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Bond Girl

I know I look sexy
With a gun in my hand.
I posed in the mirror,
Holding it in front of my face,
Aiming it at my reflection,
Trying to break my shell.

I walk back to you,
And them.
But it's you I zero in on tonight.
I aim at you,
Into your blue eyes.
To you I am a Bond Girl,
Hair swept to the side,
Pose and all.
And you say that.

That's what I want to be:
Gun-wielding, cold-hearted.
But yours.
Metal in one hand,
Yours in the other.
And all you have to do
Is make me love you.

I used to have feelings.
But now I'm hiding
Behind the gun
Pointed at your face.
Provoke me.
Just make me shoot you.
I want to like you so much,
But I don't.