



One Night

by Joel Johnston

In and out of season.
Through infinite dimension
of mind the thought
Distorted. This man,
This person, would thrive
on harm and hate.
He threatens a life.

I in mask and robe
Do trust, and take
The offerings of this fake.
Electric smile, I sit
And taste a bit
A fruit laden with steel.
The cold blade bites back.
I taste my sweet warm blood
And swallow the blade.
A strange gift on
A child's dreamed night.