

"Scuba Affair"

By Robin B Lipinski

Love: For him, and for him, the sea.
Flying deep, using fin, seeking treasure.
My passion for him was mine; his passion was himself, and of course, the sea.
Older now, grow I.
Wrinkled skin, gray hair, and sagging.
But look at him, with his double chin, and his new passion.
Yes, look at him.

A looking glass is not the mirror, rather, looking old is what I am.
Looking at him, as he colored his hair, he looked after his satisfaction.
Suddenly concerned with clothes, looks, and his personal satisfaction.

When did it start, or better yet, when did it end?
I saw his actions, his smile, his call. Did he not think I would ever know?
She was not me, not ever, but young, yes, young indeed.
Her perky breasts, long black hair, and that revealing dress, she was not me, not ever, but young,
yes, she was his new passion.

Change is what he did, he changed me.
I, of course, took a new action.
Into his world, his tank, his old passion, I planted poison in his air, for his tryst, all with a little
twist.
I feel better now, it gives me much satisfaction.

Diving with her, another lie for me, he did not know, but I had the answer.
At first he felt home, as he left his past forever, but then he saw blackness, it came so quick.
Breathing his last, was a memory of me, a parting gift from my little twist.
Lungs collapsing, there even was thrashing, for him it was over, not from shark or from reef,
rather from passion.
Sinking deep now, leaving her and myself, in his last passion, he would forever drift,
the sea.

Yawn; time to go start some anxiety.

The End