

Possession

You met her at the park, bathed in moonlight; she's yours.
She thought you were her shining knight; she's yours.
Things started to change; you don't know why.
She lost her perfection, stopped being polite; she's yours.
She wouldn't listen, wouldn't do as she was told.
She didn't know the evil she could incite; she's yours.
Grabbing her wrist and covering her mouth, you
plead, "Do as I say and you'll be alright"; she's yours.
After the first slap, you felt sick, screamed
"I'm sorry!" and held her tight; she's yours.
She didn't leave, but she didn't change her ways.
"Why do you force me to do this every night?" She's yours.
That day she kept pushing, she knew you were tired;
it was her fault for starting the fight; she's yours.
You pushed her against the wall, whispered, "Be quiet,"
and wrapped hands around her neck, strangling her light; she's yours.
Under the moon, you brought her here, buried her.
A stone tablet is all that marks the forest site; she's yours.

— *Tabitha Clark*