## Pseudonym Required

Volume 1 Issue 01 *The First of Many.* 

Article 3

2010

## The Floor

James Fawkes
Illinois Wesleyan University, Pseudonym.Required@gmail.com

## Recommended Citation

Fawkes, James (2009) "The Floor," *Pseudonym Required*: Vol. 1: Iss. 01, Article 3. Available at: http://digitalcommons.iwu.edu/pr/vol1/iss01/3

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Digital Commons @ IWU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pseudonym Required by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IWU. For more information, please contact sdaviska@iwu.edu. ©Copyright is owned by the author of this document.

## The Floor

I dare you to touch me.
Let your hand go somewhere it's been.
Make me forget I've ever been wronged,
but tonight, wrong me again.
Your past smells like a brothel,
filled with lecherous air.
The evocative scent, like a throttle it chokes
struggling to start this affair.

I dare you to taste our sour amour.
Let your tongue draw shapes on my skin.
Spell words like "lustful" and "lewd" then linger
and beg to indulge in my sin.
You're hardly a virgin to conflict,
don't pretend you're something you're not.
Reacquaint your knees with their friend, the floor,
and let your motions thicken the plot.

This daring charade is swelling.
Don't tell me lines you've rehearsed.
You are the burden I'd love to unload,
these tiles like your lips are cursed.
Feel the rising action,
sing your climactic tune,
extract and expel, you put me through hell.
Now that I've finished, we're through.