

## The Player

I want to be the man you still embrace  
seventy years from now  
as you close your eyes  
and melt into that world unknown  
I know it is only a dream

You are my princess  
my shoulder  
my boredom devourer  
my muse

I want to protect you from the world  
Not hide you away  
but teach you the way  
You listen  
You do not comprehend

He casually throws out practiced speeches  
and they detonate your heart  
He empties you with Silent Sam, complements and caresses  
and lays your naked mind down upon the bed

I try to warn you  
he is seducing you  
using you  
You listen  
You uncomprehend

He is not the sheep  
He is not the wolf  
He is not the sensual vampire that you dream  
will drink your blood in a passionate embrace  
He is a killer  
    looking for another throat to slit

Michael Ilett