

January 2016

Freddie

I met a woman once
Boredom seething through
curtains of a thinly veiled mind

She kept her hands busy
Her heart heavy
Her head sedated
Because two minutes of silence and her mind wandered back
Two decades silence and she couldn't backtrack
Fallen bodies
Fallen children
Fallen family and friends

Laying in her bed of straw
She looks into the mirror and in her graying eyes she begs for relief
Hands and knees
She trades her soul to the devil
Sells her sins to be free

Two faces she can't forget
Two sounds she can't erase
Ripped apart
Torn to shreds
Butts of rifles
A looming threat

The whitest of noise
He came to her bed
The song of her life
A rejuvenation
An abrupt end

Butts of rifles
A looming threat
A march in the woods

He sat by her side
Hands shaking
Expensive glass
Ugly smile
Supple lips

All they saw was a monster
All she saw was a face

A march in the woods
The song of his life
A rejuvenation
An abrupt end

Laying in her bed of straw
She looks into the sky and in her graying eyes she begs for relief
Hands and knees
She trades her soul to the devil
Sells her sins to be free