

Affair

Black thorns scorn deep into flesh,
Palms grasp crimson stained cotton.
Eyes plead for remorse decreed,
Iron aroma radiates payment received.
Sympathies of vertical lines mark scorned minds.
Plead...plead for emancipation,
Of loathsome deceit.

One moment in Eden's garden scorched,
Divided lines etched through faded script.
Coals dwindle leave brimstone coated debris,
Through ash walks the one who was deceived,
Buried within dark depths of ocean deep.
Plead, plead,
I emancipate you from loathsome deceit.

Prowling, chaos screams, through suffocating soot
Pray to your god; as I do for them to forgive me
Plead, plead, I emancipate you from loathsome deceit.

—*Brian Wilds*