

Imaginary Evil

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This is the story of the demon in all of us.

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I played with him my whole life

He was dangerous

But he was my friend

He ran in the street

He played with fire and knives

He laughed when I got hurt

He never shed a tear

My friend he had a smile

No

An evil grin

That he smiled

When I let him in

He had large sharp teeth

He had sharp knife-like claws

I had played with him my whole life

He was dangerous

But he was my friend

He was imaginary evil

And he helped with my untimely end.

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