

Cold War
By Marisol Angulo

It was intense
And filled the audience with suspense
She no longer could wait
Her patience was lightweight
She clenched her fists and had a look in her eye that could kill with one glance
She was so determined and focused it was like she was in an uncontrollable trance
They started in the car, than to the grass than slowly ended up in the living room
There were scratches, hair pulling, groaning and moaning
With no intentions of stopping
Neither of them was giving in
There was blood everywhere
You couldn't see anything I swear
and that's how she went a quarter past dawn on rigeletto, valley meadow fair.