

The Flute

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the flautist presents ahead of the other musicians
with scarlet lips and ankle bracelets
that tone and ping when she moves,
they are playing for royalty tonight,
a command performance

she draws her flute from a velvet pouch
slung over her naked shoulder and ending
at the roundness of her hip

crimson lips that align to the side of the instrument
full, red, moist and ready;

she gently blows through semi-pursed lips
and rarefied notes begin to fill the chamber
like liquid licks,
the accompanying musicians follow
her lead though all follow the beat of the tabla player
who beats gently on the skins with fingers,
palms and balls of the hand that joint the wrists

the beat increases and the musicians follow
though the flautist seems to resist the beat
creating a syncopated rhythm
which becomes an intentional act,
off-beats merge with the rhythm,
the king loosens his robe
his wife, the rani,
is focused on the flautist like a tiger,
acutely aware of the musician's reputation
for seduction

while playing she begins to slowly move her hips
to the rhythm she produces,
swirling her silk sari and
rolling her breasts

the king is entranced, the queen is perturbed
but she dares not interrupt

the flautist increases the tempo
moving her body like a vertical serpent

to the new rhythm,
her sari opens revealing her
naked crotch,
the king is transfixed
the queen is ready to explode

the flute now seems to be riding
above her full breasts which begin to
push through the sides and upper/lower
reaches of her upper garment
revealing her nipples as she moves

the king is visibly agitated
enthralled by the visual and auditory
cacophony

the flautist moves evermore seductively
producing erotic notes with her pursed lips,
her black eyes which had not dared focus on the king
now hold his eyes captive,
an incredibly bold gesture from a mere musician,
though this is no ordinary musician

she drops her focus to the king's crotch
which cannot hide arousal
she begins to move faster and closer to the king
who is now completely taken,
lost in a sea of sound, colour and sensual desire

the flautist is now twisting and gyrating
closer than an arm's length before the king,
she blows with tighter lips producing a pitched note
while twisting the metal flute which springs a long thin blade
which she plunges into the heart of the king
killing him almost instantaneously
leaving him slouched on his throne
spurting blood from his chest

<http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-2944.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-779.html>