

## **Two Empty Seats**

A faint smell of sweet grapes  
and red wine seep under the door  
while lilting piano keys waft from  
somewhere far away. Silhouetted  
against the fragile light, a lunge,  
caught in slow motion, comes  
after the closing door. It is a  
welcomed gesture, one that is  
eager for a man's conquest. The  
hall outside hums with chatter that

is muffled by the room. Inside, a  
suit jacket crinkles as hands lift  
to hold a young woman's face.  
Cornering his quarry, he crowds her  
against a wall, dropping hands to  
marble hips. The shadows shift  
when his arched spine reaches  
greater lengths and a difference  
in height is palpable. A glass of  
Moscatel is on a counter, the amber

liquid sloshing as the pair shuffle.  
The room shimmers under gold  
drapes. Not many linger outside  
the room, all guests trickling away.  
The only sound a whisper of clothes,  
hands finding purchase against a wall,  
and the tiniest of clinks when mouths slip  
off center and teeth clash. A fire,  
warm and consuming, is sparked with  
soft lips and the husky sort of intimacy  
that couldn't be shared anywhere else.

Here, two can beckon the world to  
wonder their absence as the  
reaching shadows stand in the  
fragile light, casting long shadows  
across the floor until they blend.