

Remuneration

Adam C. Bradford

The price is higher than he expects-
he smiles, wondering if it
has something to do with the new
black fishnets
reaching up her thighs.
She climbs in next to him,
the slit in her skirt opening
dangerously.
Five minutes later
his hand is laced
in her hair. Their bodies lift,
mouths touch.
Deep, an inebriating drop of
ecstasy releases into his blood.
—a sliver of warm pain pulsing through him—

This liquored drop seeping through veins transmutes. . .

and appears as a bead, sliding from the lip of
That Midnight Sufferer
to splash on the garden ground in drops
of crimsoned rain.