# Things that are lies

a dragonfly

in a spider’s web

a colourless veil of sheerest gauze, surrounding a red brocade divan

a lissom female, large of breast, dark of hair and mien

beyond the veil, another, and another still

receding into an unfathomable distance

slender feet bare, neck pearled and fingers bejeweled

skirted in the egyptian style, a silken bodice barely covering

languid, soporific, she exudes the sultry

wrapped, as she is, in the musky perfume of want

there is a marble pedestal close at hand

on it arrayed fine fruit, temperate and sweet

gathered from far corners of a heavy-scented land

a glass of fine wine mingles it’s heady nose

with the perfume of which we spoke

there can be no finer thing

no man could stumble across this sight

and not get hard

many veils away

a man in a boring suit is pushing at the fabric

he’s a regular guy, beige and unpolished

maybe a little smarter than most, but

definitely unspectacular

he sees the lady

the lady of his dreams, she’s relaxing

he wants that, got to have that

has never seen anything like that

he pushes aside another veil

each one he moves, he can see her better

this is very good

there is nothing between him and her

except these goddamn veils

a goddess in white, she hears a distant sound

a swishing, the sound a golden wing would make

as she turns her head, her midnight tresses

spread out, a fan on the perfect skin of her olive shoulder

her bosom shifts enticingly, her glorious hips turn

as she moves to face the source

a graceful hand reaches for the fruit

selects an unblemished grape, she closes red lips

around it, reaches long fingers, beringed and painted,

for the wine, drinks like a queen

the guy is pushing the veils aside still

he can see her almost clearly now, excellent

just a couple more of these curtains

and he will be there, to sit down and fondle her

her oval face registers the faintest alarm

she can see him now, emerging from the darkness

but she feels amost nothing, nothing but herself

a hand, rough and masculine

pushes aside the final protection

a man steps through, he blinks twice

at first glance, a look of longing and hunger,

that fades through surprise to disappointment

her face mirrors his, the sequence identical

he stands over her, the big goof

she’s nothing special, what the hell?

a small woman, ordinary, a little flat where

he’d expected more, a little wide where

he’d expected less, dressed like a nurse, what’s

up with that? Where’s the golden babe,

the jewelled whore, the dark piece he’d seen

from far away? He’s pissed, stubs his toe on something

can’t see what, it’s outside the pool of light

trips and falls forward, hands out in front of him

like he’s reaching for her, but he just wants the couch

so he doesn’t hit the floor face first

she screams, almost to break his ears

leaps to her feet, backs away, in terror

what happened to the handsome man she’d glimpsed

through the final veils? this lout, this lumpy thing

he lunges for her, she backs away, turns

finds a space in the veil on the side far side

pushes it aside, runs through one veil at a time, until she

disappears

he’s tired he thinks, maybe I should just sit down

plops his ass down on the couch, wonders

what just happened? he really thought he had

something

he looks up, sees the fruit, the unfinished wine

reaches for it, pops a grape into his mouth

sips at the wine, suddenly he has to lie down

he reclines, lost for a time, I’ll just close my eyes

for a minute

he hears something, the sound of a wing

a hundred veils away, someone approaches

the footsteps are light, almost delicate

a woman’s step, seemingly retracing his own path

she pushes one veil after another away, pesky things

she can see something now

a man, tall and perfectly formed

lying, carefree and handsome

on a red brocade divan

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in a spider’s web