

The Sweeper II

# The Sweeper II

By : June Martin

This is the second part of my poem, The Sweeper.

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# The Sweeper II

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The holds my hand,  
I try to yank away beneath the midnight sun,  
He turns it all and twist hard can,  
And I find a room to run.

He eyes me in the darkest cross,  
Always withstand his unpleasent face,  
And though how loud I shout back in the frost,  
He drags me and leaves no trace.

He pins me bad to the stoney ground,  
And choke me highly to death,  
And his eyes filled rage and angst,  
Till I give out my last breath.....

He hurts me bad, I dont know why,  
Till my brain turned to bright,  
He was a leech, a vampire as said,  
With me in the lonely night!

He lunges at me, and pulls  
Out his venom coated fangs,

The Sweeper II

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And start to rip and tear me apart,

Burying me in the sand....

The agony churns into me,

And I am not able to give a sound,

I shall no more try to flee,

And my weakened eyes shut down.

The total of the suffer I give is not even to his age,

And I hold my last memory in a most darkened cage.

- June Martin

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