

Fever

Love, I've sat all night and watched you burn.
Temperature a hundred and four.
Flushed and moaning, clutching the bedsheet,
You're out of my hands now, and out of your own.
I sit here like a jealous, cuckolded voyeur.

This blanket wrapped us just the other day
When we lay here in another kind of fever.
Now, you're a fuse to nothing,
Burning away love and desire in those fires
Where there is no time, only temperature.