She's my Witch

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She's my witch

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She's my Witch

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She's got long hair,

Short skirt

Tall boots.

Eyes like used up syringes

Puncturing my dry veins

And scratching at my calloused bones

She sees my all

Yet fails to realize I'm all used up

Spent

A surfer floating in a sea of crystalline pill-bottles

Another drag off her cigarette

Another breath blown like smoggy-sea air

Raining acid on my skin

Pouring napalm onto my rainforest

Introducing locusts to my cotton field dreams

She smiles like a match-stick ignites

Sparking her TNT mind into mercilous ploys

Of excreting every ounce of pestilence from me

But I've already repented too much

And her knees are worn threadbare

And the tension breaks as she turns gaze

And I realize I am just a snake she wishes to take

Under the heel of those tall, tall boots.

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