

She's my Witch

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She's my Witch

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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