

Sanity In Sin

Forgive me father for I have found sanity in sin.
Caramelized flavors of iron and death live vacant
within me. I watched a man implore and defend
with thoughts of empathy. His soul tarnished like a vagrant.

Weeping with words of his family, freely
speaking of wife and daughter. Transit in time,
I play upon burnt memories. Why should I see
sanctity in his empty plead? Living his life is the crime.

He found favorable pleasure through sodomy of souls
transposed through youth, with his wife barren begging for
lacking love. Her eyes bleeding with tar stain tears, full
knowing his indiscretion. A window of opportunity now a door.

I place the metal devil deep upon his pulsating temple,
as his breath increases. Fear breathing a fragrance across
the desolate room. I place in his hand a portrait of a simple
family, one which is his own. He grasp his chest for his heavenly cross.

Laughing, my finger depresses, relieving his family and humanity.
Defining revenge though lines of karma's developed insanity.

—*Brian Wilds*