

Leave Well Alone

Just then a smidgeule caught his eye.
It was minuscule but dark.
Not even a slide-rule could measure it.
Micrometer I mean, but maybe you'll
have guessed already that. Anyway,
he rubbed, the fool, at the cunning dot.
Naturally it grew.
It spread, unspooled with mean abandon
its nascent pool to a shape not unlike
a fuzzy ghoul or dirty ghost fat
on trapped sex lusts and secrets cruel.
From bended knee he rose, shiny with sweat
like an overworked mule, and smiled,
sheepishly, at his true love, who waited still
on her stool. Her uncertain mien gave,
slipped to worry, her lips now thin
and stiff as a spicule.
The fuel that had powered them this far
sputtered
and ran out.