

Killer Hands

You killed the pike
today
triumphantly.

You'd stalked your prey
with cruel intent for
several weeks.
That's life, you said,
the predator must slay
and then must die.

Later we drank champagne
and then made love —
your killer hands
were tender, sweet,
not like the hands that meant
to kill the pike.

I shivered...

Was it from fear...
or from excitement?