

Just When You Thought It Was Safe

The perfect accomplice witnessing all,
His omniscience could be your doom.
He gets the dirt on everyone
Who enters that fateful room.

He could easily blackmail, sell his thoughts,
But he never speaks a word.
He wouldn't, he couldn't attempt to reveal.
The concept is too absurd.

As you near him, you'll dismayingly find
He deforms and misshapes your face.
Just a small warning to watch your step
When you invade his private space.

He knows what you do behind closed doors
Those distorted faces you make.
He hears venomous phrases you choose to utter
When others' reputations you rake.

But despite his knowledge, he's used and abused
By you who should treat him the best.
You twist him and turn him and squeeze off his air
And with dirty hands foul up his crest.

So watch what you say and do in his room.
Treat him well though your privacy he'll rob.
You're never alone, nor are you safe
From your nosy, omniscient doorknob.

Christina Smith