful mounds rose like
summits that mark a country's border
unscalable
unsurmountable
rivulets of a watered down milky white
flowed down from them
like feeble fleecy snow
trickling down mountain tops

In the last throes of my ecstasy,
as I moaned and convulsed
she was still as a slab.
The deed over, when I touched her,
She was cold like the
marble of mausoleums

I got more than I bargained for
This girl for hire, this woman
who was supposed to be
a forgettable number,
by refusing to surrender,
had left me impotent for life