**Debanjali Sarkar\_The Reckoning\_nnooodlehair**

Stuck behind bars with the woman who named me,

I still feel the need for her to please me.

She sucks the fire out of me,

And her scent floats like electricity,

I feel the spark that had once dimmed;

And I inhale deeply like an addict.

My ardour for her lips and her hips grows;

As her eyes stare at me from across the room,

But my fiance waits in the world outside.

Eight years ago, I had walked out

Out from a labyrinth of a drug cartel.

I had walked away from the emotional turmoil,

But the bad deeds caught up,

Lackadaisical, I wanted the easy money;

The easy love and the easy life.

My conscious bad choices;

That I blame on her and her alone,

Fill me deep with outrage.

Three weeks down in confinement,

Fifty-four more to go.

The rage subsides, the passion grows,

Born weak, afraid of loneliness,

I crawl back to her for warmth;

Straight to destruction if not to hell.

She takes me back with a ravenous need;

As I forget about the man I seemed to have loved,

I am human, who just needs some amour.

The Christian crazed woman tells me,

That I would rot in hell to have gone against God.

To have loved another woman as a woman,

To have gone against nature,

To have sinned so precariously;

I would burn and simmer in the bowl of hell.

‘Does hell frighten you?’ the nun who has killed, asks;

‘It’s too far to be cared for’, I say;

It's the abandonment that I let my lover go through.

It’s the abandonment that frightens me; for she would leave me too.