

Cherry Turnover

By Mark Edgemon

(Inspired by Robin Lipinski's challenge on the topic, "The Bitter Pit of the Sweet Cherry, Saved Me".)

The call of the siren lured many a men to their death.
Oh, not in the physical realm, but death of their souls,
Their marriage, their dreams and the light of their children's eyes.

Driven by hormonal urges and the taste of what might could be,
Men have dove into forbidden waters, avoiding the rocks,
Only to be swept away by the ebb tide or pulled in by the undertow.

Steven longed for what was not, a figment of his imagination
And yet, the sensation was real, his want was tangible,
Resisting until his desires overtook him before he reached for the lie.

She was waiting, with only six others before him she had a spot open,
As he reached out to touch someone, indiscriminately dialing the phone,
Until a voice on the other end made a willing reply to be his escort for an hour.

The motel was filthy and she unkempt, but she had what she had advertised,
And quickly showed him her inventory, as he hastened to get in and out,
Before his wife noticed him missing and his children anticipated his kiss goodnight.

As he lay upon her stretched out body, he covered his nose for the stench,
A foul smell that no deodorant could tame and no perfume could over power,
Gagging trying not to be obvious, but she didn't care, her fee already paid.

His manly intentions deflated, he rose up having not sealed the deal,
Picked up his clothes and dressed as he walked out the door,
Wondering what he had been thinking and why he had taken such a risk for nothing.

Arriving home with a card, flowers and the traditional candy, he made his way upstairs,
And found his wife getting ready for bed, cold cream on her face, rollers in her hair
To make herself beautiful. He satisfied himself she already was and satisfied her well into the
night!

The End