

Gretel The Sycophant

Leigh Steele

It is only you, Gretel
Who is lost in that damp, dark forest
Fearful to release your persistent grasp
On me, your human crutch.

The past has haunted and changed you
From the sweet, delicate flower
I once loved
Into a poisonous, prickly thorn.
A profane invasion of the soul.

Gradually, you began to mirror
The qualities of those two evil hags.
My intellect became confused
As the smoke from those smoldering twin fires
Burned in my eyes.
The love and grief I have for you
Is opposed by anger and selfishness.
You are dirt in my mouth.