

# Not my style.

Richard Hill

I sit here typing the next novel masterpiece.  
Listening to eighties music on the radio.  
Wondering what he's going to do, what she's going to say.

"They move outside, into morning skies.  
Two beautiful beings, side by side.  
They turn to face each other, satirical smiles."

It doesn't work, it does not scan.  
A complete rewrite needed before it's saved.  
My brain's in gear, my fingers not.

Listening to wonderful anthems.  
Floating in the air across the room.  
Shall I make it two guys, not him and her?

"He speaks first, and then the other.  
Confirming love each has for the other.  
Once words that dare not speak its name."

"They turn to face, and then embrace.  
The closeness melding them into one.  
Unresponsive to external strength."

"Take it to the limit, eye to eye.  
Hand to hand, feet to feet,  
Two becoming one, a whole."

But I stop it there.  
Before it becomes too rich and real.  
Keep it on the edge of physicality.

And endings rough and ready,  
Are not my style.  
So abandon it I must. Farewell.