

Good Boys

I killed a girl yesterday afternoon
in broad daylight, her bare feet still swinging
as my body fell into a plastic bag
to be saved for later.

I saw her ruined flesh when they
tore her striped skirt and left her bare,
knowing her blood had spoiled,
her consciousness had blurred. So they
preyed and somebody should have prayed.
As she weakened in their grasp, their grips clenched tighter.
In my memory, her body is a site of wreckage, burning,
with slurred protest soft in the background.

She would not remember in the morning until
I shared her destruction with some 27 other numbers that became
some 39, then 56,
finally her.

She couldn't stop me.

Their sweat-stained fingers choked the bullets from me, I insisted:

YOU ARE WORTHLESS. YOU ARE FILTH. YOU SHOULD...

she did.

I come from a good home, don't forget

I'm with the good boys - one of them is the captain or the star

of something important, I'm sure.

Their parents beam and sign checks,

they are good boys, they said sorry

their lives will be ruined - think about it!

I killed a girl yesterday afternoon

in broad daylight,

I regurgitated the venom I was fed.