

## The Flute

by sadh *Wednesday, Oct 18 2017, 10:17am*

international / poetry / post

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